★ June 15, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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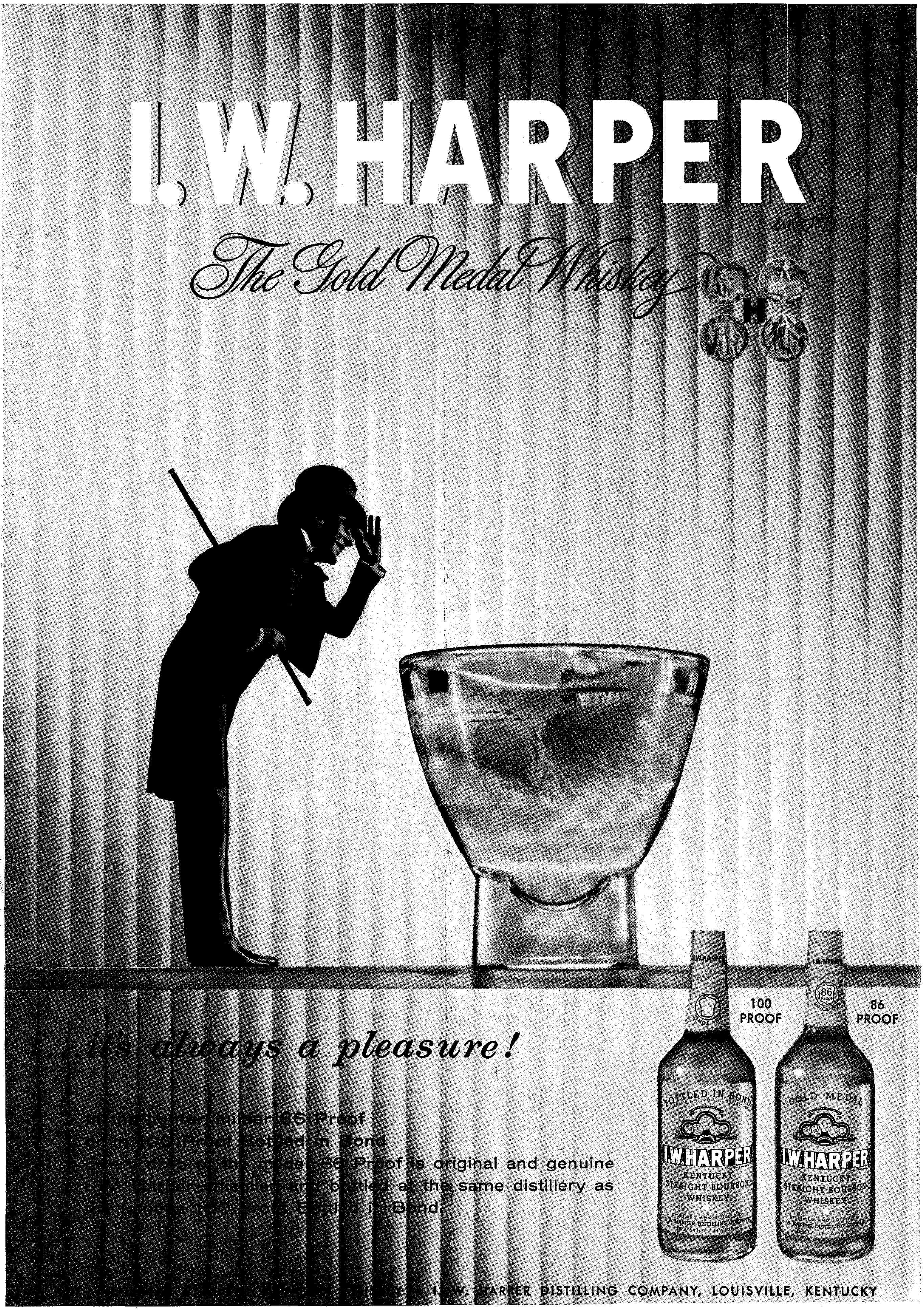

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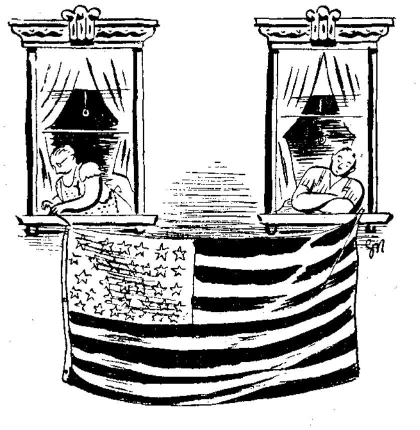
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—This comedy, Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle about her father, pictures a household that is a good deal odder, if considerably less entertaining, than the one in "Life with Father." Walter Pidgeon heads a cast that also contains Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Several good actors, among them Paul Douglas, David Burns, and Kay Medford, trying to make something exciting out of a torpid play about an oaf who is having trouble raising his son. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—A stimulating resurrection of an 1886 French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville and made even merrier by the unbeatable Bert Lahr. He is sturdily assisted by Angela Lansbury, John Emery, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Yet another autobiographical play by O'Neill—this one about his dipsomaniacal brother and the girl who tried to redeem him. Not by any means as forceful as his major works, the play does have the virtue of gallant performances by Franchot Tone and Wendy Hiller in taxing and rather unrewarding roles. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Separate Tables—A two-part effort by Terence Rattigan that doesn't accomplish much in the first stanza but winds up splendidly with a play about a pair of bedevilled people who are rescued from despair by their neighbors' charity. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are excellent as the hero and heroine of both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual goings on in Westport. Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the Spaceman, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Virginia Earthman, are endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan, who give them a hand. Mr. Ritchard is responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK: Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut and Maria Palmer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 22.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** A reconstruction of the Scopes evolution trial, now with Ed Begley and Leon Stevens as the two celebrated orators. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their carryings-on. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs; Bob Fosse staged the dances; Rouben Ter-Arutunian designed the sets and costumes; and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter head a cast featuring George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—This revue has the services of Beatrice Lillie and Billy De Wolfe, a pair of superb comedians, but the book affords little more than you might get from the comic section of the *News*. Harold Lang, Helen Wood, and Micki Marlo also participate. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 15.)

Long Runs—DAMN YANKEES: Gretchen Wyler plays a demon, Howard Caine her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Devra Korwin will take over Miss Wyler's role on Monday, June 17. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Carolyn Maye, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 16.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Rex Harrison (Edward Mulhare replaces him on Saturdays) and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

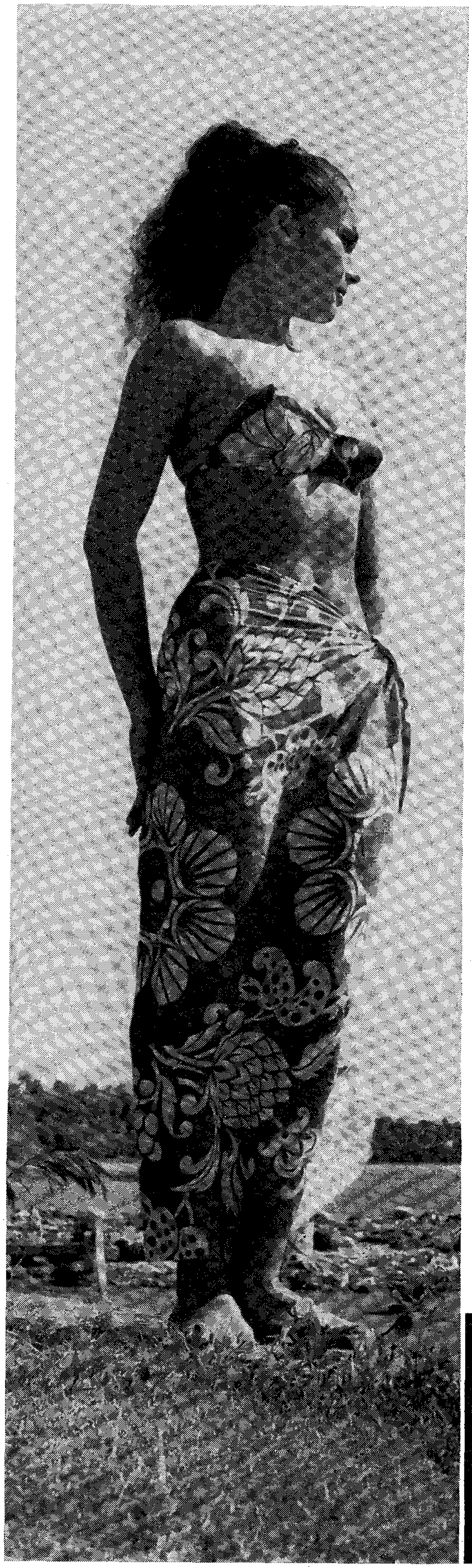
OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, June 14: "Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 17, June 15, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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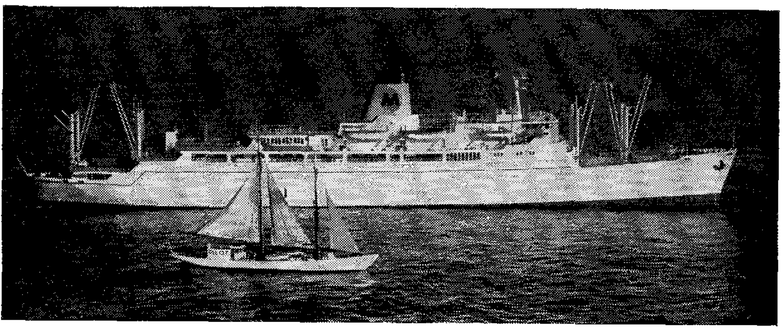


"Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife" and with music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Ethel Ayler head the cast. (Eighty-fifth Street Playhouse, 150 W. 85th St. SU 7-9532. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

Seventh Avenue South—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Seventh Avenue South, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9205. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Theatre Under the Stars—Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky, and their ballet group, along with José Limón and his dancers, and Pauline Koner, in the first program in a new summer series of dance programs and musicals. Geoffrey Holder, Carmen Amaya, and their companies will replace the Limón group and Miss Koner on Monday, June 17. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:45.)

José Greco and His Company of Spanish Dancers—A ten-day return visit, starting Friday, June 21, and running through Sunday, June 30. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

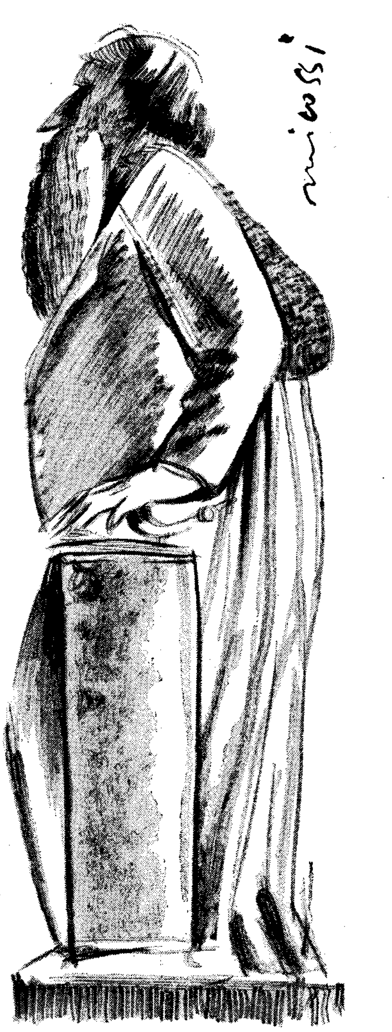
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is evening clothes by Dior, shoes by Ferragamo, jewels by Cartier, and music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band, which play for dancing after ten. Up to then, the music is solely for listening purposes. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The greatest show on earth, though not exactly the animal kingdom that the Ringling Brothers had in mind. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Celeste Holm, one of the best things that could have happened to the Cotillion Room, does her last stint of poesy and persiflage there on Saturday, June 15. The dandy little dance orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and Alan Logan's rumba band will stick around, though, playing every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's. On Monday, June 17, Renato Rossini will be added, along with a guitar that whispers hotly of moonlight in Venice.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, Dorothy Shay and her songs from the hills of Tennessee (or is it only Westchester?), and Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and glee club will all be off at summer camp after Saturday, June 15. . . . ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra plays at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. . . . ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.



STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Samuel F. B. Morse

• •

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's peace-at-any-price dance band departs from the Grill on Saturday, June 15, and Eddie Lane's orchestra marches in on Monday, June 17. Tee-off time is seven. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Just about the best of the Elysian Fields, with a built-in dance floor, built-in good weather, and the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the ample Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, right now operating without Mr. D. on the throne, makes dance music off and on all evening. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Plant life and ant life in the open-air garden, Weather Bureau permitting, after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, to say nothing of dance music by North and South American bands.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, now a sort of beautiful bamboo forest, is so regal that it acts as a mild sedative on Sarah Vaughan, that mighty pipe organ; on Joe Williams, whose blue notes can usually be heard around the world; and even on Count Basie's band, which accompanies them in (as far as the brass section is concerned) mute admiration. It's still all fun, though. The Basies play for dancing, too, and so does Bela Bahai's gypsy orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down music for listening from cocktails to eight-thirty, and for dancing from eight-thirty until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Bahai dance band does the rumbling.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a cloud top considerably larger than a man's hand, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats and the choice view, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. A quiet American named Addison Bailey is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Outdoor and indoor athletes, tanning themselves in the fitful glare of flashlight bulbs. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of Wayne Sanders (dreamlike) and of the owner (chipper). Bill Taylor substitutes for Mr. Sanders on Fridays and Saturdays. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the most luxurious of the Roman holidays, in which it's hard to tell whether the hero of the evening is the chef or the lilting string orchestra of Teo Fanidi. The heroine, always some soprano or other, feels that urge to let go late in the evening. Music from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The sort of tiny conversation room that fascinates people for whom Manhattan encompasses the universe. Don Carey's nostalgic piano is the prime mover at cocktails and dinner; later, he is joined by Don Evans, whose drawing-room piano far transcends the usual parlor tricks. Mr. Evans and Mr. Carey are off Sundays, when Don Feldman sits in for them. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): You'll probably spend the first hour trying to figure out how they got all that nineteen-twenties décor into one small room; after that, your attention may be distracted by the sedate piano and songs of Maxine Thomas, who is here during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around from six to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the happiest, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Crusaders' National Guard must once have used it as an armory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna Woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A commendable effort to bring culture to the Far West of town—an art gallery framed on the walls, 1957 interior decoration, and the piano and crooning of Hubbell Pierce, collector of uncollected songs. The Lee Evans trio muses while Mr. Pierce takes his breath-

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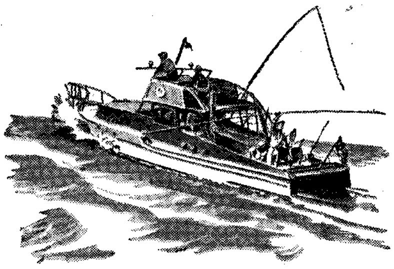

Lucky Finds

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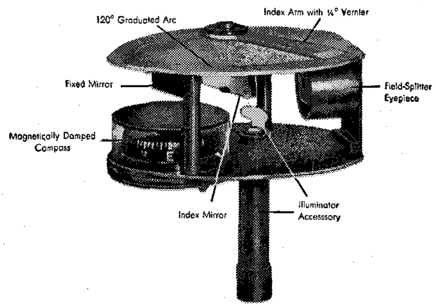

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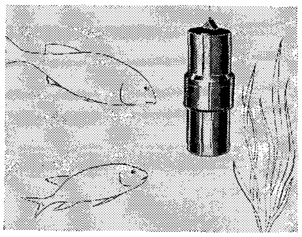
Case	**.75**



Krafty Fish Caller Call fish in fresh or salt water with this pitch-perfect insect buzz. Leakproof case, operates on a standard flashlight battery. Use with float for casting, or tie to boat when anchored or drifting. With battery . . **$9.95**

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ers. The music starts about ten. The trio is absent Sundays, Mr. P. Mondays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabra grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. It adds up to a setting for French cuisine, Pan-European piano and violin, and the calm songs of Hélène Darcel, a pleasant young woman, all of which are in session every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Even the *maître d'hôtel* can sing, and well, too. There's lots of other sound track, for both listening and dancing, but never enough to damage the pervading air of peace. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This bottomless old pit now affords, in among a number of extra added detractions, the sterling voice of Ella Fitzgerald, who's done a lot of original thinking about jazz. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Spivy, who has viewed the world through jaundice-colored glasses these many years, is home from Paris—words, music, and attitude intact. There is further amusement by Will Holt, who gives his hitherto unsung folk music the benefit of a nimble voice and a nimble wit; Carol Burnett, a newcomer who, though indoctrinated in the ways of television humor, is nevertheless a very funny girl; and Chavala, a barefoot girl from Acapulco, who is a guileless wielder of a guitar and Latin love songs. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a perfect backdrop for everything. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The summer holiday here begins on Saturday, June 15, when the wise, witty, and wicked miniature revue put together by Julius Monk, an old revue hand, and enacted by miniature imps named June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, and Jack Fletcher calls it a night. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A fond reminder of the days when Provincetown was the summertime Existentialist capital of the United States, and faithful to the prototype in décor, mood, and personnel—Julius Monk, *régisseur* of the Downstairs Room; Stella Brooks, a *diseuse* who manages to blend Cleopatra, the Delphic Oracle, Edith Sitwell, and Carrie Nation; Blossom Dearie, whose baby voice trifles with some postgraduate lyrics; and Nancy Noland, who revives a clutch of ballads implying that private life was as disconcerting in the thirties and forties as it is now. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bugs in a rug having more fun than practically anyone. The most frenzied are Sylvia Syms, a man-eating and lyric-eating lion, but a very cheerful one, and Jimmie Komack, a strolling humorist who is now and then *too* frenzied. There are also Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, makers of shattered tone poems, and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Felicia Sanders, whose platform manner is full of storm warnings, sings about the oldest passion in the world in a voice that may well be the envy of all of us. Her milieu is half Broadway, half East Side. Closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been playing piano since the Year 1, there are songs by a young thing named Rosemary O'Reilly and jokes by Joey Carter, some of which have been in the family for years. She's away Mondays, which are amateur nights, he's away Sundays, when foolish old movies are thrown in.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

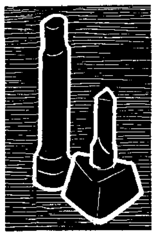
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, the well-known guitarist, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Chico Hamilton quintet, whose far-ranging explorations of new sound are often tempered by the idyllic murmur of flute and cello, departs on Sunday, June 16, and the Stan Getz quartet, another infrequent visitor to this city, arrives on Tuesday, June 18. Irwin Corey, philosopher, semanticist, and speaker of the evening, will continue to shed new dark on the infinite variety of subjects at his tongue's tip. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): On the podium of this occasionally rumbustious picnic ground are the Alex Kallao trio and the Jonah Jones quartet, which start at nine. The Kallao group will be replaced on Monday, June 17, by the threesome of Eugene Smith, a total stranger. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Maxted's band is going on about how it's finer to be in Carolina. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time backward to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the primeval bar and join the listeners in the back room, where an absorbing music festival is conducted by Marian McPartland and George Wallington, both equipped with trios, pianos, and a considerable insight into modern music. The Wallingtons hide out on Sundays, and the McPartlands on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, June 19, the Maynard

(*A Quiet Advertisement*)

JULIETTE MARGLEN

A Study In Ovals

HAVE YOU ever watched an artist sketch a nude? In graceful strokes he works—in *curves,* the eternal melting curves of the female form. Watch...you see he also works in basic *shapes:* in ovals, moving in flowing curves of beauty—for the shape of beauty is *oval.*



From the most treasured ancient designs to the latest streamlined modern contours, you see the oval everywhere—a classic theme in art and nature.

Why not in a lipstick?

Until now, lipsticks *had* to be round for purely mechanical reasons—round, merely to accommodate a swivel mechanism that turned in circles, with no concern for the oval curves of a woman's lips.

But now, thanks to imagination and research, comes a brilliant new concept in lipstick—*ovalliptic.*

Ovalliptic... Juliette Marglen's new *oval* lipstick of simple grace and beauty, contoured to your lips in nature's own oval... sheathed in a slender golden case that's a masterpiece of precision engineering—a joy to behold, a delight to use.

Like an artist's brush in your fingers, this remarkable ovalliptic shape follows the contours of your lips even to the tiny corners...cannot turn in its case or slip in your hand...swiftly strokes a clean, *controlled* curve of smooth, rich, pure colour.

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Juliette Marglen,
for your wonderful
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ferguson band, the Hi-Los, and Cannonball Adderley's quintet, who represent, respectively, high-pressure (or Age of Anxiety) jazz, close-harmony vocal jazz, and having-a-ball jazz. On deck as of the next evening: Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd, who will represent thunder, and the Mitchell-Ruff duo, which will represent chamber music. Mondays are guest nights. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): On the dais in the center of the oval bar sits the trio led by Billy Taylor, a pianist who can take a melody apart, find out what makes it tick, and put it back together again better than ever. This demonstration begins at ten every evening but Monday. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Some old-line musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3:30 P.M. weekdays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend study hall for anyone who specializes in the early history of jazz. Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, helpful hints will be dropped by Tyree Glenn, Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): From nine to one every evening, Bobby Hackett and his silver cornet revive happy memories in a big open space on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel. Among his virtuoso followers, five in all, are Ernie Caceres and Dick Cary. The intermission pianist is Teddy Roy. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): It's hard to tell who's on first, tenor sax, or drums, but Village soothsayers whisper that Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet are here now and that the Messengers will go away on Sunday, June 16. The sextet headed by Miles Davis may be arriving next evening, but who can tell? The password for all hands is "progress." Closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); dancing on Thursday evenings, and piano every other evening. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through June 28. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, more philosophic in manner than heretofore; through Saturday, June 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes and still-lifes, none of them recently exhibited; through June 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

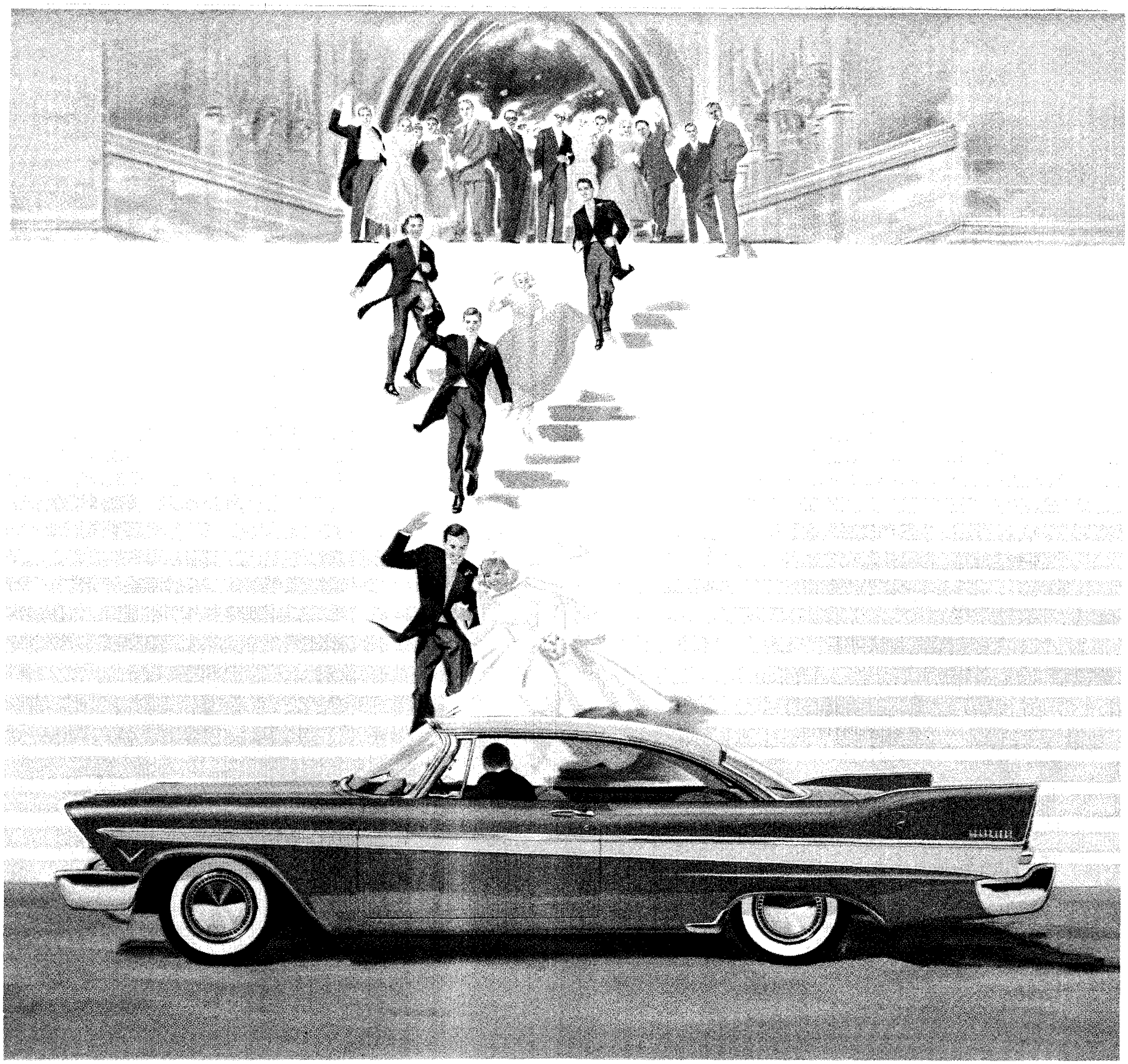
HOPKINS HENSEL—Paintings, meticulously exact in treatment and mildly Surrealist in atmosphere; through Friday, June 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MIRKO—New sculptures in bronze, imposingly totemic in feeling; through June 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

JULES PASCIN AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through Friday, June 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by newly elected members of the Institute and by winners of Academy and Institute awards, including Raphael Soyer, Morris Graves, and Polygnotos Vagis, plus a group of Childe Hassam Fund purchases (paintings and woodcuts); through June 23. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: William Brice, Jonah Kinigstein, George L. K. Morris, Oliver Andrews, and other painters and sculptors; through June 28. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and mosaics by, among others, Frank Roth and David Sauer; through June 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.). . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Doris Lee, Ruth Vodicka, Sigmund Menkes, and others; through June 28. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An outdoor show of sculptures by American moderns, including Martin Craig and Herbert Kallem; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.). . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Martha Visser't Hooft, Joseph Konzal, and others; through July 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.). . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The regular artists here—Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, and so on; through June 28. . . . FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings by Arbit Blatas, Walter Barker, Henry Botkin, Hans Moller, and Manfred Schwartz; through June 28. . . . GREENWICH, 71 Washington Pl.: The gallery's opening exhibition, consisting of fifty paintings and sculptures by as many living artists, ranging from Milton Avery to William Zorach; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.). . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Oils by (for instance) Colleen Browning, Robert Bliss, and Rex Clawson; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.). . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Arline Wingate are three of the artists who have paintings and sculptures in a season's retrospective show; through June 29. (Open Saturday, June 15.). . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show contains about fifty oils chosen by William Kienbusch, Adolf Dehn, and Robert Brackman; through Friday, June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . POINDEXTER, 21 W. 56th St.: New York work of the thirties,



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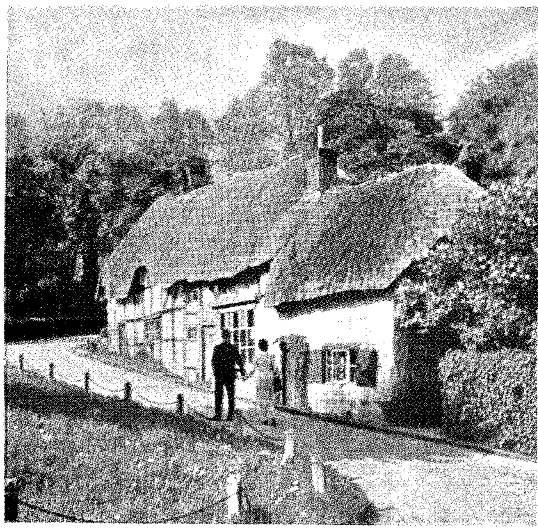
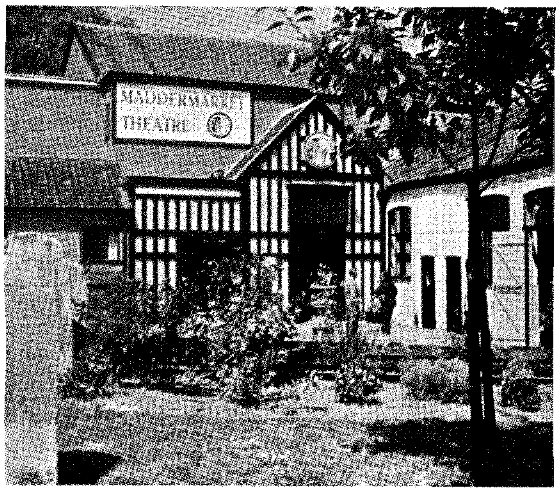
How to get off the beaten track in Britain

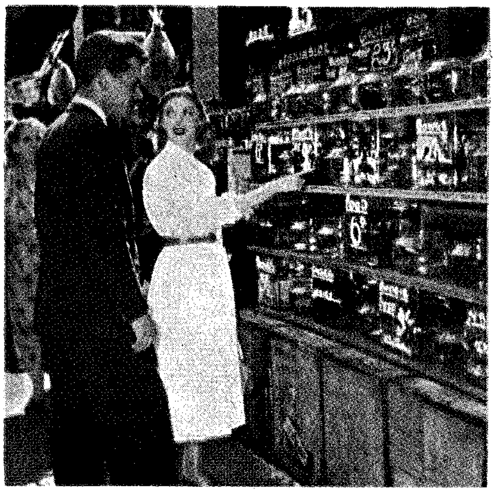
HIRE A CAR. Britain has more road per square mile than any other country. You can rent a car for only 11¢ a mile, including gas. This couple has just visited Corfe Castle, seat of wicked King John.



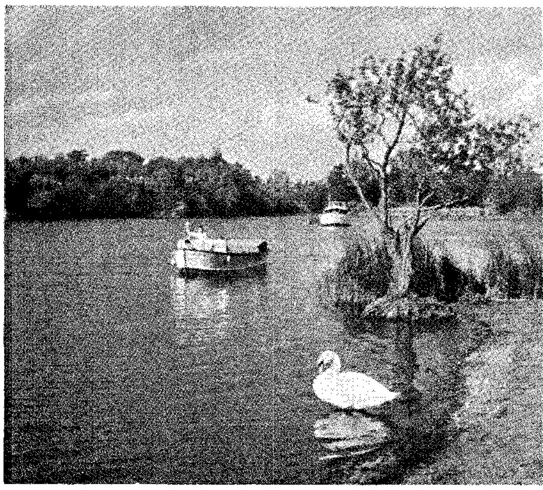
TAKE YOUR WALKING SHOES. Forget your car sometimes. You'll discover a new joy in walking. Britain's lovely lanes go everywhere. This is in Hampshire, where houses wear wigs.



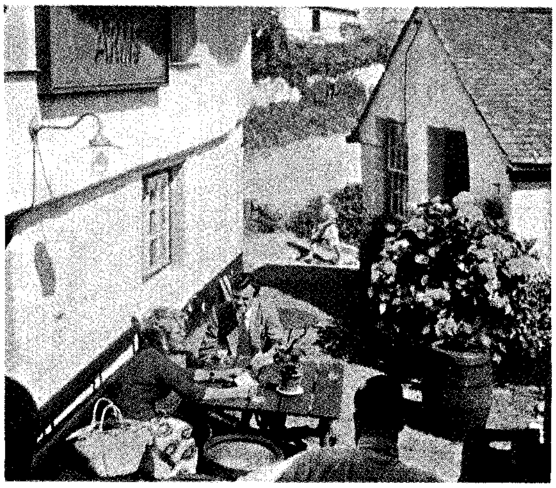
WATCH THE LOCAL PAPERS. They keep you in touch with local events. This 18th Century theatre is in Norwich. Elizabethan classics are played here on a traditional apron stage.



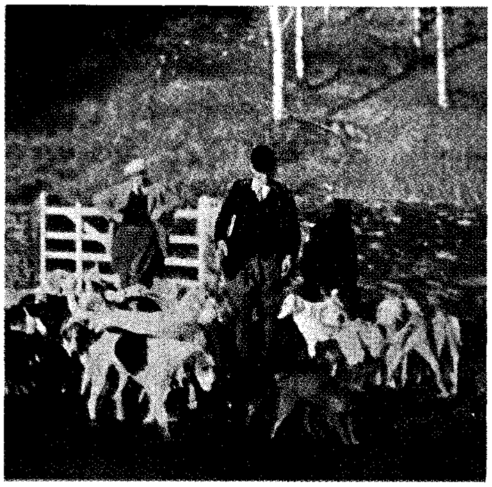
EXPLORE THE MARKETS. This one is in Belfast. You may not covet a goldfish. But you'll find marvelous bargains in linens and tweeds. You can bring back $500 worth of treasure, *duty-free.*



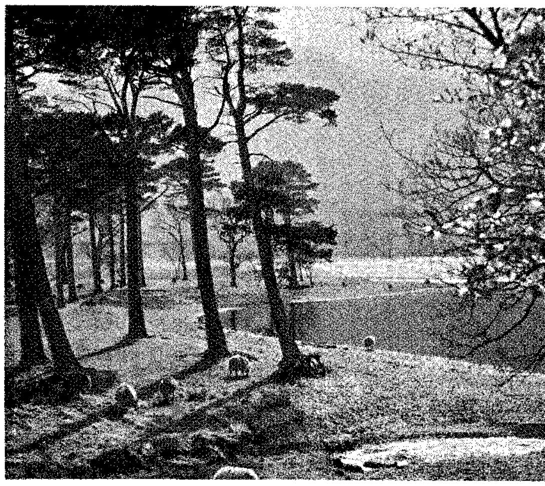
TAKE A RIVER TRIP. Britain is veined with rivers and canals. You can actually hire a self-drive cruiser for $50 a week. Pictured above is the Norfolk Broads. Great place for a family vacation.



VISIT THE INNS. There are 60,000 inns in Britain. The friendliest places on earth. This is the *Shipwright's Arms* in Helford, Cornwall. Wash down a Cornish pasty with a foaming pint of ale.



GO OVER THIS FALL. Fox-hunting begins. So do the Highland Games and the steeplechasing. Hotels and roads are all delightfully uncrowded. And the weather's just perfect for touring.



OR WAIT TILL SPRING. Primroses pop in February. Sometimes before. In April, the Shakespeare Season of Plays begins at Stratford-on-Avon. As in Fall, you save—going, coming and staying.

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including items by Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.)... REHN, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57th St.: A hundred pictures selected from sixteen thousand submitted in the Second National Exhibition of American Child Art; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.)... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Monolo Pascual are among the painters and sculptors represented in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation; through Aug. 23.... STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Painters and sculptors on the roster of the gallery's sixth New York artists' exhibition include Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, and William King; through Friday, June 21.... VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.: The annual exhibition of works in various mediums by artists (among them E. B. Savage, Elizabeth Erlanger, and Hy Mandel) who have won prizes at the Center during the past five years; through June 28. (Daily, 1 to 6, and Monday evenings until 9.)... WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, Charles Seliger, and others, as well as prints by Genichiro Inokuma; through Saturday, June 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the CRESPI, 232 E. 58th St.: Paintings by Ben Benn, Alvin Sella, and others, in addition to sculptures by Domenico Facci; through Saturday, June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 9.)... FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Albert Gleizes, Oskar Kokoschka, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other painters; through July 20. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings in various mediums by twentieth-century artists, including Marin, Picasso, and Klee; through June 28.... KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, David Hare, and other American and French painters and sculptors; through Friday, June 21.... ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30.... WHITE, 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Raoul Dufy, Howard Gibbs, and others in a showing of prints, drawings, and sculptures; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Canvases by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)... SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibit arranged as a tribute to the art historian and dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, with paintings by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others; through June 29. (Open Saturdays.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—At the EMMERICH, 18 E. 77th St.: Pre-Columbian sculptures, along with modern paintings, by, among others, Picasso and Jawlensky; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6.)... WIDDIFIELD, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

SCULPTURES—Work by Milton Hebald, Barbara Lekberg, Henry DiSpirito, and others; through June 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through June 30.... ¶ At the Brandeis University Creative Arts Festival, in Waltham, Mass., there are seven art exhibitions, continuing through Friday, June 14: One-man shows of paintings by Max Weber, Stuart Davis, Jimmy Ernst, and David Holleman; a series of George Grosz etchings illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" works from the university's art collection; and works by students.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin

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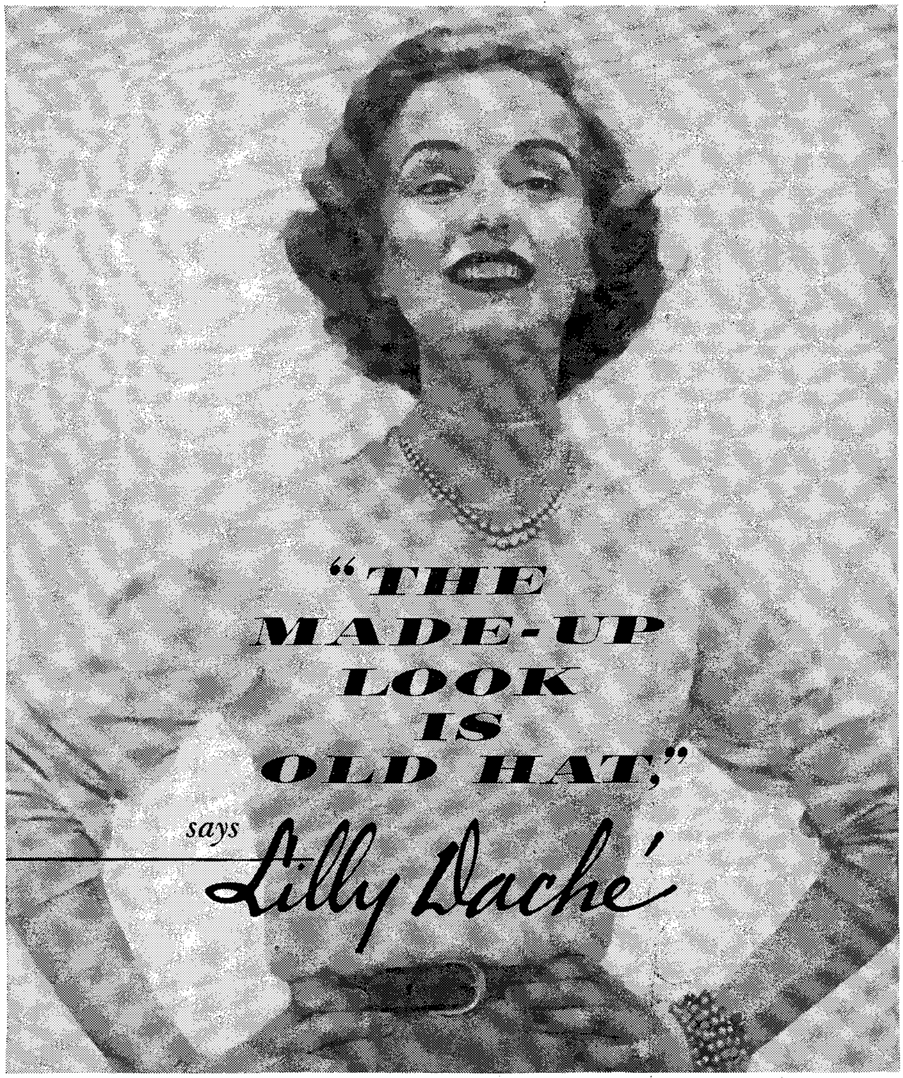
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Brancusi, José Guerrero, Alberto Burri, and others; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A two-part exhibition celebrating the Museum's tenth anniversary at its present address. One part consists of paintings and sculptures from a number of private collections, ranging from a Rembrandt self-portrait to modern works by Chagall, Gauguin, Weber, and Lehmbruck (to name a few); through June 30. The other part is the Strauss-Rothschild collection of Jewish ceremonial objects from the Cluny Museum, in Paris; through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A new selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann; through Sunday, June 16.... ¶ Eighty-eight twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Charles Burchfield, Adolph Gottlieb, Louise Nevelson, and others) acquired during the past two years; through June 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ CONCERT—Billie Holiday, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and the Charlie Mingus Quintet are among those scheduled to appear. (Loew's Sheridan, Seventh Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, June 15, at midnight. For tickets, call JU 2-6155.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 19. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, June 13, at 1:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, June 14, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 15-16, at 2.... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, June 13, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 14, at 8; Saturday, June 15, at 2; and Sunday, June 16, at 2 (double-header).... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, June 18, at 8:15, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 19-20, at 2.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 21, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 22, at 2.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7:15.)... ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 22.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Inverness Club, Toledo, Ohio. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15.)... ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Rock Spring Club, West Orange, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

HORSE SHOWS—Ox Ridge Hunt Club. (Darien, Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 14-16.) ... ¶ Fairfield County Hunt Club. (Westport, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, June 20-23.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Belmont, Saturday, June 15; the Toboggan Handicap, Monday, June 17; the Edgemere Handicap, Wednesday, June 19; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L.I. Friday and Saturday, June 14-15.) . . . ¶ Eastern Father and Son Grass Court Championships. (Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I. Friday through Sunday, June 21-23.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, June 15, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Santander, Spain, race, Sunday, June 16. . . . ¶ Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 22.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

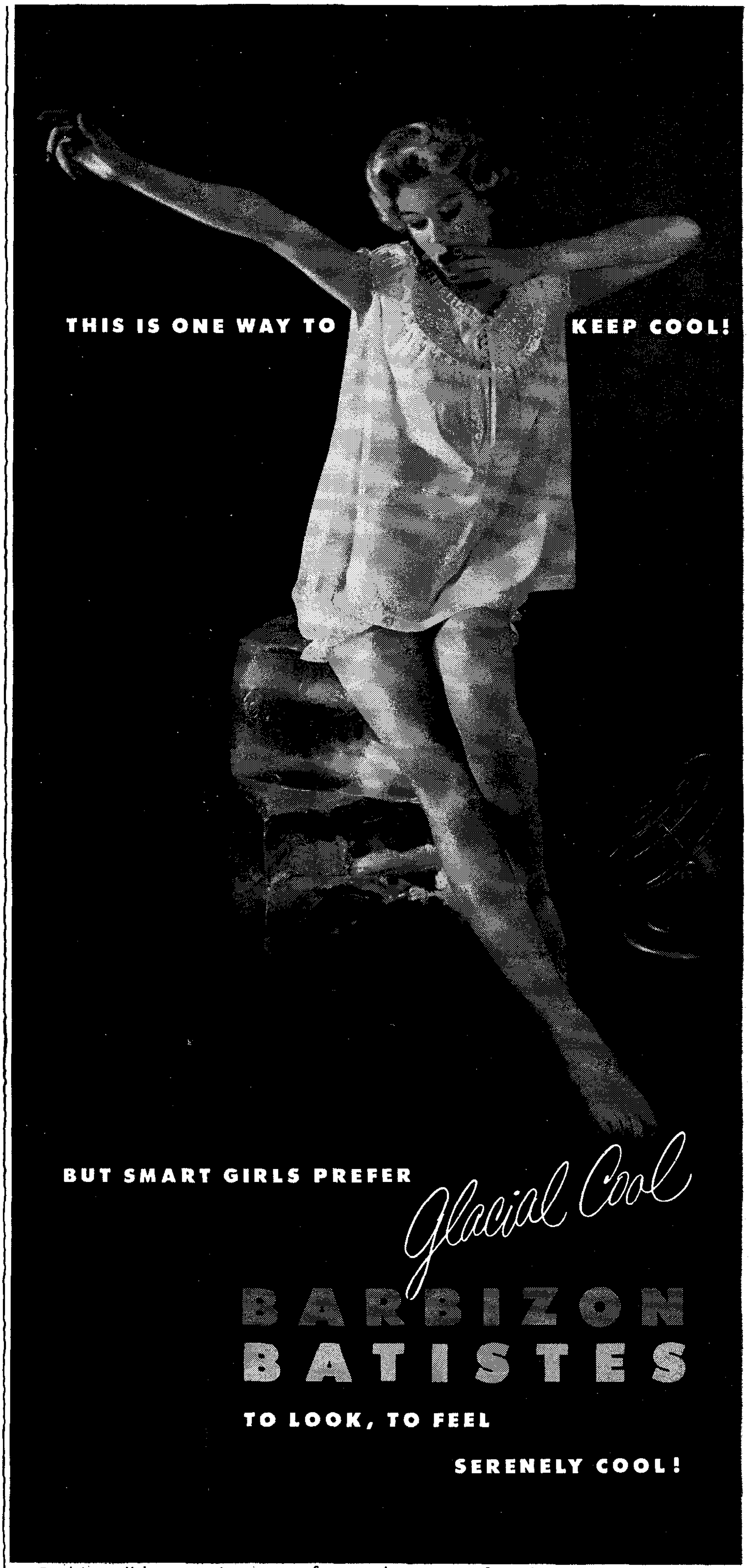
Manuscripts and Books—At the AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.: Original manuscripts, first editions, and musical scores by newly elected members of, and winners of awards from, the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. Some of the authors represented are Conrad Aiken, John Dos Passos, John Cheever, and Igor Stravinsky. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.) . . . NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A display of recent additions to the Berg Collection, consisting of manuscripts, letters, and first editions by such literary figures as Coleridge, Thomas Hardy, Mark Twain, and Charlotte Brontë; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 1.)

Aquarium, Surf Ave. and W. 8th St., Coney Island—The New York Zoological Society and the City of New York have opened a new home for marine life, which harbors several thousand specimens, among them tropical fish, penguins, a walrus, electric eels, and turtles. (Daily, 10 to 10.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sun in Action," deals with the power and influence of our nearest star; through July 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Final auctions of the season, Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 1:45: Terrace and garden furniture and sculpture, collected by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others.

Commencement Dates—Harvard, Thursday, June 13, and Princeton, Tuesday, June 18.



A Barbizon "sleeping beauty" featured at your favorite store in your city.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Something about a TV entertainer who is mentally, morally, spiritually, and commercially dubious but nevertheless a hell of a man with a guitar. Andy Griffith is expert as the heelish strummer. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

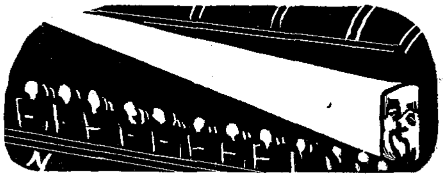
Fear Strikes Out—The story of a baseball player, much different from the ones Ring Lardner wrote about, who, after suffering a mental breakdown, is rehabilitated by a diligent psychiatrist. Based on fact (the athlete being dramatized is Jim Piersall, of the Boston Red Sox), the movie is often absorbing, and Anthony Perkins, as the confused ballplayer, and Karl Malden, as the father who pushes him a bit too strenuously, are quite believable in the leading roles. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through June 15.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through June 16, tentative.)

Funny Face—A pleasant blend of song and dance, in which Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn perform attractively as a jaunty fashion-magazine photographer and a model who is more interested in Existentialism than in clothes. Among its other virtues, the film offers some excellent views of Paris and a covey of lovely fashion girls. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through June 15.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through June 16, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 18, tentative.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; June 15-18, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting June 18, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some diverting residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through June 16.)

The Green Man—An English film that gives Alastair Sim an opportunity to make the most of his enormous comic powers. It has to do with a man who discovers early in life that he should dedicate himself to homicide. Mr. Sim makes murder in all the film's lethal moments quite effective. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lust for Life—A splendid color film that reviews the career of Vincent van Gogh with quite a bit of perception. As the Dutch Master, Kirk Douglas is estimable, and as Gauguin, Anthony Quinn is right up to the mark, too. A good many of van Gogh's works are exhibited in the course of the film, and they are wonderful to see. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through June 16.)



The Spirit of St. Louis—How Charles Lindbergh made his aerial way from Roosevelt Field to Le Bourget, in Paris. A superficial examination of the feat, but fairly stirring for all that. Perhaps James Stewart doesn't look as young as Lindbergh was, but in his middle-aged fashion he is furiously boyish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 16-17, tentative.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—This French film sets out to explain nymphomania and doesn't get very far. Still, it is a lively melodrama, and the acting is commendable—particularly the performances of Françoise Arnoul, as a young lady who can't keep on the straight and narrow, and Raymond Pellegrin, as her upset lover. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 18, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which goes on for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins interpreting the enterprise of a Scotland Yard inspector who is out to find a safe-cracker of almost incredible ingenuity. An English film in which John Stratton, Richard Leech, and Dorothy Alison play supporting roles, and everybody in the cast is O.K. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Torero!—Bullfighting at its best. A Mexican film in which the eminent toreador Luis Procuna, who is also one good actor, reënacts his life. With an English commentary. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy who is accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden are included in a very strong cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 14, tentative.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 19.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 16-18.)

We Are All Murderers—A French film that inveighs against capital punishment with telling effect and that gets a lot of melodramatic distance out of its polemics. Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier, among others, help make the picture an engrossing affair. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 17-18, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 15.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 14-18.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 17-18.)

Doctor in the House (1955)—Fun among some medical undergraduates. Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, and Donald Houston are the budding medicos in this English film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 15, tentative.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; June 17-18.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 19.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting June 19.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 13.)

The Yellow Balloon (1954)—Andrew Ray as a youngster who is accidentally involved in the death of a playmate and thereafter blackmailed. William Sylvester, Kathleen Ryan, and Kenneth More are also in this English picture. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; June 17-18, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through June 15: "Fièvre" (1921) and "Eldorado" (1921), both with Eve Francis.... ¶ June 16-19: "La Souriante Madame Beudet" (1922), directed by Germaine Dulac; and "Le Cœur Fidèle" (1923), with Gina Manès. (Showings every afternoon at 3, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Something of Value," Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Scandal in Sorrento," Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Prince and the Showgirl," Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The D.I.," Jack Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Monkey on My Back," Cameron Mitchell, Dianne Foster.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Wayward Bus," Dan Dailey, Jayne Mansfield.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

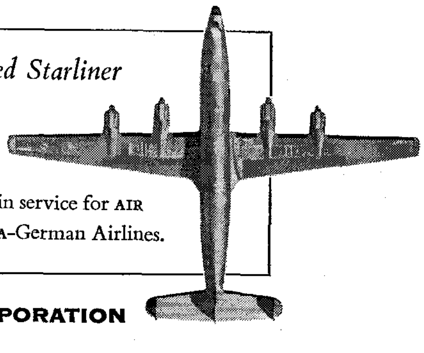
World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.

KING BENNY: THE BEST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH

He was a professional jazzman at 14. He's been the unquestioned King of Swing since the mid-thirties. While his millions of subjects were still stomping in the aisles, he tentatively took up Mozart—quickly won solo roles with top symphonies. Now sending a new jazz generation, Benny Goodman has never satisfied himself—still religiously practices his clarinet two hours daily trying to make the best *better*. When touring, perfectionist Goodman naturally chooses Lockheed luxury liners, long preferred by seasoned world travelers everywhere. Next February he plans to fly to Frankfurt, Germany, on the new, faster, longer-range *LOCKHEED STARLINER* ...via *LUFTHANSA*—German Airlines.

Now in service: The Lockheed Starliner

Largest, fastest Lockheed luxury liner—now flying non-stop routes between the world's great cities for TWA-Trans World Airlines. Soon in service for AIR FRANCE, LAI-Italian Airlines, LUFTHANSA-German Airlines.



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How 280,000 people at General Electric benefit from its progress

More than 200,000 new jobs have been created since 1939; pay and benefits are up far in excess of the cost of living

In the last two decades employment at General Electric has been increasing at a rate six times as fast as in the nation as a whole, and the company is now providing jobs for over 280,000 men and women.

These are good jobs, and they are getting better. In 1939, the average General Electric employee earned $2,026 a year including the value of benefit programs. Today he earns well over 2½ times as much, and that includes a broad package of pension, insurance, vacation, holiday, and other benefits that give him better economic security and personal satisfaction.

Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

This means, for example, a continuing investment in research and development to assure a constant stream of new and improved products. In this area, General Electric is spending more than three times as much, per sales dollar, as the average manufacturing company.

In this process, many new jobs have been created. We estimate that over one-third of the men and women at General Electric work on products the company did not make in 1939. And thousands more jobs were created as existing products were continually improved — improvements that attracted new customers and made electricity still more useful in American homes, farms, and industries.

Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than $500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better that can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

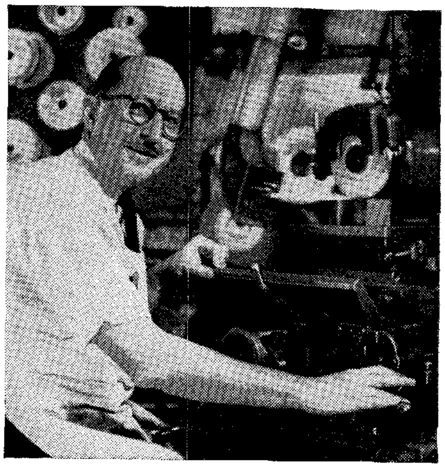
On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

• • •

This advertisement is another in a series reporting how General Electric's progress affects many people — customers, for example, or share owners, employees, suppliers, dealers, and nearly every citizen. For information of General Electric's activities in the interests of all these people, write for our latest Annual Report: Department 2-113D, Schenectady, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

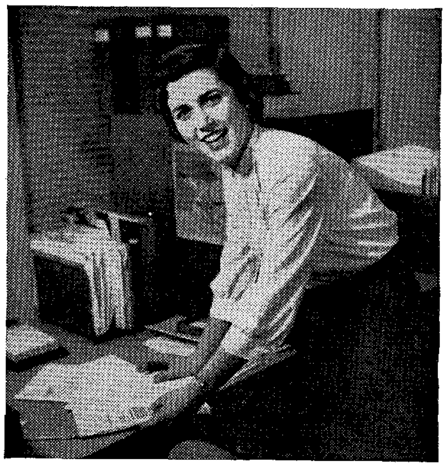


Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schenectady, uses skills developed by in-plant training.

Opportunities for self-development. People at General Electric are encouraged to develop themselves to their maximum ability. For example, the company con-

William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., has a good start toward family financial security.

Aid toward family protection. Under General Electric's insurance plan, employees also can have life insurance and income protection in case of sickness or accident.



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acquiring shares in the company she works for.

Employee share ownership. The General Electric Savings and Stock Bonus Plan offers employees the opportunity to become share owners. 150,000 are participating.

Lowell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets more professional training in engineering.

ducts over 1,000 courses in factory skills, 500 courses for technical and professional personnel, and spends about $40 million each year to train or to retrain employees.

Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.

David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid $8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.

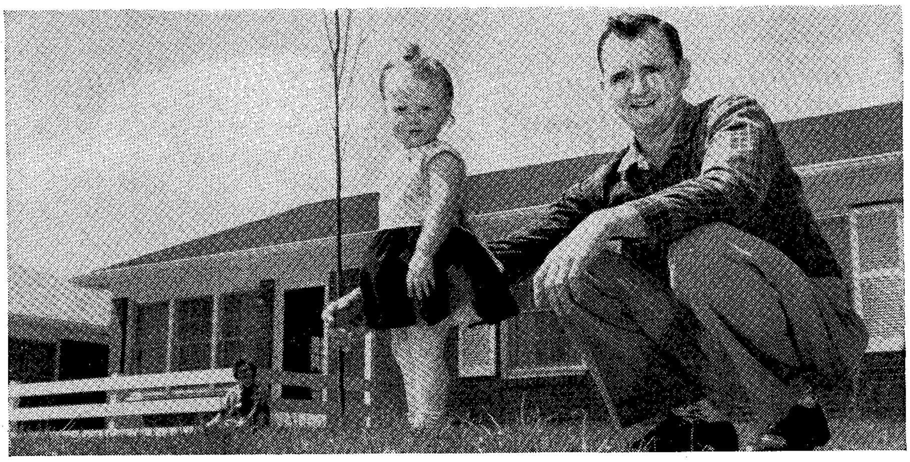
Bruce Glenn and his wife welcome his $1,570 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

Reward for good ideas. Over $7 million has been paid to General Electric men and women for constructive ideas since our Suggestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.

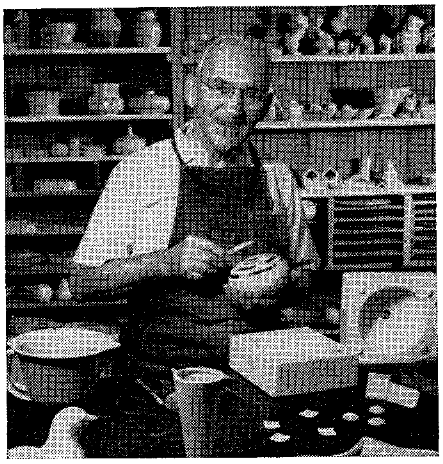
James Creamer is now manager of finance for an $11 million operation at Syracuse.

Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.



Milton Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. His wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

Higher real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include not only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise in average annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is far in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.



Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.

A BALL, THAT'S ALL

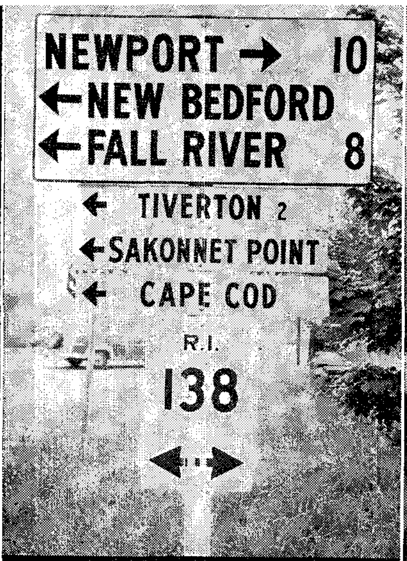
On the top floor of our building on upper Times Square, a handsome old gentleman sat listening to some tapes by Louis Armstrong, tears streaming from his sightless eyes. "I never thought I'd hear my blues like this," W. C. Handy said again and again. "Truly wonderful! Truly wonderful! Nobody but my boy Louis could have done it." Armstrong sat at his side doing quite a job of looking proud and modest at the same time. He kept saying what fun the sessions had been. "Ain't no work, making records like this! Them old-time good ones play themselves. We was just having a ball, that's all." Truth is, Louis has a ball every time he picks up that horn of his, and so does anyone within earshot. As supporting evidence we offer these recent releases.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG PLAYS W. C. HANDY
CL 591

SATCH PLAYS FATS
CL 708

AMBASSADOR SATCH
CL 840

(all specially priced for a limited time only)



NEWPORT GOES ON RECORD

The American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island, owes its existence to a young couple, Louis and Elaine Lorillard, who decided a few years ago that what Tanglewood had become to longhair music in the summertime, Newport could become to jazz. In three short years the Festival has become the annual affair in jazz; jazz has moved into the Social Register (where else can you see a dowager chatting happily with Eddie Condon or J. J. Johnson); and Newport's salt air has resounded to performances by all but a few of the major jazzmen. Moments of inspiration have been frequent, and some, like Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" (on CL 934) have already become legends. This series, taken from the 1956 Festival, is the first and only recorded documentary to be released from this internationally famous event.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG and **EDDIE CONDON** at **NEWPORT**
CL 931

DAVE BRUBECK and **JAY & KAI** at **NEWPORT**
CL 932

DUKE ELLINGTON and the **BUCK CLAYTON ALL-STARS** at **NEWPORT**
CL 933

ELLINGTON at **NEWPORT**
CL 934

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS

In a recent general record catalog which lists some twenty-three different recordings of Beethoven's "Fifth" it is disturbing to discover how few contemporary American compositions are available in even a single version. Columbia's Modern American Composers Series was inaugurated a few years ago in an attempt to set things right. We were warned at the time that this was definitely thin-ice department for a record company. Since then we have been pleased (and frankly amazed) at the wholehearted acceptance of this project. Two composers whose music has been especially popular are Leon Kirchner (above) and William Schuman (below). This latest release in the series, containing new works by both, could very easily add you to the ranks of modern music enthusiasts.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Credendum (Article of Faith)—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Cond. **LEON KIRCHNER:** Piano Concerto—the composer as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cond.
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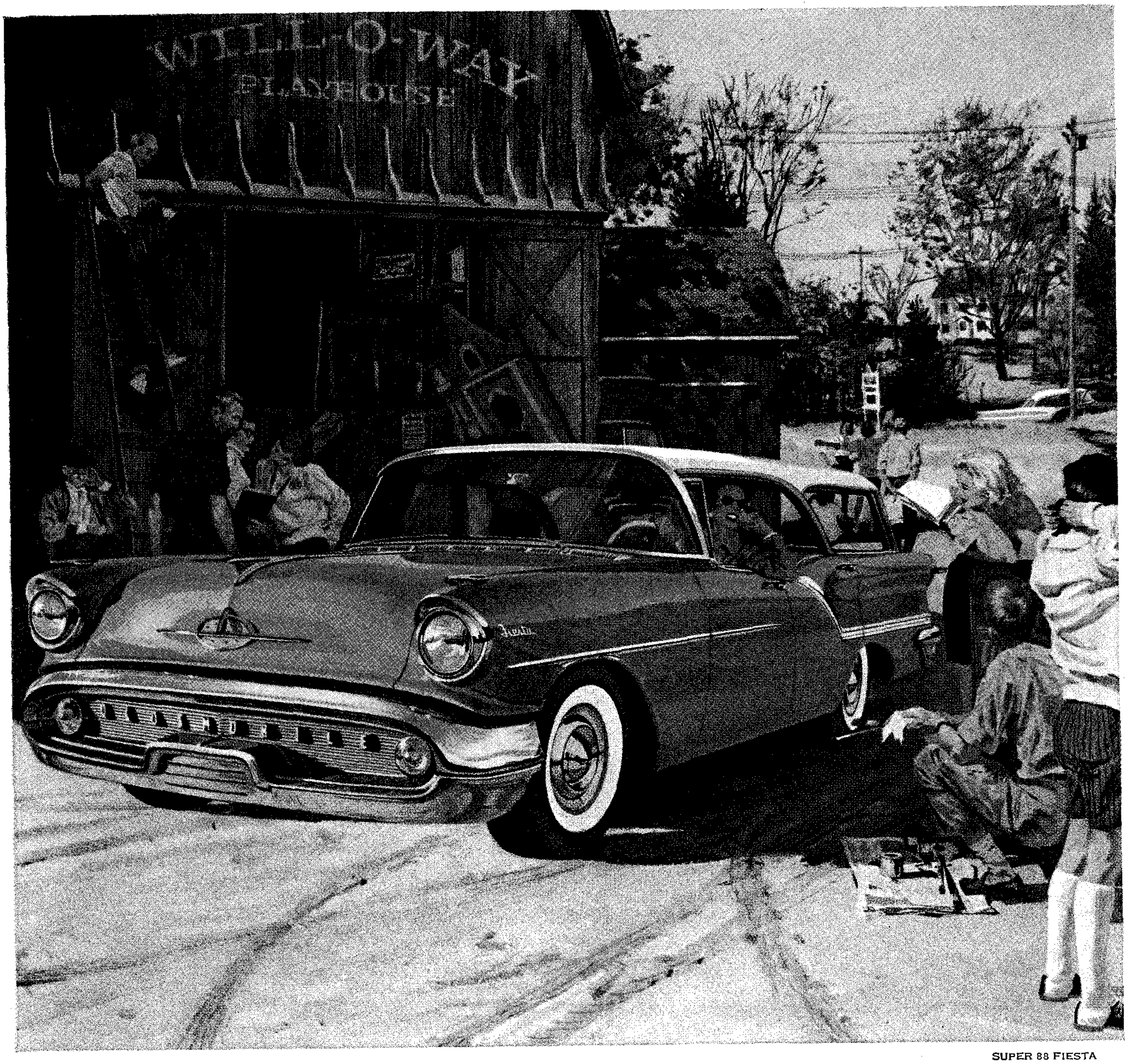

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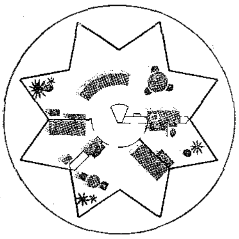
where you will pass your leisure hours at beach
or mountain with all the comforts of home . . .
in a summer house made of aluminum . . . roofed, walled
and screened with aluminum to turn the sun
and welcome the breeze . . . and take any shape or color
to suit the landscape that wears it like a crown jewel.

ALCOA ALUMINUM Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh



Aluminum summer house designed for the Alcoa collection by Harrison & Abramovitz. Photographed by Bert Stern.

YOU DINE WITH THESE "GENTLEMEN" AT YOUR OWN RISK!

Yet a parade of great and near great, who worship the sweet smell of success, find it is worth the gamble. Nightly they pause at this table...notables from every walk of life ...from Wall Street, from Hollywood, from Capitol Hill... paying homage to the man who parlayed a syndicated column into a big stick and beat his way to the top with it.

That's J. J. reaching for the telephone...a telephone that may be buzzing with a fortune-making tip on the stock market, or hissing with the whispered story of a movie queen's secret weekend.

At his side sits the heir presumptive, Sidney Falco, a boy to be in good with, a young man to keep your eye on, because if you turn your back on him you might find a knife in it. He'll sell anything to keep his inside track with J. J. (just ask his girl!).

Yes, this is the table where rumors are served with every course, reputations are broken like cheap crockery...and all nostrils are aquiver with the sweet smell of success.

An explosive subject for a motion picture? Yes...and it is an explosive motion picture.

Hecht, Hill and Lancaster present BURT LANCASTER and TONY CURTIS in "SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS". Introducing Susan Harrison and featuring Marty Milner, Sam Levene, Barbara Nichols. Screenplay by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman from the Novelette by Ernest Lehman. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Produced by James Hill. Photographed by James Wong Howe, A.S.C. A Norma-Curtleigh Productions Picture. Released thru United Artists.

WEEK OF JULY 4th AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

B. Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Interrogative Wisp Found in Gutter of Macdougal Street: "I know you are but what am I?"

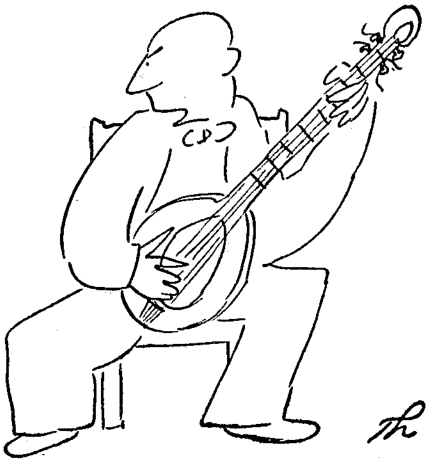
Picassos

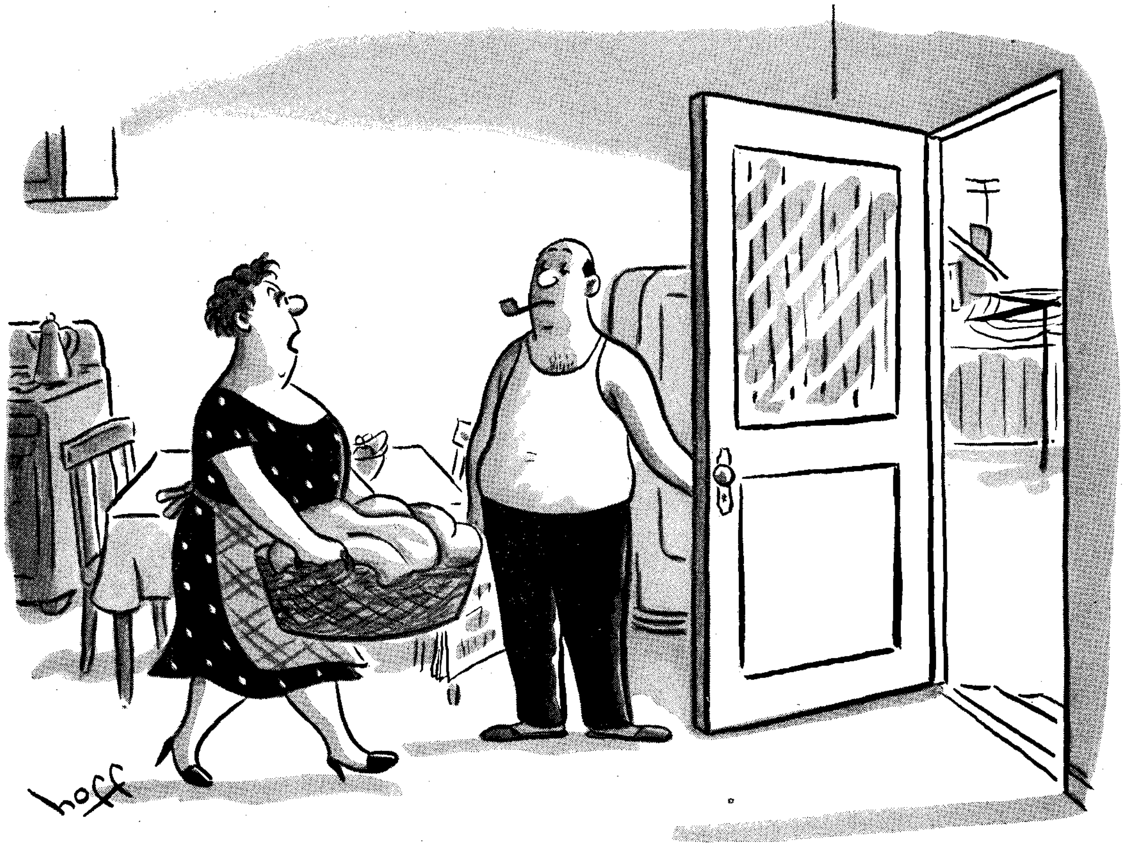
A MILITARY friend suggested we look into the logistics of the Museum of Modern Art's Seventy-fifth Anniversary Exhibition of Picasso, and we have, so hold on. The most comprehensive assemblage of this protean and prolific artist ever shown here, the exhibition contains three hundred and twenty-eight items—a hundred and thirty-nine paintings, a hundred and twenty-eight drawings and water colors, thirteen collages, and forty-eight pieces of sculpture—from seventy-three private and twenty-two public collections, among whose owners eight (private) elected to remain anonymous. Exhibits lent by individuals came from New York; Greenwich; New Canaan; Philadelphia; Haverford; Pittsburgh; Baltimore; Hobe Sound; St. Louis; Cincinnati; Chicago; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; Beverly Hills; Highland Park, Illinois; Wayzata, Minnesota; Pomfret Center, Connecticut; Penllyn, Pennsylvania; Reno; Seattle; Toronto; Paris; London; Oslo; Florence; Lucerne; Barcelona; and Cannes. Exhibits lent by museums and public galleries, outside Manhattan, travelled—by truck, train, air, and boat—from Buffalo, Hartford, Harvard, Chicago, Toledo, Oberlin, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Santa Barbara, Paris, Basel, Oslo, Barcelona, and Madrid. Eighty-one of the items were lent by the Master himself. Of these, sixty-five, including the famous "Guernica" mural and forty-five studies for it, had been on loan to the Museum since 1939, when this repository staged a Picasso-through-1939 retrospective show. The rest were shipped in April from the artist's place in Cannes and from his studio in Paris. The biggest museum lender was the Modern Museum itself, with twenty-four items. The biggest non-museum lenders, next to Picasso, were G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh (twenty-two, including seventeen small bronzes), Nelson Rockefeller (fifteen oils, sculptures, and drawings), Paul Rosenberg (twelve oils and drawings), Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ganz (eight paintings, one drawing, and one sculpture), and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Marx, of Chicago (four oils and a drawing).

We obtained this information, and a lot more, in the course of a behind-the-scenes tour we made of the Museum the other day. "The show was first proposed around 1947, as a joint effort with the Art Institute of Chicago," Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., the director of the exhibition, told us. "The original idea was to supplement our 1939 retrospective with a post-'Guernica' review—Picasso from 1937 on. There were postponements, for various reasons—chiefly Picasso's impending seventy-fifth birthday, which led to a series of big retrospective exhibitions by museums in Rome, Milan, Paris, Lyon, São Paulo, Munich, Cologne, Hamburg, Oslo, and Moscow, and thus exhausted potential lenders. Many of the best pictures had been travelling around Europe for four years before they came here. Well, about five years ago it occurred to us that a whole new generation had grown up since our 1939 show. So we enlarged the scope of the present one to Picasso from 1898, when he was seventeen. For lack of space, we've omitted prints and ceramics. This still left us a vast choice. I don't know how many hundreds of paintings Picasso has done, but it isn't the size of the total, it's the number of good canvases that has made selection a major problem. We'd hoped for more sculpture—Picasso is an extraordinary sculptor, of enormous range, and rather little known as such, largely because he has kept most of his sculpture off the market, and even out of sight—and we were very much disappointed by his final refusal to let us have a lot of these pieces. I spent three weeks in Cannes last summer, visiting him every other day. He seemed entirely coöperative, but in March, when I sent him a list of seventy-three bronzes and wood constructions we wanted, he said no to lending any of them. I was extremely upset, but I understood his reasons; he wasn't sure just where many of the early pieces were stored, and he felt that the later bronzes, all around him at his villa, were so much a part of his life that he couldn't bear to be without them for ten months. So he vetoed the whole sculpture idea—except, of course, for the pieces we'd already borrowed from collectors. The great Picasso sculpture show remains to be done. It will be marvellous."

"Why ten months?" we asked.

Mr. Barr explained that the show is going to Chicago in the fall and, with some changes, to Philadelphia in January, and that the exhibits won't get back to their owners until February. "The letters and cables I've had to write!" he said. "I began to make inquiries about loans in the summer of 1955. I followed them up with formal requests last summer, but the real infighting began





"Well! So chivalry isn't dead after all."

in February. I've had two secretaries helping me. One of the more difficult loans required twenty-one letters and nine cablegrams. It got to be a kind of sport; the only way you can relieve the appalling boredom of writing the same sort of presumably persuasive letter time after time is to look at it as a game. Borrowing from European museums is perhaps the most elaborate and difficult thing; you run up against trustees, city governments, and Foreign Offices. Sometimes there's reluctance at staff level. We had two serious disappointments. We'd hoped for three pictures from the Kunstmuseum in Basel, and we got only one—the 'Aficionado,' a notable Cubist painting done in 1912. Basel refused their great still-life, of 1909, and the 'Demoiselles de la Seine,' of 1950. They felt they couldn't spare these, and I don't blame them. We spent over a year negotiating with the Soviet authorities, in both Moscow and Washington, for ten paintings from The Hermitage, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum, in Moscow. There seemed to be great good will on the part of the Embassy staff, and I suspect we came pretty close to succeeding, but we were finally turned down. The two museums have fifty Picassos, collected by two Moscow businessmen before the First World War; you simply cannot have the best representation of this period without them. We got one first-rate picture we wanted from the Museo de Arte Moderno, in Barcelona—the 'Dwarf Dancer,' done in 1901—and missed another, the 'Harlequin,' of 1917. Stockholm refused us their superb 'Guitar Player,' of 1916—they had just reopened their galleries, and didn't want to let one of their best pictures go—and the Tate disappointed us, too. I tried to get the 'Seated Nude,' of 1910, from them—the best of its kind—but Sir John Rothenstein said it was the only important Cubist picture on public view in London, and they didn't think they should part with it for such a long time. A loan to America is a very good travel poster for a foreign museum, and, of course, there's the matter of reciprocity, but there *is* some risk, in addition to the deprivation, and I can't help being in sympathy with the people who refused us. Because of various unforeseen delays, nearly everything had to come from abroad by air. Curiously, the insurance rate is lower by air. Ships are still sometimes blown up by Second World War mines. Besides, handling by air freight is simpler as well as quicker. It's a splendid show, in any event, and many of the early paintings and drawings—as well as most of those postdating 'Guernica'—have never been seen here before."

Mr. Barr, who personally supervised installing the exhibits on three of the exhibition's four floors, taking three weeks to do it, said that toward the end he was using a wheelchair. "I'm like a middle-aged fighter," he said. "My legs go first. Wheelchairs are really wonderful. They're very entertaining, too. They turn on a dime."

We turned on a dime, went down a corridor, and buttonholed Miss Dorothy H. Dudley, the Museum's registrar, whom Mr. Barr had characterized for us as the heroine of the Picasso show. She said that only two of the forty-two recently arrived foreign loans—one collage and one construction, both from London—had been denied free entry. "I got them in under bond," she said. "This means that they must be available at any time for inspection by customs officials, may be transferred only to other educational institutions—in this case, to the Chicago Art Institute and the Philadelphia Museum of Art—and only by permission of the Collector of Customs, and, when exported, must be packed under the supervision of customs officials. In the case of the Picasso show, as in all others, we sent a loan-agreement form for every object to its lender, and he or she had to sign it. Two hundred and thirty-nine—the remainder, eighty-nine objects, were already here in the Museum. We card-indexed every loan and sent receipts to every lender. We've drawn up papers for every lender to sign upon the return of the loans. We've numbered and made exact measurements of every item, and described where and how it is signed and dated, if the artist chose to do this. We have a condition report on every item, and we are having condition photographs made of every item before it goes to Chicago, to show its precise condition. We staggered the arrivals—the Museum doesn't have anything like enough receiving space for them all—and we've stored the empty boxes in a warehouse. Floor by floor, we sent everything upstairs on dollies from our receiving, shipping, and recording rooms in the basement, in a sequence worked out by Mr. Barr. We'll start sending things to Chicago early in September and will complete the shipping by the end of September."

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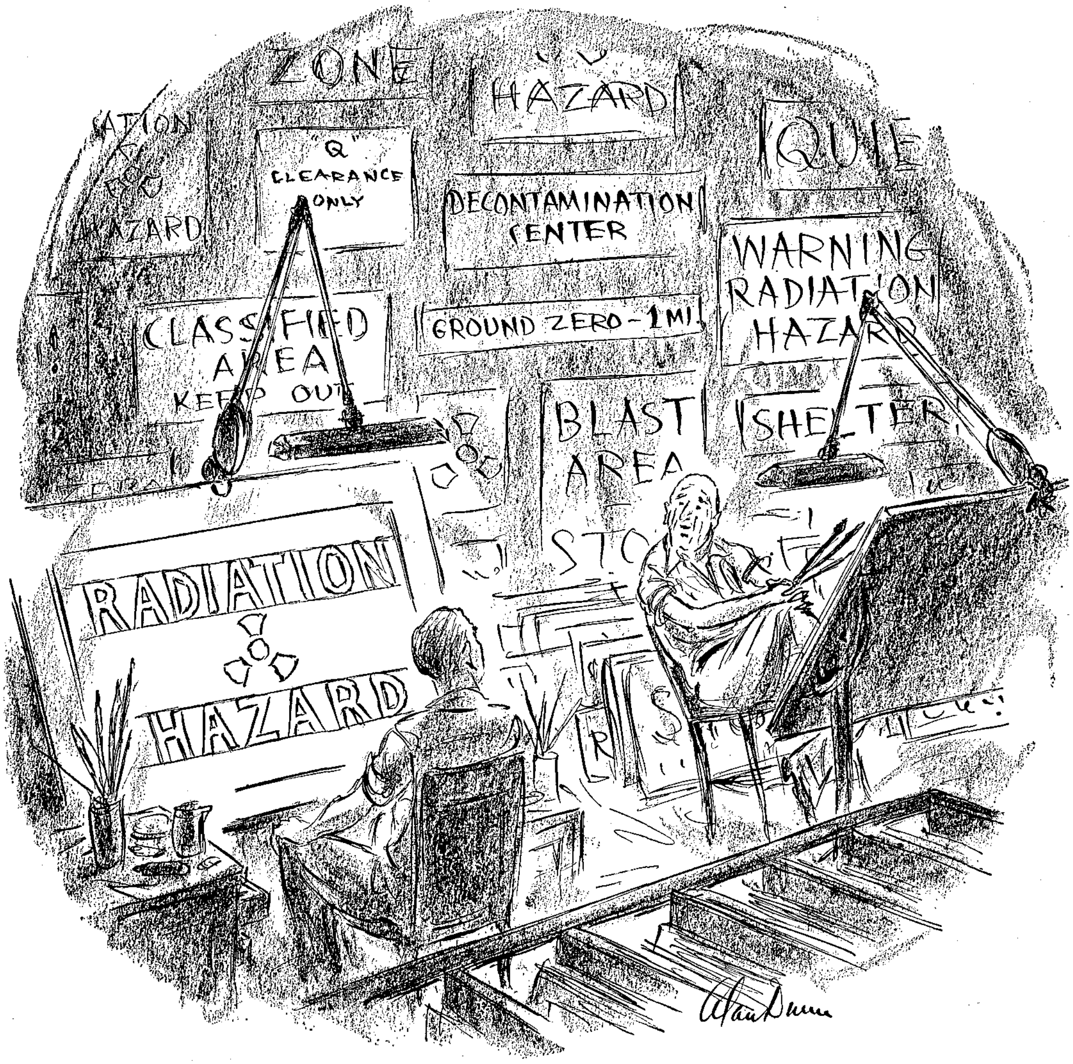
GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Zausner Foods of New Jersey—located, Heaven knows why, in Mineola, Long Island—manufactures a smoked cheddar. Along with the other information on the label is the news that "Artificial Smoke" has been added.

Long Year

The International Geophysical Year begins on the first of next month. Though it is already familiarly known to newspaper readers by its initials, we doubt whether many of those readers could say exactly what the I.G.Y. is. In the simplest terms, it's a mighty, concerted effort by scientists in sixty-one countries to learn more about the nature of the earth and its atmosphere. Some five thousand specialists—meteorologists, oceanographers, glaciologists, geodesists, seismologists, and the like—will be taking part in this effort, assisted by several times that number of humbler folk; the areas in which the work will be done are, roughly, the Arctic, the Antarctic, the ocean depths, and the heavens. We've been learning something about the origins of this remarkable fraternal enterprise from Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chairman of the Department of Physics and Meteorology at the University of California at Los Angeles, and, for the past few years, chairman of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year of the National Academy of Sciences (a title demonstrating that when it comes to pinning labels on themselves, scientists are no cleverer than the rest of us). As one might expect, Dr. Kaplan is a hard man to catch up with these days. We nabbed him as he was passing through town on his way to Boston, where he was to attend a meeting of the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board Panel on Geophysics. "The thing to avoid is being expected in several places at once," Dr. Kaplan said, popping a caffeinated lozenge into his mouth. "Lately, getting ready for the I.G.Y., I've had more meals in the air than I've had at home. I find flight murderously boring."

Dr. Kaplan bears no resemblance to the stereotype of the scientist as an etiolated double-dome. A large, hearty, powerful-looking man of fifty-four, he is a crack golfer and figure skater, and is the U.C.L.A. faculty representative to the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. He created a considerable stir in academic circles some months ago by writing an article for *Look* entitled "The Case for Big-Time Football," in the course of which he argued that if exceptionally bright young men are to be awarded scholarships, then exceptionally able athletes should be no less openly and honorably provided for. Born in Hungary and brought to this country as a child, he graduated from Johns Hopkins, got his Ph.D. there, and has been teaching at U.C.L.A. since 1928. During the Second World War, he won the Exceptional Civilian Service Medal—our highest civilian award—for work on behalf of the Army Air Forces and the Navy.

At a cocktail party held in Washington in 1950, according to Dr. Kaplan, the geophysicist Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner, one of our new class of scientific nabobs, proposed what has since developed into the I.G.Y. What Dr. Berkner had in mind was another International Polar Year, similar to those that had been held in 1882-83 and 1932-33, but enthusiasm for the project proved unexpectedly great, the scale on which it was to be carried out got bigger and bigger, and a new name had to be devised. Dr. Kaplan assumed his present I.G.Y. post in 1953, and has spent much of his time helping to prepare a program and arouse popular interest. (The launching of a satellite as the high point of the Year was decided on in 1955.) "One of the by-products of my I.G.Y. life has been an improvement in my public speaking," he said. "I've talked in nearly every corner of the United States and in a good many foreign corners. I make a practice of never



"Remember the old days, Joe, when it was all 'Keep Off the Grass,' 'Beware of the Dog,' and stuff like that?"

giving the same talk twice. It wouldn't be right; the public interest in our program is too intelligent for that. I talk about the aurora, airglow, meteor physics, and the Lord knows what, and my listeners drink it in. Maybe what they feel is the exhilaration of catching a first glimpse of utterly new frontiers."

Like many of his colleagues, Dr. Kaplan hopes that the teamwork practiced by the various participants in the I.G.Y. will have the indirect effect of reducing political tension throughout the world. "The Russians, for example, have come into the I.G.Y. with beautiful, well-developed programs," he said. "Scientifically speaking, they seem to think in the same terms we do. I believe they'll play the international game of science fairly and squarely. I have no difficulty conceiving of coexistence in science." We had one last question for Dr. Kaplan. How did it happen that the International Geophysical Year is in fact eighteen months long? "Because twelve months is too short a time for observing certain things," he said. "An overlapping of seasons provides us with contrasting data. Or take certain solar events. Sunspots will soon be at the peak of their eleven-year cycle, and our scientists are anxious to note the difference between intense solar activity and a subsequent slackening off. The ideal Geophysical Year is two years."

One World

A LADY entered a Washington, D.C., bookstore and asked for an illustrated copy of "The Three Bears." "I've been telling the story to my daughter, and she wants to know what the characters look like," she explained. "I can't seem to find a copy anywhere."

The clerk disappeared, reappeared, and reported that he had found a copy but was afraid it wouldn't do.

"What's wrong with it?" the lady asked.

"It's in Russian," the clerk replied.

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," the customer said. "My daughter can't read." And she triumphantly bore it off.

Aquarium Vernissage

THE city's new Aquarium—or, rather, the first section of it, since the plan is that it will eventually be at least seven times its present size—opened at Coney Island last week with a good deal of dedicatory fanfare, which we took in. We milled around for five minutes with a bunch of piscatorial bigwigs that included Mayor Wagner, Commissioner of Parks Robert Moses, Borough President of Brooklyn John Cashmore, Borough President of the Bronx James J. Lyons, Zoo trustees C. Suydam Cutting, John Schiff, Peter Gimbel, and Laurance Rockefeller, and assorted spouses, and presently, under a green-and-white striped marquee, found ourself at one of a score of lunch tables that Robert Day-Dean's blue-coated waiters were loading with drinks (from a bar with red-coated bartenders), canapés, shrimp cocktails, chicken, ham, and ice cream. At our table were John Walden Myer, director of the Museum of the City of New York; Edgar Craig Schenck, director of the Brooklyn Museum; Dr. James L. Whitehead, director of the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences; Dr. William J. Robbins, director of the New York Botanical Garden; Mrs. Robbins; Mrs. Amelia Opdyke Jones, who does posters for the *Subway Sun;* and her son William.

"I've just done an Aquarium poster in pink and purple, showing Olaf, the Aquarium walrus," she said. "I brought Bill along because he likes institutional lunches. Besides, he's interested in alligators."

"My roommate and I run a student alligator agency at Princeton," said Mr. Jones, who is about to graduate. "We visited an alligator farm in Fort Lauderdale during spring vacation and figured that alligators were just the thing for Princeton. We take orders—six dollars and twenty-five cents a head, including mail and express costs—and fill them in Fort Lauderdale. We've sold about fifty. You're not allowed to have pets in the dorm, but the Dean gave us special permission to run the agency and keep one demonstration model in our room for a while."

"Where do your clients keep theirs?" we asked.

"Oh, they buy them for friends," he said. "No one wants an alligator for himself."

"You sell both male and female?" Dr. Robbins asked.

"Just *alive,*" Mr. Jones said. "We don't guarantee sex."

Mr. Schenck and Mr. Myer conferred briefly, and said they would place an order with Mr. Jones for an alligator that they said they planned to present to the pool in the Dorothy Draper cafeteria of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"What do they think of the new president of Princeton?" Mrs. Robbins asked Mr. Jones.

"No one knows him," Mr. Jones said.

"My nephew was at college with him," Mrs. Robbins remarked. "He said he was an outstanding student. Has anyone seen that little black fish that stands on his toes?"

"There's one that buries himself in the sand at night," Mrs. Jones said. "Oh, I miss the old Aquarium. I used to spend a lot of time there as a youngster."

"One and a half million dollars for this one, so far," Dr. Robbins said. "It looks pretty small for that. I wonder whether it will pay."

"I understand that figure includes plumbing and facilities for extension of the five exhibition halls and other exhibition areas that will follow," Mr. Schenck said.

"I'm worried about Olaf," Dr. Robbins said. "He keeps backing up against the glass walls of his pool and scratching himself. He ought to have a scratching post."

"I think he has barnacles," Mrs. Jones said.

Lunch over, we adjourned to the neighborhood of a platform crowded with Zoo trustees and city fathers. The Fire Department band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a lady sang it into a mike, hundreds of spectators looked on from the boardwalk, and, just as the sun burst out of a gray sky, Mr. Fairfield Osborn, president of the Zoo, wearing a double-breasted blue-and-gray checked suit and a boutonnière of three cornflowers, approached the mike.

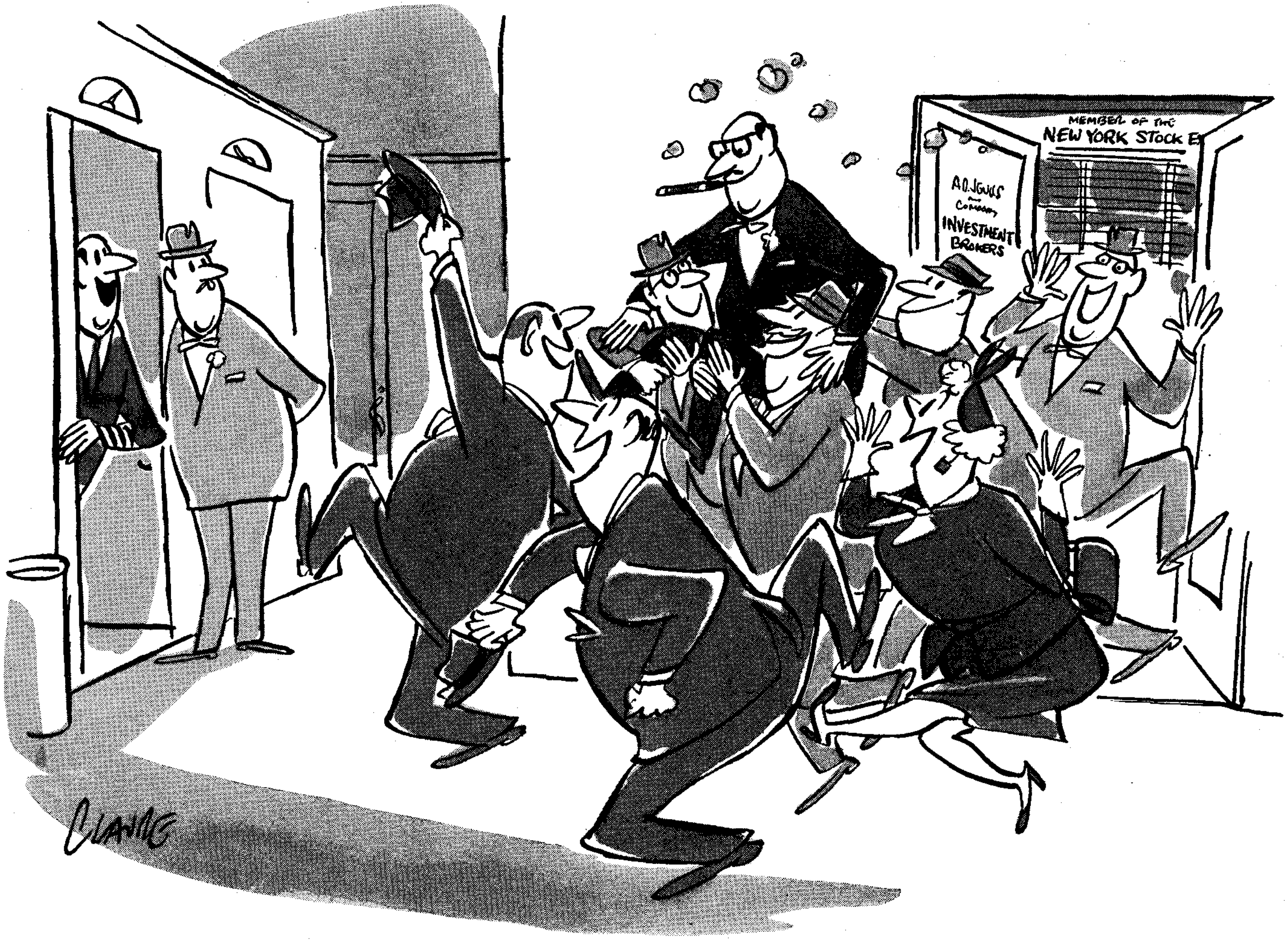
"The Aquarium will grow into the most incomparable institution in this country or anywhere in the world," he wound up. "I'm changing the order of our program to call on Mayor Wagner first, because he has other important engagements."

"The first commercial aquarium in New York opened in 1876," began Mr. Wagner, who was wearing a single-breasted gray suit and a black-and-white striped tie, and he wound up with "May God bless you, Mr. Osborn and Mr. Rockefeller, and may we go on to other stages just as rapidly as possible."

Flanked by three policemen, the Mayor walked to a black limousine and was driven off.

Mr. Cashmore, the next speaker, asked for a hand for the band. "They're here on their own time," he said, in part. "Bob Moses has just returned to us from Italy. He's the Leonardo da Vinci of the United States."

"I want to tell Jim Lyons that our



"They must have had an all-right day."

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having the Aquarium here doesn't mean that our affection for the Bronx will diminish in any way," Mr. Osborn said, and introduced Mr. Moses. "Years ago," he said, "Bob Moses had a dream that the new Aquarium should be on the littoral of the Atlantic Ocean."

"The New York-Atlantic littoral from Staten Island to Montauk is a priceless natural asset which must be preserved largely with public ownership," said Mr. Moses, who was wearing a dark-blue Italian-silk suit. "Private exploitation is a thing of the past. We still have the problem of recapture. Coney Island has a bad name, associated with honky-tonks and artificial excitement, but now there is indeed a new Coney Island, for healthy recreation. The Aquarium gives Coney Island just the remaining lift it needs. And now let us introduce you to the mysterious denizens of the sea, who in many ways order their element better than we do ours."

A ribbon-cutting ceremony followed. As photographers moved forward, President Osborn, wearing heavy horsehide gloves, held a penguin above a three-inch white ribbon that was stretched between two posts in front of the entrance to the Aquarium. "This is Annie," he said. "Annie is a man. Annie lived in the old Aquarium. Annie, would you please now do the job?"

Annie wriggled rather violently, but Mr. Osborn held tight. He brought Annie's beak down on the ribbon three times, but nothing happened. After the third attempt, two attendants released the ribbon, letting it fall, and we followed the crowd into the building—concrete, glass, and gray brick, functional as all getout. "It's so crowded I don't think you're going to be able to see anything right now," a lady under our elbow said. We agreed, made for the exit, and, at an outdoor pool, watched Olaf munch some skimmer clams and herring out of a pail.

Clash

A FRENCHMAN who lives in the Congo was here for a visit recently, staying at a midtown hotel, and in his case the inevitable clash of cultures seems to have taken a more than usually physical form. One morning, he approached the desk looking somewhat harassed and complained to the room clerk that the fire escape in his door didn't work. "In your *door*?" the clerk inquired. Yes, replied the Frenchman. He had read the sign on the door advising him, in large type, "IN CASE OF FIRE THIS WILL HELP YOU," and in order to be prepared for any emergency, he had then tried to go through the metal arrangement directly under the sign, without success. The room clerk explained that if the visitor had read the rest of the sign he would have found that it directed him down the corridor to the proper fire escape; as for the metal affair, it was something called a Servidor, intended to afford easy passage through the door not to guests but to their clothes. On hearing this, the Frenchman gazed at the ceiling, touched his forehead with his fingers, and walked off looking more harassed than ever. On a hunch, the room clerk sent a bellboy up to check the Servidor of the Frenchman's room, and, sure enough, it had half a dozen substantial dents in it.

RETURN IN TRANQUILLITY

WHENEVER I return to my native country, I prefer to do so as slowly as possible. I like to put off the happy day for a little while longer. Few means of transit between two worlds could be slower than a slow Cunarder. So, after a lifetime of eight months in America, I took the Franconia, bound for Liverpool, early last winter, resigning myself to a nine-day limbo in which to ponder the virtues of that world to which I was so unhurriedly returning—my country, as I remembered it and as my American friends had taught me to imagine it.

These virtues were immediately apparent in the attentions of a fatherly cabin steward, who whisked my shoes off me—they had been uncleaned for some weeks, owing to my incompetence in locating shoeshine parlors—and returned them in a trice, all lustrous with British spit and British polish. Here I was, back once again in an all-British womb, this daddy-figure spoiling me with early-morning tea in the early morning and afternoon tea in the afternoon, and, in the evening, running—or, as he put it, drawing—a hot bath for me and laying out my tuxedo and stuffed shirt for a leisurely six-course dinner. This was announced by a gong and served by white-coated sonny-figures, swift and noiseless in their attentions. At the first one, the Get Together Dinner, we wore with dignity (and, as we got together, politely tipped) paper hats.

The atmosphere of the place resembled that of a small but commodious country house—a house decorated in the Georgian style, fitted with Victorian comforts, and then, rather incongruously, floated on the ocean. The dining room, it seemed, had been designed by Adam. Its paintings were evidently by Angelica Kauffmann and its chairs by Chippendale. There were Chippendale bookcases in the library and Sheraton cabinets, full of Wedgwood china, in the smoking room. Everywhere there were deep armchairs and sofas, upholstered in restful shades, and copies of the *Times* and of glossy society weeklies lying discreetly on tables. The merest touch at the bell brought instant feudal attentions. Here was the American dream of the British way of life come true.

There were only seventeen guests—first-class passengers, that is—and all were British. They stood by the hour at the bar, telling each other so, and saying just how much they had liked or had not liked America, and how nice it was to be already, as it were, back at Home, Sweet Home. They were all, I supposed, characteristically British, and hence suitable study material for my voyage of rediscovery. Yet I found it hard to trace much of a common denominator between them.

The girl typist from Lancashire, with the blondish hair and the boldish make-up, did not exactly personify English reserve. In a swift burst of confidence, she told me that she had spent three years in America, during which time everybody had told her how much she was enjoying it. But had she been? Each morning she had examined herself searchingly in a mirror in New Jersey and had asked herself the questions "Am I happy? Do I *look* happy?" Puzzle away as she might, she could never hit on the answer, though she had an uneasy suspicion that it might be "No." But this morning she had looked into a Franconia mirror, in its Victorian mahogany frame, and, lo and behold, the answer was now unmistakably "Yes." She was unable to define the reason. It was true that she had never succeeded, despite serious efforts, in breaking her heart over an American, but then she had not yet broken it, despite equally serious efforts, over any of the Britishers on board. In fact, she was rather bored, and begged me to give her some typing to do, in order to fill in what, in the States, had been her working hours.

"But somehow," she said, "I look to myself happy. What do *you* think?"

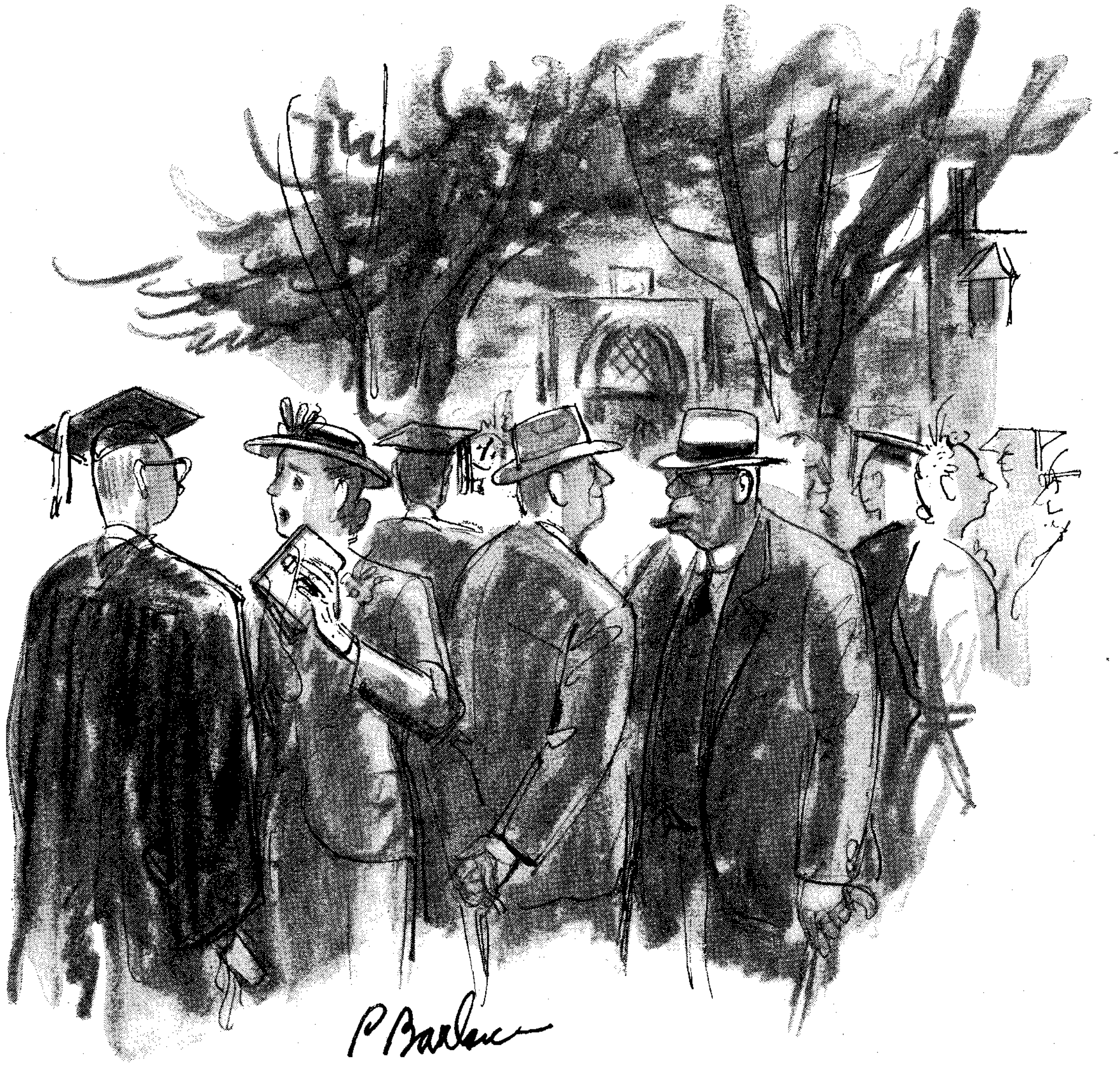
She looked all right to me, and, sure enough, in mid-Atlantic she developed a secret smile and began keeping irregular hours at table and asked me for no more typing. One night I found her sitting up late in the library, writing and writing and writing. "Do you know what I'm doing?" she confided. "I'm writing to all my friends in America to say I'll never go back there. Never, never, never!"

This, I supposed, was, if not British reticence, at least British insularity. But there was nothing either reticent or insular about the two British naval staff officers, who had been globe-trotting with their wives and children, at gov-

NS BAR & GRILL
AHAN'S
O'BRIAN

ernment expense, between such places as Hong Kong and Singapore, Malta and Gibraltar, and Portsmouth, England, and Norfolk, Virginia. Nor were they very standoffish, as the British are known to be—except perhaps from one another. For though they were of the same rank, one was breezy and lowbrow and liked to play deck games and defended the invasion of Suez, while the other was reflective and highbrow and preferred to read books and was against it. They were as different as two Americans, one from the other.

The advertising executive from Bond Street was just as talkative—fortunately not about advertising but about his half-timbered cottage in Kent and the pictures of his garden he liked to paint on weekends. And then there was a Scotsman, of the strong, silent race, and he talked most of all. He was a movie star, nearing the age of eighty, and had played, it appeared, in every film ever made. Once he had been crucified upside down as St. Peter in "Quo Vadis," and now he was on his way home to burn St. Joan. His wife, a gracious lady of similar age, was the only American-born passenger. She talked hardly at all. She divulged, however, that she was the last surviving relative of Baby Doe Tabor, of Colorado fame, to whom she referred with familiarity as Aunt Lizzie. She had come over to Britain as an actress in 1902 to sing there, for the first time, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and had gone on singing it, without the need of another number, right up to the outbreak of the First World War. As a delicate compliment, it was now sung for her at the ship's concert by the elevator steward, a turn that almost stole the show from a pair of potato peelers—or potato-peeling-machine minders—called Jerry and Johnny, who rock-'n'-rolled like two beer barrels afloat on this high sea.



"Whatever you do, don't tell your grandfather they're starting you at four hundred and eighty dollars a month."

Presiding as host over all was the captain, a silver-haired Scotsman from the Hebrides with a faraway look, who told strange tales of the land birds he had seen right out at sea. And there was the ship's doctor, an Irishman with a quiet voice, who tried to use me as a guinea pig for some of those newfangled tranquillizing drugs from New York. But I no longer needed tranquillizing.

THE days went by without effort, as they do in the best country houses, until suddenly an SOS jolted us out of our calm. It was from a small Greek cargo ship; one of her crew had had his throat cut, and she had no doctor and no drugs on board. We turned about to the rescue, setting course back toward America and uneasily hoping, lest the spell of this nirvana be broken, that we should not overshoot the Greek cargo ship and land once again on its shores. A restless British spirit now spread through the ship. There was a pacing of the decks and a craning of necks toward the horizon and a buzz of speculation far into the night.

"Those Greeks!" We smiled at each other with insular tolerance. "Always cutting their throats, or each other's!"

Early next morning, we sighted the Greek ship. Then a small boat came tossing toward us, two miles over the waves, and we could see an oldish man sitting in its stern, facing the oarsmen, with a dirty white scarf tied tight around his neck. He was hauled on board, seated in a kind of cradle. He was put to bed, then to sleep. At last the ship's doctor had someone to tranquillize. The sailor came, we learned, from Ithaca, the island of Ulysses. He had fallen from the rigging and thus perforated his throat.

Soon a message was broadcast around the ship: Could any passenger speak Greek? None could. We hung our heads in shame. Yes, this was insularity indeed—and we a seafaring race. The poor sailor was trying to swallow his pills instead of sucking them, with hardly a throat left to swallow with, and no one knew the Greek word for "suck." That night he died. Next morning his body was wrapped in a Union Jack and was lowered over the side, making a very small splash in the ocean, while one of the crew played "The End of a Perfect Day" on the cornet. A hush fell over us all.

MANY days later, we reached the Irish coast. It seemed not at all English but like a softer, quieter, mistier version of America; the police on the tender conversed in accents like those of their New York brethren, and the Cork gentry stumped aboard, in square overcoats and horn-rims and flamboyant ties, to mob the bar for bourbon. One of our ladies, who had been visiting a sister in Connecticut, belonged to one of them. At the Goodbye Dinner the night before, when we again wore (and this time exchanged) paper hats, I had written cornily on her menu card, "Bon voyage thru' life."

"Thank you for that," she had sighed. "I'm going to need it." Now laughingly she disembarked on her husband's arm, and we sailed for England. We should be in Liverpool the next day.

We were not. This, as we had learned at the outset, was the Franconia's last voyage (already the crew, in a nostalgic farewell ceremony, had presented the Captain with a chiming clock), but it had not occurred to us that it might be ours as well. Though the Adam decoration was standing up splendidly, the engines were not, and now, as we entered the Irish Channel, one of them breathed its last. All that day and the next day and the next day and the next we lay still in a bay off the Isle of Man, or shuttled back and forward a little, on one engine, to keep warm. Each day we sent cables to reassure anxious friends: "Tomorrow" . . . "Tomorrow" . . . "Tomorrow." The blackboard informed us, with studied imprecision: "Due to severe storms and other circumstances, the ship will not be expected to enter the port of Liverpool until the weather moderates."

Feigning not to understand that the "other circumstances" were a defunct engine, pretending politely to detect signs of a storm beyond the tranquil coasts of the Isle of Man, we forbore from asking embarrassing questions. It would not be fair to bother the captain, we said to each other. We had only to wait for the six-o'clock news over the radio. Six o'clock came and the B.B.C. informed us just what was happening to us: we were keeping up our spirits with dancing to the ship's orchestra and looking at cinema films, of which the ship possessed an ample stock.

Here, I reflected, was a revealing test of British phlegm, to say nothing of the British sense of humor. My compatriots, I am proud to say, rose to it. The Scots movie actor bore it stoically when the porridge ran out, seeming in no way impatient to start burning the Maid. Everybody bore it stoically when it was rumored that the water had run out and more would have to be distilled from the sea. The Scotch whiskey ran on. The advertising executive painted portrait after portrait of the lowering sky. The young lady from Lancashire was radiant, and expressed the frank hope that we should be here for some weeks. One naval officer took more books out of the library, the other began to organize a shoot, promising "kippered seagulls" for breakfast. At this we bravely laughed. And we still asked no questions and were told no lies.

For myself, I was content to linger on in this limbo, to postpone my happy arrival for a little while longer. I had a feeling that life in Britain itself would not really resemble life on this slow Cunarder. Home was never like this. There would be no dream-daddies to shine my shoes, no dream-sonnies to serve me with leisurely six-course meals. For the first time in my life I was having the good fortune to look upon the Isle of Man, or at least upon a long, blurred sliver of this seldom visited outpost of Britain. I had also seen "The Battle of the River Plate" twice, and would tonight see, for the second time, "Seagulls Over Sorrento." Why stir from so admirable a womb?

Nevertheless, when the fourth day had dawned, being not yet wholly broken in to the English rhythm, I was importunate enough to inquire tentatively of my friend the ship's doctor what was really going on. We had, after all, a second engine; there were surely such things as tugs. Might we not, I added sententiously, as responsible adult citizens of a democracy, be given just a little bit more information? The doctor led me confidingly into a corner of the Chippendale library. There, in a low voice, he disclosed to me that a lady in the tourist class was expecting a baby in six weeks' time. If too much about our helpless condition was revealed on the blackboard, the effect on her might be grave. In the circumstances, I would surely appreciate the need for tranquillization.

At midday, nonetheless, the board was a little more informative. The storm, it seemed, was where the pilot boats were. They were reluctant to come out. We also learned from one of the officers, strictly off the record, that our particular harbor pilot, a Manxman known as Windy (from his great knowledge of the winds), had nearly come out, then had changed his mind. But after thinking the matter over for another day he did come out, and the Franconia was tugged into Liverpool, at the conclusion of a fourteen-day voyage, never to sail the seas again.

"The old Mayflower beat us by a tide," remarked a cynical sailor.

We made our lingering farewells and braced ourselves for the realities of English life. As we docked, the sky dulled from a silvery gray to a comforting yellow, over a Customs shed of dilapidated aspect but in apparent process of reconstruction. Bells tolled through the fog, from ships and from Victorian church towers. In the silent English streets, very small black cars stopped considerately to let shrouded pedestrians pass. I boarded a British Railways train that had a locomotive named for an earl. With a laudable conservatism, deferring gracefully to British nurseries, it was still a "puff-puff," and presently it was puffing out its steam in a tranquillizing pall over the muted monochrome landscape. After an hour or so, the pipes beneath my seat began to gurgle reassuringly, promising warmth. I was home. —PATRICK KINROSS

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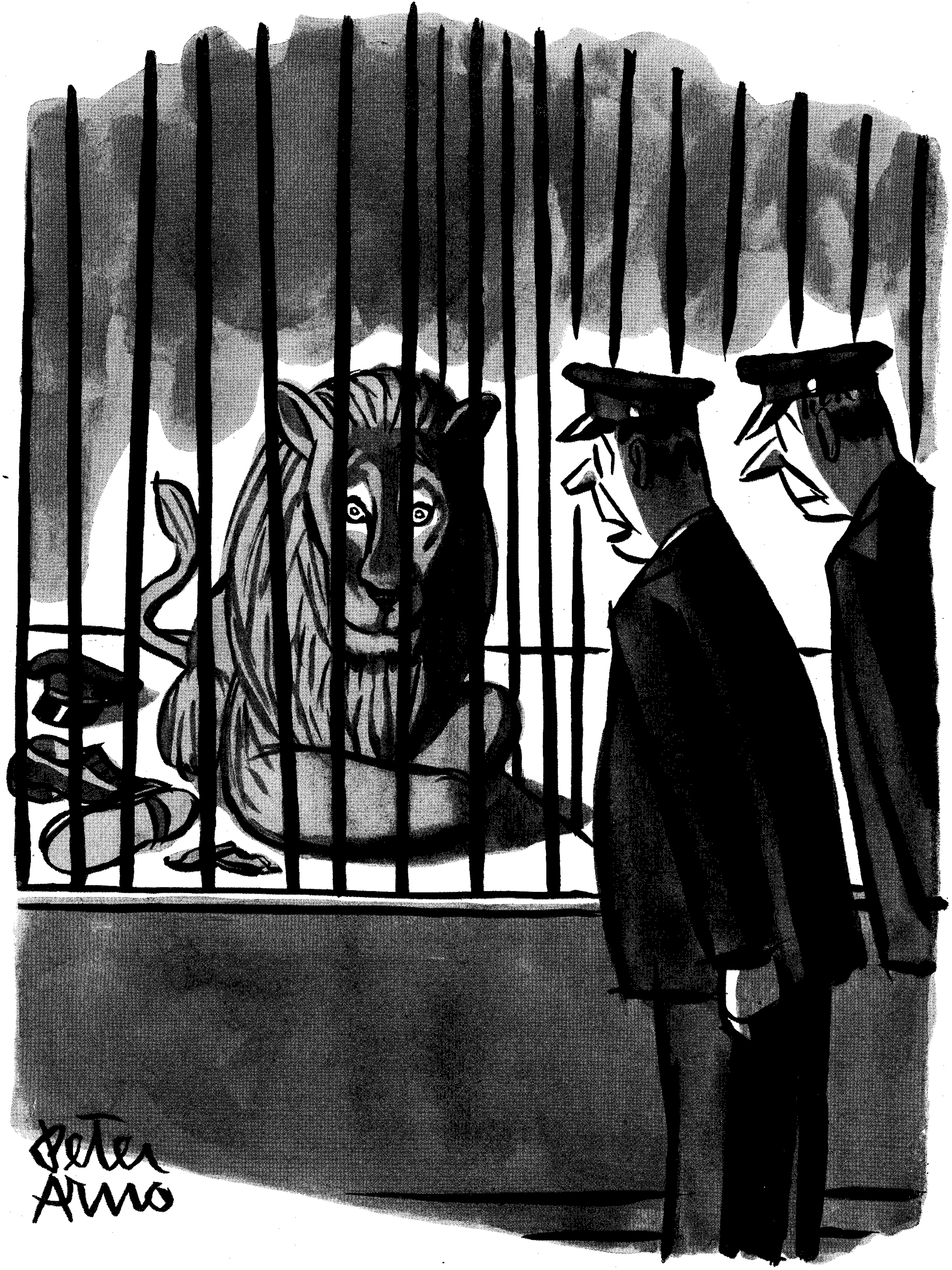
ON SEEING THE SUN RISE SEVEN TIMES

I watch the sun rise seven times
  By walking slowly down the hill.
The sun is steadfast as he climbs
  And has no taste for standing still;

Repeatedly, above the crest,
  He lifts his eye to look in mine,
And then I put him back to rest
  By moving down the steep decline.

But at the last he seeks me out
  On the deep valley's dewy floor.
Now there's no longer any doubt
  He's risen, and will rise no more.

—R. P. LISTER



"Oh, shucks! Now we'll have to juggle the whole vacation schedule around again."

FIRST LOVE AND OTHER SORROWS

TOWARD the end of March, in St. Louis, slush fills the gutters, and dirty snow lies heaped alongside porch steps, and everything seems to be suffocating in the embrace of a season that lasts too long. Radiators hiss mournfully, no one manages to be patient, the wind draws tears from your eyes, the clouds are filled with sadness. Women with scarves around their heads and their feet encased in fur-lined boots pick their way carefully over patches of melting ice. It seems that winter will last forever, that this is the decision of nature and nothing can be done about it.

At the age when I was always being warned by my mother not to get overheated, spring began on that evening when I was first allowed to go outside after dinner and play kick-the-can. The ground would be moist, I'd manage to get muddy in spite of what seemed to me extreme precautions, my mother would call me home in the darkness, and when she saw me she would ask, "What *have* you done to yourself?" "Nothing," I'd say hopefully. But by the time I was sixteen, the moment when the year passed into spring, like so many other things, was less clear. In March and early April, track began, but indoors; mid-term exams came and went; the buds appeared on the maples, staining all their branches red; but it was still winter, and I found myself having feelings in class that were like long petitions for spring and all its work. And then one evening I was sitting at my desk doing my trigonometry and I heard my sister coming home from her office; I heard her high heels tapping on the sidewalk, and realized that, for the first time since fall, all the windows in the house were open. My sister was coming up the front walk. I looked down through a web of budding tree branches and called out to her that it was spring, by God. She shrugged—she was very handsome and she didn't approve of me—and then she started up the front steps and vanished under the roof of the porch.

I ran downstairs. "The bus was crowded tonight," my sister said, hanging up her coat. "I could hardly breathe. This is such a warm dress."

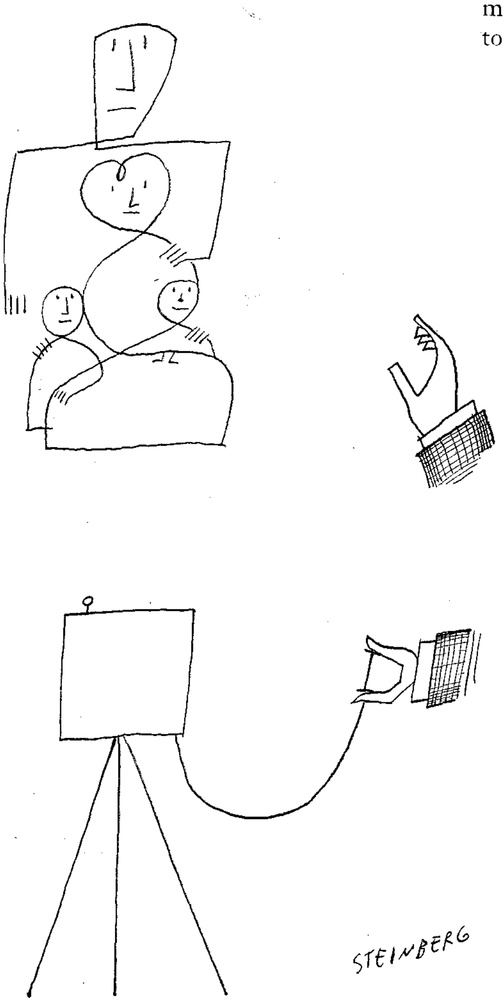
"You need a new spring dress," my mother said, her face lighting up. She was sitting in the living room with the evening paper on her lap. She and my sister spread the newspaper on the dining-room table to look at the ads.

"We'll just have to settle for sandwiches tonight," my mother said to me. My father was dead, and my mother pretended that now all the cooking was done for my masculine benefit. "Look! That suit's awfully smart!" she cried, peering at the paper. "Montaldo's always has such nice suits." She sighed and went out to the kitchen, leaving the swinging door open so she could talk to my sister. "Ninety dollars isn't too much for a good suit, do you think?"

"No," my sister said. "I don't think it's too much. But I don't really want a suit this spring. I'd much rather have a sort of sky-blue dress—with a round neck that shows my shoulders a little bit. I don't look good in suits. I'm not old enough." She was twenty-two. "My face is too round," she added, in a low voice.

My mother said, "You're not too young for a suit." She also meant my sister was not too young to get married.

My sister looked at me and said, "Mother, do you think he shaves often enough? How often *do* you shave?"



"Every three days," I said, flushing up my neck and cheeks.

"Well, try it every other day."

"Yes, try to be neater," my mother said. "I'm sure girls don't like boys with fuzz on their chin."

"I think he's too proud of his beard to shave it," my sister said, and giggled.

"I feel sorry for the man who marries you," I said. "Because everybody thinks you're sweet and you're not."

She smiled pityingly at me, and then she looked down over the newspaper again.

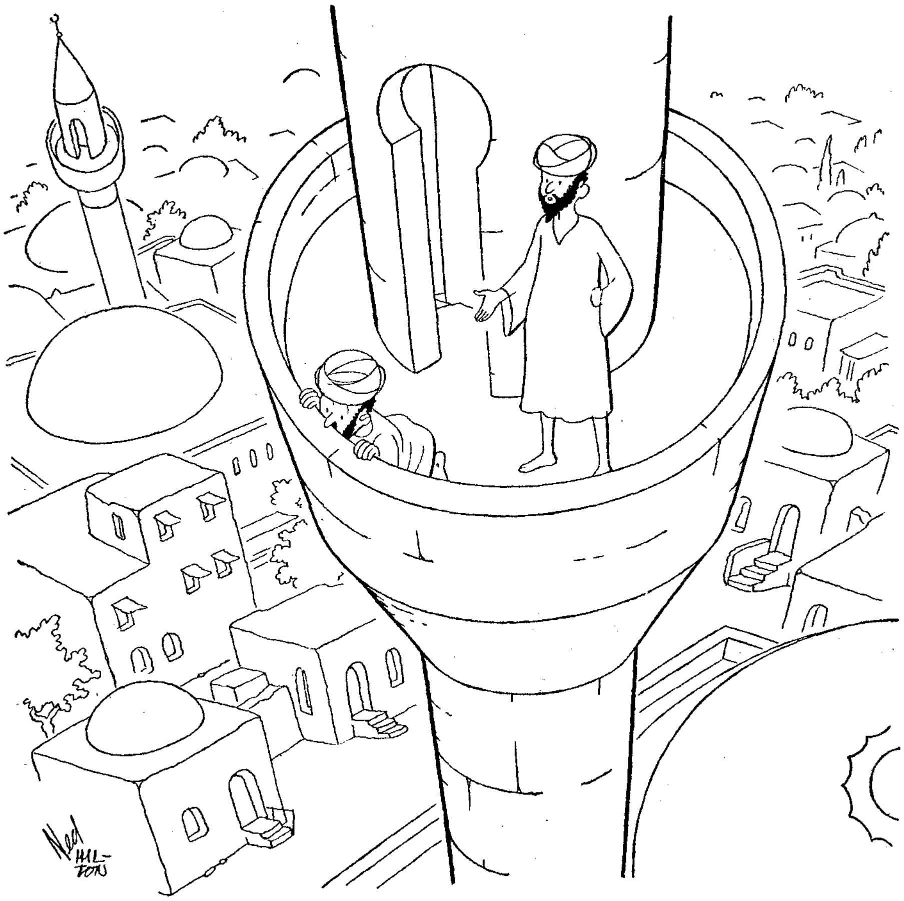
UNTIL I was four, we lived in a large white frame house overlooking the Mississippi River, south of St. Louis. This house had, among other riches, a porte-cochere, an iron deer on the lawn, and a pond with goldfish swimming in it. Once, I asked my mother why we had left that earlier house, and she said, "We lost our money—that's why. Your father was a very trusting man," she said. "He was always getting swindled."

She was not a mercenary woman, nor was she mean about money—except in spells that didn't come often—but she believed that what we lost with the money was much of our dignity and much of our happiness. She did not want to see life in a grain of sand; she wanted to see it from the shores of the Riviera, wearing a white sharkskin dress.

I will never forget her astonishment when she took us—she was dressed in her best furs, as a gesture, I suppose—to see the house that was to be our home from then on and I told her I liked it. It had nine rooms, a stained-glass window in the hall, and neighbors all up and down the block. She detested that house.

As she grew older, she changed, she grew less imperious. She put her hair into a roll, wore dark-colored clothes, said often, "I'm not a young woman any more," and began to take pride in being practical. But she remained determined; she had seen a world we didn't remember too clearly, and she wanted us to make our way back to it. "I had it all," she said once to my sister. "I was good-looking. We were rich. You have no idea what it was like. If I had died when I was thirty, I would have died completely happy. . . ."

But being practical did not come easy to her. She was not practical in her bones, and every spring



"But if you knew you couldn't stand heights, why did you go into this line of work?"

brings back the memory of my mother peering nearsightedly, with surprise, at the tulip shoots in her flower border. And it brings back her look of distraught efficiency during spring housecleaning. "You'd better clear your closet shelves tonight," she would warn me, "because tomorrow Tillie and I are going in there with a vacuum cleaner, and we'll throw out everything we find." Year after year, I would run upstairs to save my treasures—even when I was sixteen and on the verge of a great embarkation, the nature of which I could not even begin to guess. My treasures consisted of my postcard collection—twenty-five hundred cards in all, arranged alphabetically by states of the Union and countries of the world (the wonder was that *I* lived in St. Louis)—an old baseball glove, my leaf collection, two obscene comic books I had won in a poker game at a Boy Scout jamboree, my marble collection, and thirty-five pages of secret thoughts written out in longhand. All these had to be taken out to the garage and hidden among the tools until the frenzy of cleaning was over and I could smuggle them back upstairs.

After supper, as the season grew warmer, my mother and sister and I would sit on the screened porch in the rear of the house, marooned among the shadows and the new leaves and the odor of insect spray, the light from our lamps sticking to the trees like bits of yellow paper. Usually the radio was on, and my mother, a book on her lap, her face abstracted (she was usually bored; her life was moved mainly by the burning urge to rise once more along the thin edge of social distinction), would listen to the comedians and laugh. When the phone rang, she would get up and go into the house with long strides, and if the call was for my sister, my mother would call her to the phone in a voice mottled with triumph.

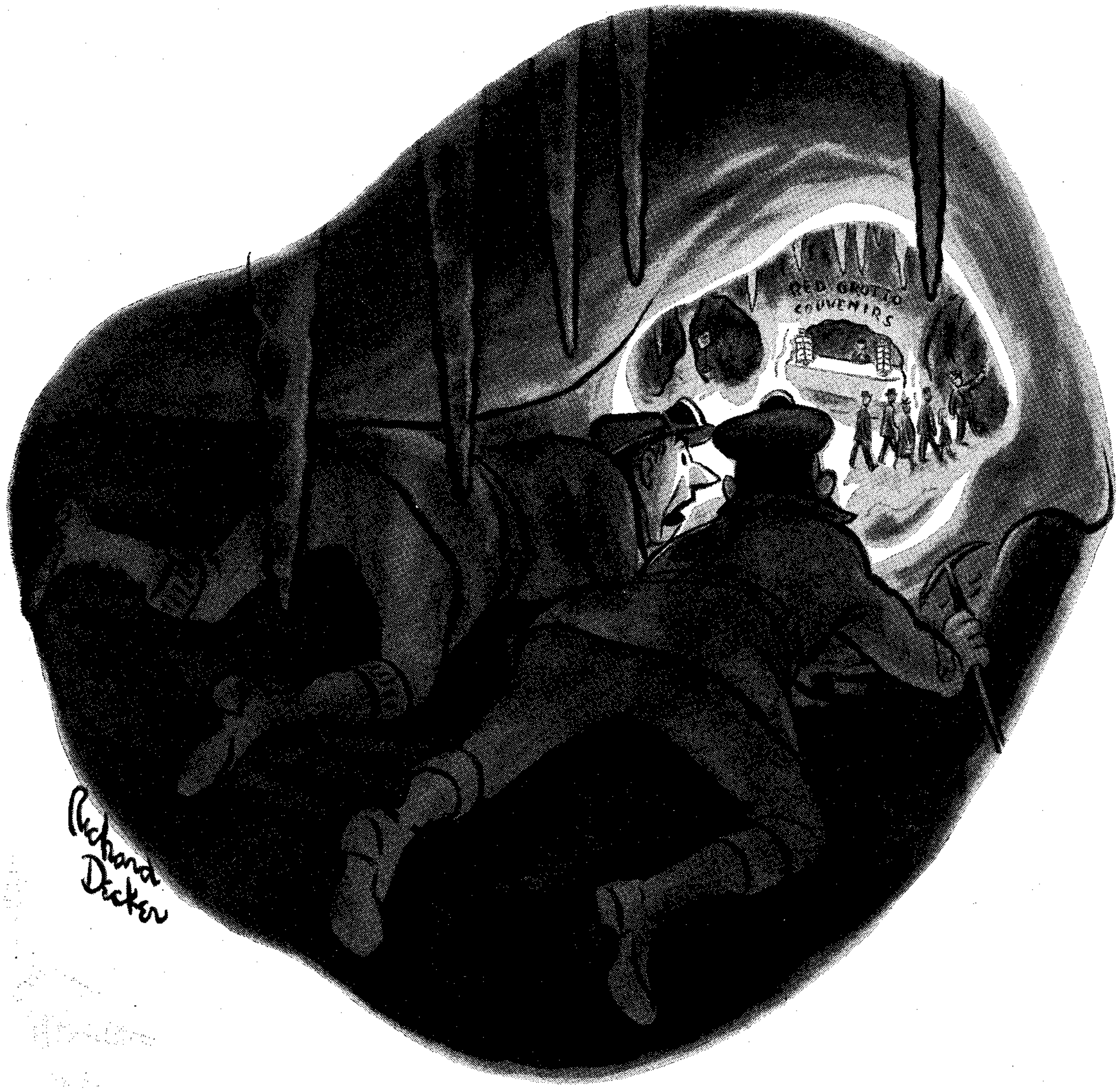
Sometimes in the evening my mother would wash my sister's hair. My sister would sit in front of the basin in Mother's bathroom, a towel around her shoulders, smiling. From my room across the hall I would hear my sister chattering about the men she knew—the ones she dated, the ones she wanted to date, the ones she wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. My mother would interrupt with accounts of her own clevernesses, her sorties and successes when young, sometimes laughingly, but sometimes gloomily, because she regretted a lot of things. Then she and my sister would label my sister's suitors: one or two had family, one had money, one—a poor boy—had a brilliant future, and there were a few docile, sweet ones who were simply fillers, who represented the additional number of dates that raised my sister to the rank of a very popular girl.

In these conversations, my mother would often bring up matters of propriety. Late dates were improper, flirting with boys other than one's date, breaking dates. Then, too, she would try to instruct my sister in other matters, which had to do with keeping passion in its place and so preventing embarrassment for the boy and disaster for the girl. My sister would grow irritated. "I don't know why you talk like that—I behave very well," she would tell my mother. "Better than the other girls I know." Her irritation would please my mother, who would smile and say that only good-looking girls could afford to be good, and then they would both laugh.

I used to wonder why my mother didn't take my sister's success for granted. My sister was lovely, she had plenty of dates, the phone rang incessantly. Where was the danger? Why did she always lecture my sister?

Once, my mother said my sister ought not to dance with too many boys or she would frighten off the more serious ones. My sister was getting dressed for the spring dance at the country club. Arrogant and slender, she glistened like a water nymph, among her froth of bottles and jars and filmy clothes. She became furious; she screamed that she *liked* to dance. I closed the door to my room, but I could still hear the two of them. "Don't be so foolish," my mother kept saying, over and over again. "Please don't be foolish. . . ." Then my sister, on the verge of tears, said she just wanted to have a good time. My sister's date arrived, and I went downstairs to let him in, and by the time I came back upstairs, the two of them were laughing. My mother said she was just trying to be helpful; after all, my sister was impractical and her looks wouldn't last forever. My sister, as she opened the door of her room, said, under her breath, "They'll last a lot longer yet."

I'll never forget the wild rustling of her voluminous white skirt as she came down the hallway toward me. Her face was strangely still, as if seen by moonlight. Her hair was smooth and shining,



"Well, that's spelunking for you, Harry."

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her hands bent outward at the wrist, as if they were flowers. "How beautiful you look!" I cried. My sister smiled and then solemnly turned all the way around, and her huge skirt rose and fell like a splash of surf. She was so beautiful I could hardly bear it. I hugged her, and she laughed.

Later that night I asked my mother why she got so distraught. Wasn't my sister popular enough? My mother was sitting in the kitchen, in an old, faded yellow housecoat, drinking a glass of warm milk. "You don't know anything about it," she said, with such sadness that I rose from the table and fled to my room.

"I know what I'm saying!" my mother would cry when she argued with my sister. "You must listen to me. People talk. . . . You don't know who you'll meet on a date; it's good to accept even if you don't like the boy. . . . Girls have to be very careful. You're thoughtless. Don't you think in fifty years I've learned what makes the world go around? Now, listen to me. I know what I'm saying. . . ." But my sister's face was so radiant, her charm was so intense, she pushed her blond hair back from her face with a gesture so quick, so certain, so arrogant and filled with vanity, that no one, I thought, could doubt that whatever she did would be right.

I wanted to be arrogant, too. I didn't want to wear glasses and be one of the humorless, heavy-handed boys my sister despised. I was on her side as much as she'd let me be. She was the elder, and she often grew impatient with me. I didn't seem to understand all the things involved in being on her side.

Night after night I saw her come home from work tired—she had a secretarial job in a hospital and she hated it—and two hours later she would descend the stairs, to greet her date, her face alight with seriousness or with a large, bright smile, depending on her mood or on where her escort was taking her that evening. A concert or an art movie made her serious; one of the hotel supper clubs brought the smile to her face. She would trip down the stairs in her high heels, a light, flimsy coat thrown over one arm, one hand clutching a purse and gloves, her other hand on the banister. In the queer yellow light of the hall chandelier, her necklace or her earrings would shine dully, and sometimes, especially if she was all dressed up, in a black dress, say, with a low neck, because they were going out to a supper club, there would be an air, in spite of her gaiety, of the captive about her. It was part of her intense charm. In her voluminous white skirt, she went to the spring dance at the country club and brought back to my mother the news that she had captured the interest of Sonny Bruster, the oldest son of M. F. Bruster, a banker and a very rich man—more than interest, it turned out, because he called my sister up almost every day at work and took her out almost every night. My mother was on the phone much of the afternoon explaining to her friends that my sister wasn't engaged. It was criminal the way some people gossiped, she said. My sister had only gone out with the boy ten or twelve times. They were just getting to know each other. Then my mother began to *receive* calls; someone had heard from a friend of Mrs. Bruster's that Mrs. Bruster had said her son was very serious about my sister, who was a very charming, very pretty girl, of good family. . . . My mother rubbed her hands with glee. She borrowed money from her brothers, and every week my sister had new clothes.

My sister would come home from work and run upstairs to change. Sonny would be due at seven, to take her out to dinner. My sister would kick her shoes off, struggle out of her dress, and dash around the upstairs in her slip.

"Mother, I can't find my earrings."

"Which earrings, dear?"

"The little pearls—the little tiny

pearl ones that I got two Easters ago, to go with my black . . ."

My sister was delighted with herself. She loved being talked about, being envied.

"Mother, do you know what Ceil Johnson said to me today? She said that Beryl Feringhaus—you know, the real-estate people—was heartbroken because she thought Sonny Bruster was going to get engaged to her." My sister giggled. Her long hair was tangled, and my mother yanked a comb through it.

"Maybe you ought to cut your hair," my mother said, trying to hide her own excitement and to stay practical. During this period, my mother was living in the imminence of wealth. Whenever she stopped what she was doing and looked up, her face would be bright with visions.

THAT spring when I was sixteen, more than anything else in the world I wanted to be a success when I grew up. I did not know there was any other way of being lovable. My best friend was a boy named Preston, who already had a heavy beard. He was shy, and unfortunate in his dealings with other people, and he wanted to be a physicist. He had very little imagination, and he pitied anyone who did have it. "You and the word 'beautiful'!" he would say disdainfully, holding his nose and imitating my voice. "Tell me—what does 'beautiful' mean?"

"It's something you want," I would say.

"You're an aesthete," Preston would say. "I'm a scientist. That's the difference."

He and I used to call each other almost every night and have long, profound talks on the telephone.

On a date, Preston would sit beside his girl and stolidly eye her. Occasionally, toward the end of the evening, he would begin to breathe heavily, and he would make a few labored, daring jokes. He might catch the girl's hand and stare at her with inflamed and wistful eyes, or he might mutter incoherent compliments. Girls liked him, and escaped easily from his clumsy longing. They slipped their hands from his grasp and asked him to call them up again, but after a few dates with a girl Preston would say disgustedly, "All she does is talk. She's frigid or something. . . ." But the truth was, he was afraid of hurting them, of doing something wrong to them, and he never really courted them at all.

At school, Preston and I had afternoon study hall together. Study hall was in the library, which was filled with the breathing of a hundred and fifty students, and with the dim, half-fainting breezes of high spring, and with books: it was the crossroads of the world. Preston and I would sign out separately, and meet in the lavatory. There we would lean up against the stalls and talk. Preston was full of thoughts; he was tormented by all his ideas. "Do you know what relativity means?" he would ask me. "Do you realize how it affects every little detail of everyday life?" Or it might be Spinoza that moved him: "Eighteenth-century, but by God *there* was a rational man." I would pace up and down, half listening, half daydreaming, wishing *my* name would appear on Preston's list of people who had elements of greatness.

Or we talked about our problems. "I'm not popular," I would say. "I'm too gloomy."

"Why is that, do you think?" Preston would ask.

"I don't know," I would say. "I'm a virgin. That has a lot to do with everything."

"Listen," Preston said one day, "you may not be popular but you're likable. Your trouble is you're a snob." He walked up and down the white-tiled floor, mimicking me. He slouched, and cast his eyes down, and jutted his chin out, and pulled a foolish, serious look over his face.

"Is that me?" I cried, heartbroken.

"Well, almost," Preston said.

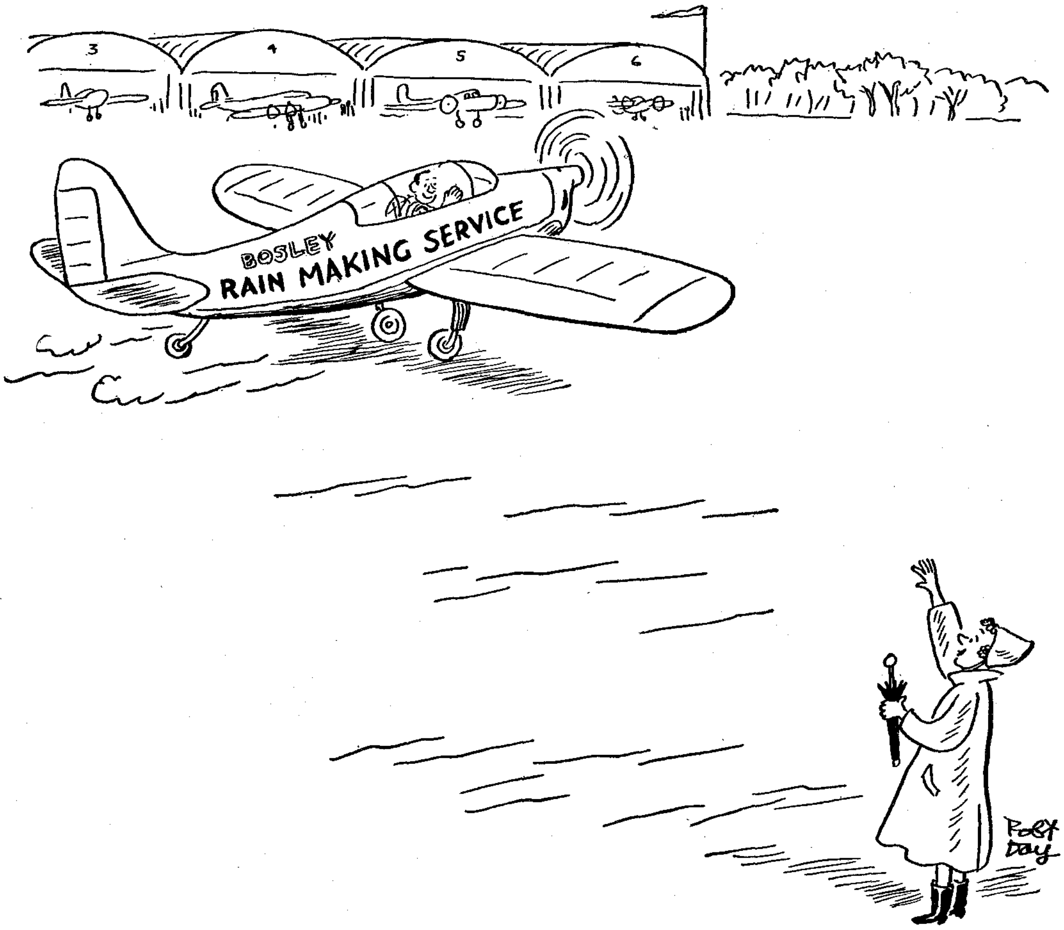
Or, leaning on the window sill, sticking our heads out into the golden afternoon air and watching a girls' gym class doing archery under the trees, we talked about sex.

"It starts in the infant," Preston said. "And it lasts forever."

"Saints escape it," I said mournfully.

"The hell they do," Preston said. The girls beneath us on the hillside drew their bows. Their thin green gym suits fluttered against their bodies. "Aren't they nice?" Preston asked longingly. "Aren't they wonderful?"

After school, Preston and I went out for track. The outdoor track was a cinder oval surrounding the football field. A steep, grassy hill led up to the entrance of the school locker room. "Run up that hill every night, boys," the coach pleaded—Old Mackyz, with his paunch and his iron-gray wavy hair—at the end of the practice period. "Run, boys, because when you're abso-lootly exhausted, that's when you



got to give *more*. It's the *more*, boys, that makes champions." And then he'd stand there, humble, and touched by his own speech.

During our warmup sessions, we used to jog-trot the length of the field and back again, keeping our knees high. The grand inutility of this movement filled me with something like exaltation; and on every side of me, in irregular lines, my fellow-males jogged, keeping their knees high. What happiness!

"The turf's too springy," Preston would mumble. "Bad for the muscles." Preston was a miler. He was thickset and without natural grace; Mackyz said he had no talent, but he ran doggedly, and he became a good miler. I ran the 440. I was tall and thin, and even Mackyz said I ought to be good at it, but I wasn't. Mackyz said I didn't have the spirit. "All you smart boys are alike," he said. "You haven't got the *heart* for it. You always hold back. You're all a bunch of goldbricks." I tried to cure my maimed enthusiasm. As I ran, Mackyz would bawl desperately, "Hit the ground harder. Hit with your toes! Spring, boy! SPRING! Don't coddle yourself, for Christ's sake. . . ." After a race, I'd throw myself down on a knoll near the finish line, under a sycamore tree, where the track manager dug a new hole every day for us to puke in. Three or four others would join me, and we'd lie there wearily, our chests burning, too weak to move.

Among my other problems was that I was reduced nearly to a state of tears over my own looks whenever I looked at a boy named Joel Bush. Joel was so incredibly good-looking that none of the boys could quite bear the fact of his existence; his looks weren't particularly masculine or clean-cut, and he wasn't a fine figure of a boy—he was merely beautiful. He looked like a statue that had been rubbed with honey and warm wax, to get a golden tone, and he carried at all times, in the neatness of his features and the secret proportions of his face and body that made him so handsome in that particular way, the threat of seduction. Displease me, he seemed to say, and I'll get you. I'll make you fall in love with me and I'll turn you into a donkey. Everyone either avoided him or gave in to him; teachers refused to catch him cheating, boys never teased him, and no one ever told him off. One day I saw him saying goodbye to a girl after school, and as he left her to join me, walking toward the locker room, he said to her, "Meet you here at five-thirty." Track wasn't over until six, and I could tell that he had no intention of meeting her, and yet, when he asked me about some experiments we had done in physics, instead of treating him like someone who had just behaved like a heel, I told him everything I knew.

He never joined us under the sycamore tree, and he ran effortlessly. He would pass the finish line, his chest heaving under his sweat-stained track shirt, and climb into the stands and sit in the sunlight. I was watching him, one afternoon, as he sat there wiping his face and turning his head from side to side. At one moment it was all silver except for the charred hollows of his eyes, and the next it was young and perfect, the head we all recognized as his.

Mackyz saw him and called out to him to put his sweatshirt on before he caught a cold. As he slipped the sweatshirt on, Joel shouted, "Aw, go fry your head!" Mackyz laughed good-naturedly.

Sprinkled here and there on the football field were boys lifting their arms

---

MORNING ON THE ST. JOHN'S

(THE CHINESE CHARACTER FOR LANDSCAPE IS MOUNTAINS-AND-WATER. A JAPANESE IMAGE OF HEAVEN IS FUJI REFLECTED IN A POOL.)

This is a country where there are no mountains:
At dawn the water birds like lines of rain
Rise from the pencilled grasses by the river
And slantwise creak across the growing light.
The sky lifts upwards and the breath of flowers
Wakes with the shadows of the waking birds.

The shadows of the birds, the dancing birds!
With so much freedom, who could ask for mountains?
The heron stands here ankle-deep in flowers,
Wet hyacinths that burn more blue with rain,
And waves of smaller wings hurl wide the light
All up and down the horizontal river.

And now the sun shakes blue locks in the river
And rises dripping-headed while the birds
Go wild in curves of praise at sudden light.
The fire that would flash suddenly off mountains
Bathes this round world in dew as dark as rain
And then strikes green and gold among the flowers.

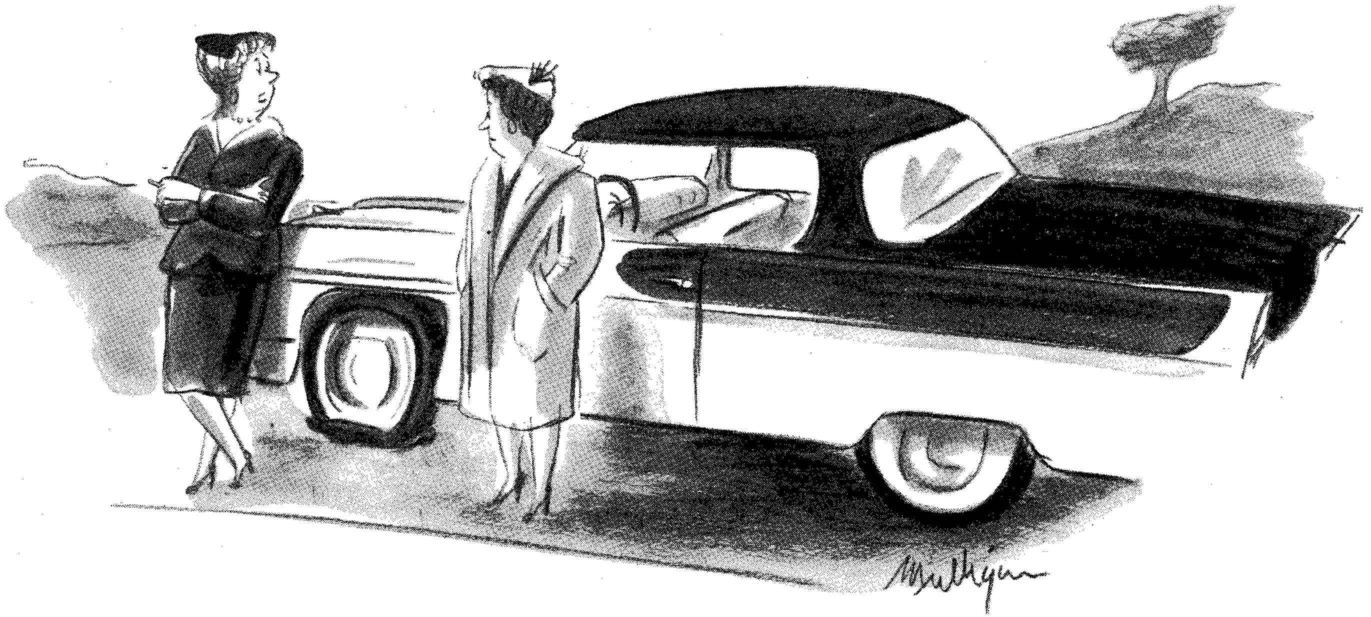
The dropping heads, the smooth and shaken flowers!
Among the grasses, blue eyes by the river,
And in the garden, fires after rain.
Under umbrella leaves the mockingbirds
Still nestle and trill quietly of mountains,
Then whistle Light!—cadenza—Light! and Light!

While higher and higher streams the opening light,
A rose corona like an opening flower,
More pure than snow at dawn among the mountains;
Paler than any color by the river,
Beyond the reach of eye-fall, flight of birds,
It floods a sky swept innocent by rain.

The assault of sun, the long assault of rain!
Look how our darkness is made true by light!
Look how our silence is confirmed by birds!
The mind that pastured ankle-deep in flowers
Last night must wake to sunrise on the river,
Graze wide and then grow vertical as mountains.

For even a glimpse of mountains fogged with rain
Or mirrored in a river brings delight
And shakes a man as dawn shakes birds and flowers.

—JANE COOPER



"If a car doesn't come along pretty soon, I'm just going to go rumpety-rump to the nearest service station."

• •

high and then sweeping them down to touch their toes, or lying on their backs and bicycling their legs in the air. I got up and walked toward them, to do a little jog-trotting and high-knee prancing. I looked at Joel. "I'm cooling off," he said to me. I walked on, and just then a flock of crows wheeled up behind the oak tree on the hill and filled the sky with their vibrant motion. Everyone—even Preston—paused and looked up. The birds rose in a half circle and then glided, scythelike, with wings outspread, on a down current of air until they were only twenty feet or so above the ground; then they flapped their wings with a noise like sheets being shaken out, and soared aloft, dragging their shadows up the stepped concrete geometry of the stands, past Joel's handsome, rigid figure, off into the sky.

"Whaddya know about that?" Mackyz said. "Biggest flock of crows I ever saw."

"Why didn't you get your gun and shoot a couple," Joel called out. Everyone turned. "Then you'd have some crow handy whenever you had to eat some," Joel said.

"Take a lap," Mackyz bawled, his leathery face turning red up to the roots of his iron-gray hair.

"He was only kidding," I said, appalled at Mackyz' hurt.

Mackyz looked at me and scowled. "You can take a lap, too, and don't talk so much."

I took off my sweatshirt and dropped it on the grass and set off around the track. As soon as I started running, the world changed. The bodies sprawled out across the green of the football field were parts of a scene remembered, not one real at this moment. The whole secret of effort is to keep on, I told myself. Not for the world would I have stopped then, and yet nothing—not even if I had been turned handsome as a reward for finishing—could have made up for the curious pain of the effort.

About halfway around the track, Joel caught up to me, and then he slowed down and ran alongside. "Mackyz isn't watching," he said. "Let's sneak up the hill." I looked and saw that Mackyz was lining up the team for high-jump practice. Joel sailed up over the crest of the hill, and I followed him.

"He's getting senile," Joel said, dropping to a sitting position, sighting over the crest of the hill at Mackyz, and then lying down. "Come on, jerk, lie down. You want Mackyz to see you?"

I was uneasy; this sort of fooling was all right for Joel, because he "made the effort," but if Mackyz caught me, he'd kick me off the team. I pointed this out to Joel.

"Aw, Mackyz takes everything too seriously. That's his problem," Joel said. "He's always up in the air about something. I don't see why he makes so much fuss. You ever notice how old men make a big fuss over everything?"

"Mackyz' not so old."

"All right, you ever notice how *middle-aged* men make a big fuss over everything?" A few seconds later, he said casually, his gaze resting on the underside of the leaves of the oak tree, "I had a woman last night."

"No kidding?" I said.

He spread his fingers over his face, no doubt to see them turn orange in the sunlight, as children do. "Yeah," he said.

From the football field came the sounds of high-jump practice starting. Mackyz was shouting, "Now, start with your left foot—one, two, three—take off! TAKE OFF, GOD DAMN IT! Spread your God-damned legs, spread 'em. You won't get ruptured. There's sand to catch you, for Christ's sake." The jumper's footsteps made a series of thuds, there was a pause, and then the sound of the landing in the sand. Lifting my head, I could see the line of boys waiting to jump, the lead boy breaking into a run, leaping from the ground, and spreading his arms in athletic entreaty.

"It was disappointing," Joel said.

"How?" I asked.

"It's nothing very special."

I was aroused by this exposé. "You mean the books—"

"It's not like that at all." He turned sullenly and scrabbled with his fingers in the dirt.

"Maybe the girl didn't know how to do it."

"She was a grown woman!"

"Yeah, but—"

"She was a fully grown woman! She knew what she was doing!"

"Oh," I said. Then, after a minute, "Look, would you mind telling me what you said to her? If I ever had a chance, I wouldn't know what to say. I . . ."

"I don't remember," Joel said. "We just looked at each other, and then she got all tearful, and she told me to take my clothes off."

We lay there a moment, in the late-afternoon sunshine, and then I said we'd better be getting back. We walked around behind the hill, and waited until Mackyz wasn't looking before we sprinted out onto the track.

The jumping went on for fifteen or twenty minutes more; then Mackyz raised his arms in a gesture of benediction. "All right, you squirts—all out on the track for a fast lap. And that includes you, goldbrick," he said to me, wagging his finger.

All the boys straightened up and started toward the track. The sun's light poured in long low rays over the roof of the school. Jostling and joking, we started to run. "Faster!" Mackyz yelled. "Faster! Whatsa matter—you all a bunch of girls! Faster, for Christ's sake, faster!"

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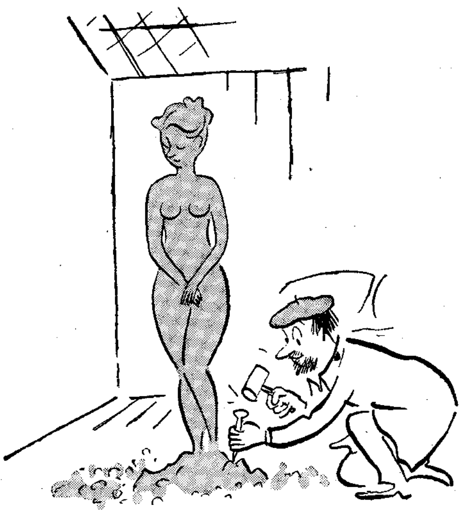

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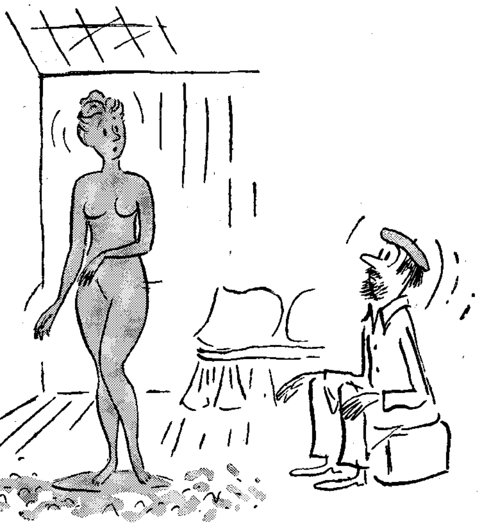

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SINCE Preston, in his dogged effort to become a good miler, ran three laps to everyone else's one, he was usually the last in the locker room. He would come in, worn out and breathing heavily; sometimes he even had to hold himself up with one hand on his locker while he undressed. Everyone else would long since have showered and would be almost ready to leave. They might make one or two remarks about Preston's running his legs down to stumps or trying to kill himself, for Mackyz' sake. Preston would smile numbly while he tried to get his breath back, and, somehow, I was always surprised by how little attention was paid to Preston, how cut off and how alone he was.

More often than not, Joel would be showing off in the locker room—walking around on his hands, singing dirty songs, or engaged in some argument or other. Preston would go into the shower. I would talk to Joel, dressing slowly, because I usually waited for Preston. By the time I was all dressed, the locker room would be empty and Preston would still be towelling himself off. Then, instead of hurrying to put his clothes on, he would run his hand over his chest, to curl the few limp hairs. "Oh come on!" I would say, disgustedly.

"Hold your horses," he would say, with his maddening physicist's serenity. "Just you hold your horses."

It took him half an hour to get dressed. He'd stand in front of the mirror and flex his muscles endlessly and admire the line his pectorals made across his broad rib cage, and he always left his shirt until last, even until after he had combed his hair. I found his vanity confusing; he was far from handsome, with his heavy mouth and bushy eyebrows and thick, sloping shoulders, but he loved his reflection and he'd turn and gaze at himself in the mirror from all sorts of angles while he buttoned his shirt. He hated Joel. "There's a guy who'll never amount to much," Preston would say. "He's chicken. And he's not very smart. I don't see why you want him to like you—except that you're a sucker. You let your eyes run away with your judgment." I put up with all this because

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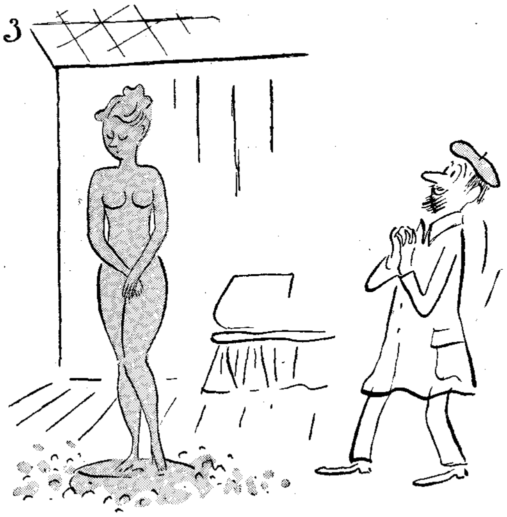

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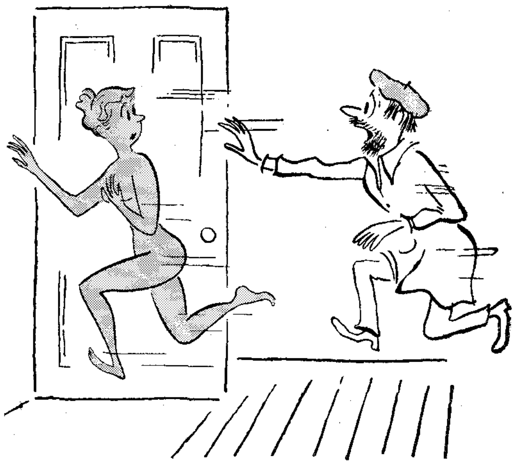

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I wanted Preston to walk me part way home. It seemed shameful somehow to have to walk home alone.

Finally, he would finish, and we would emerge from the now deserted school into the dying afternoon. As we walked, Preston harangued me about my lack of standards and judgment. The hunger I had for holding school office and for being well thought of he dismissed as a streak of lousy bourgeois cowardice. I agreed with him (I didn't like myself anyway); but what was to be done about it? "We might run away," Preston said, squinting up at the sky. "Hitchhike. Work in factories. Go to a whorehouse...." I leaned against a tree trunk, and Preston stood with one foot on the curb and one foot in the street, and we lobbed pebbles back and forth. "We're doomed," Preston said. "Doom" was one of his favorite words, along with "culture," "kinetic," and "the Absolute." "We come from a dying culture," he said.

"I suppose you're right," I said. "It certainly looks that way." But then I cheered up. "After all, it's not as if we were insane or anything."

"It wouldn't show yet," Preston said gloomily. "It's still in the latent stage. It'll come out later. You'll see. After all, you're still living at home, and you've got your crude charm—"

I broke in; I'd never had a compliment from him before.

"I didn't say you were charming," he said. "I said you have a crude charm. You behave well in public. That's all I *meant*."

At the corner where we separated, Preston stood a moment or two. "It's hopeless," he said.

"God, do you really think so?" I asked.

"That's my honest opinion," he said.

He turned toward his house. I jogged a block or two, and then felt my stomach muscles. When I came to a maple with a low, straight branch, I ran and jumped up and swung from the branch, while a big green diesel bus rolled ponderously past, all its windows filled with tired faces that looked out at the street going by and at me hanging from the branch and smiling. I was doomed, but I was very likely charming.

I ran in the front door of my house and called out, "Mother! Mother!"

"What is it?" she answered. She was sitting on the screened porch, and I could see a little plume of cigarette smoke in the doorway. There was the faint mutter of a radio news program turned on low.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm home, that's all."

AT the dinner table, I would try to disguise myself by slouching in my chair and thinking about my homework, but my mother and my sister always recognized me. "How was track today?" my sister would ask in a slightly amused way.

"Fine," I would say in a low voice.

My mother and my sister would exchange glances. I must have seemed comic to them, stilted, and slightly absurd, like all males.

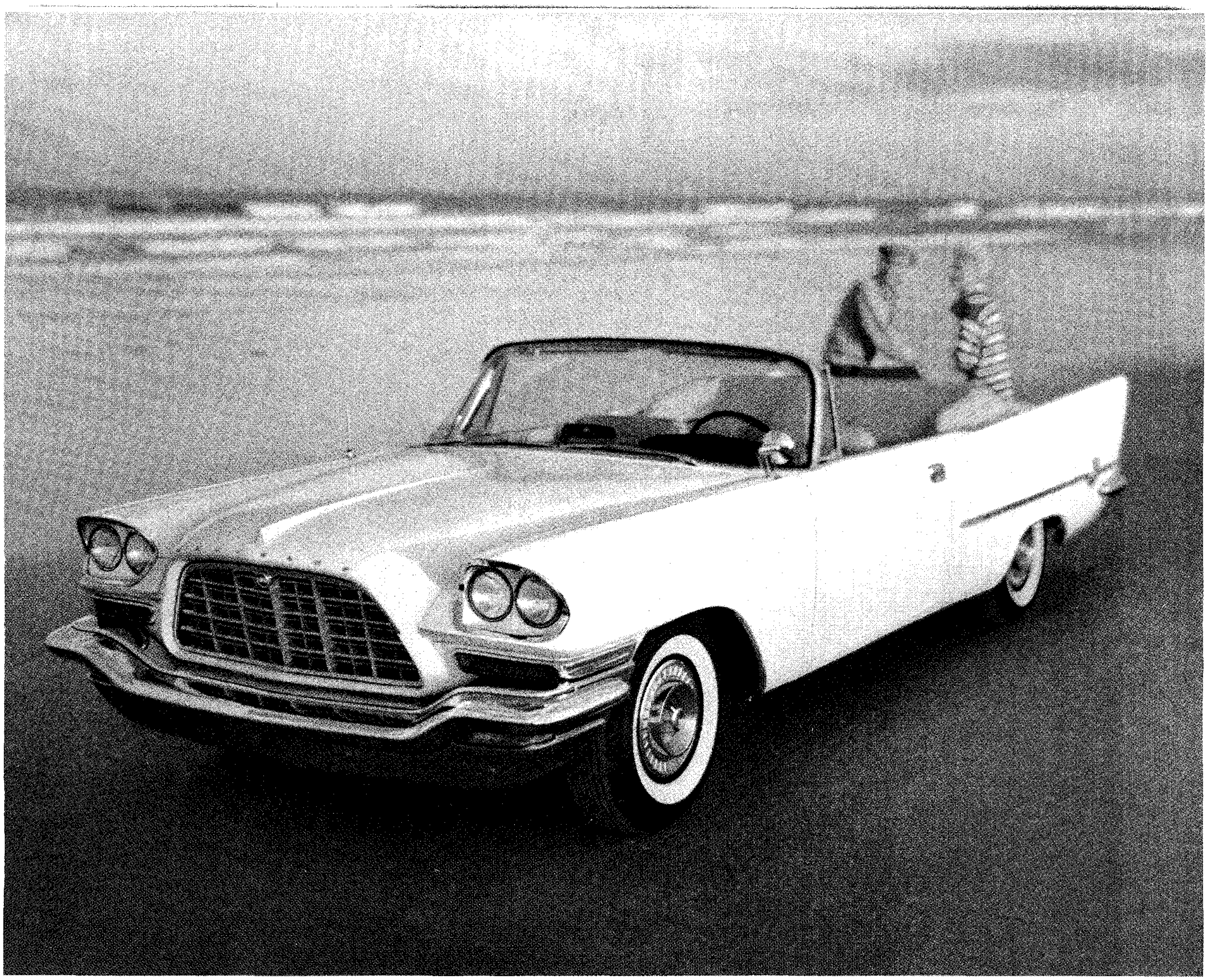
Almost every evening, Sonny Bruster used to drive up to our house in his yellow convertible. The large car would glide to a stop at the curb, and Sonny would glance quickly at himself in the rear-view mirror, running his hand over his hair. Then he'd climb out and brush his pants off, too occupied with his own shyness to notice the children playing on the block. But they would stop what they were doing and watch him.

I would wait for him at the front door and let him in and lead him into the living room. I walked ahead of Sonny because I had noticed that he could not keep himself from looking up the stairs as we passed through the hallway, as if to conjure up my sister then and there with the intensity of his longing, and I hated to see him do this. I would sit in the high-backed yellow chair, and Sonny would settle himself on the couch and ask me about track, or if I'd picked a college yet. "You ought to think carefully about college," he would say. "I think Princeton is more civilized than Yale." His gentle, well-bred voice was carefully inexpressive. In his manner there was a touch of stiffness to remind you, and himself, that he was rich and if some disrespect was intended for him he wouldn't necessarily put up with it. But I liked him. He treated me with great politeness, and I liked the idea of his being my brother-in-law, and I sometimes thought of the benefits that would fall to me if my sister married him.

Then my sister would appear at the head of the stairs, dressed to go out, and Sonny would leap to his feet. "Are you ready?" he'd cry, as if he had never dared hope she would be. My sister would hand him her coat, and with elaborate care he'd hold it for her. It would be perhaps

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"You know what they say. 'You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy.'"



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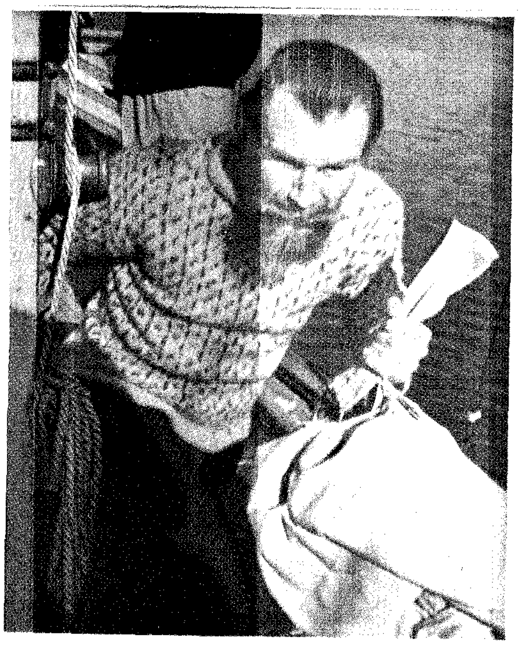
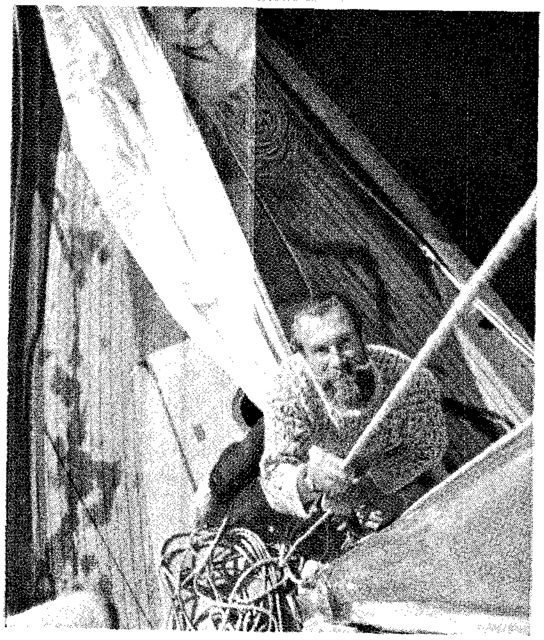
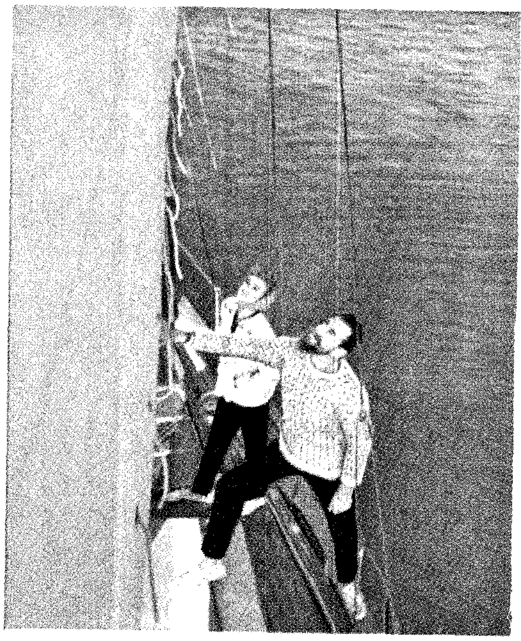


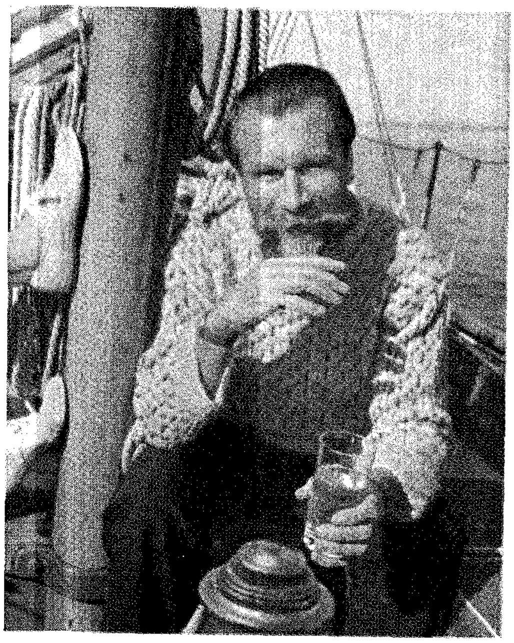
1. *Great day for a sail!*



2. *Let's get under way.*

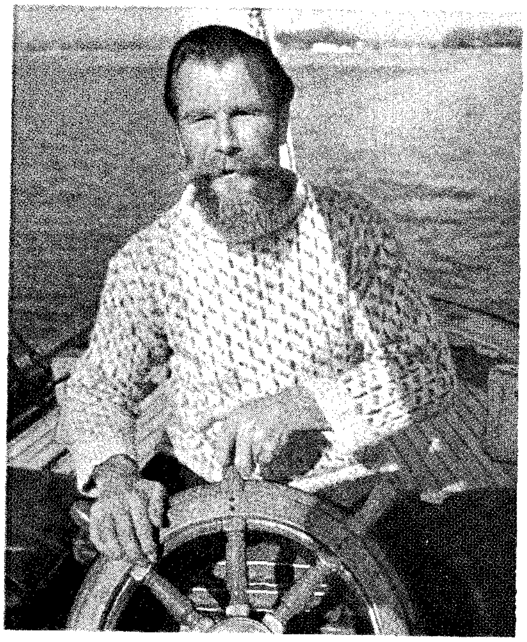


3. *Everything ship-shape?*

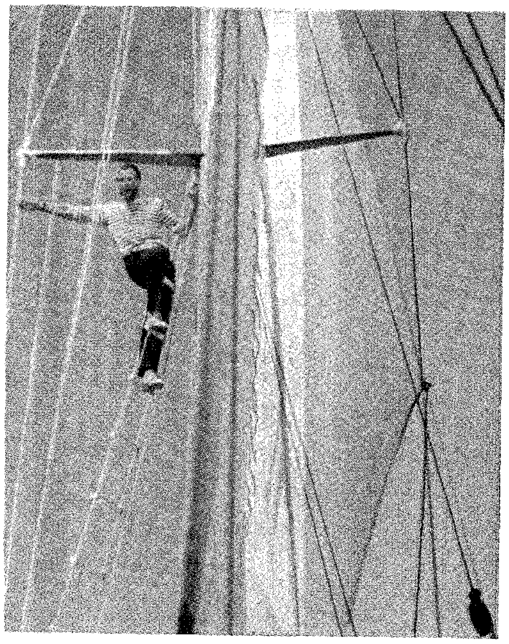


4. *Now for a Gin-and-Tonic.*

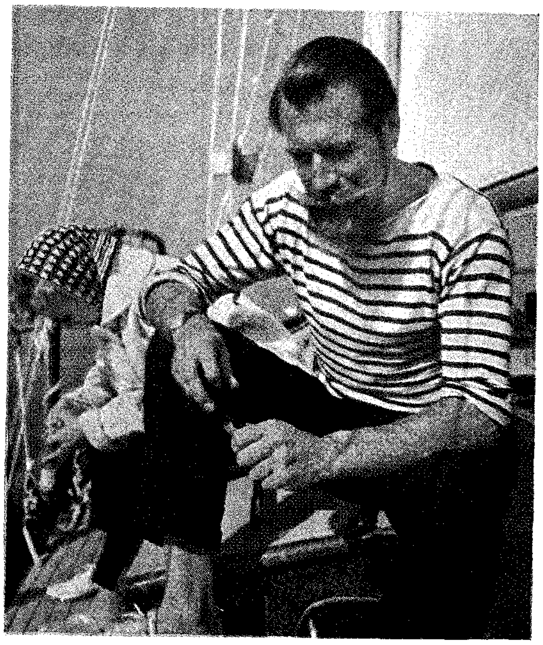
5. *Somebody mix me another?*



6. *What? No more Schweppes?*



7. *Water, water everywhere...*



8. *But not a drop of Schweppes.*

MORAL

Why would most Schweppesmen rather die of thirst than mix a Gin-and-Tonic with anything but Schweppes?

The reason is—simply—that Schweppes *tastes* better.

Only Schweppes has that curiously refreshing *bittersweet* flavor. And only Schweppes has those patrician little bubbles known as *Schweppervescence.*

---

eight o'clock or a little after. The street lamps would be on, but looking pallid because it wasn't quite dark. Usually, Sonny would open the car door for my sister, but sometimes, with a quick maneuver, she would forestall him; she would hurry the last few steps, open the door, and slip inside before he could lift his hand.

Sonny was not the first rich boy who had loved my sister; he was the fourth or fifth. And in the other cases there had been scenes between my mother and sister in which my mother extolled the boy's eligibility and my sister argued that she was too young to marry and didn't want to stop having a good time yet. Each time she had won, and each time the boy had been sent packing, while my mother looked heartbroken and said my sister was throwing her chances away.

With Sonny, the same thing seemed about to happen. My sister missed going out with a lot of boys instead of with just one. She complained once or twice that Sonny was jealous and spoiled. There were times when she seemed to like him very much, but there were other times when she would greet him blankly in the evening when she came downstairs, and he would be apologetic and fearful, and I could see that her disapproval was the thing he feared most in the world.

My mother didn't seem to notice, or if she did, she hid her feelings. Then one night I was sitting in my room doing my homework and I heard my mother and sister come upstairs. They went into my sister's room.

"I think Sonny's serious," my mother said.

"Sonny's so short," I heard my sister say. "He's not really interesting, either, Mother."

"He seems to be very fond of you," my mother said.

"He's no fun," my sister said. "Mother, be careful! You're brushing too hard! You're hurting me!"

I stopped trying to work, and listened.

"Sonny's a very intelligent boy," my mother said. "He comes from a good family."

"I don't care," my sister said. "I don't want to waste myself on him."

"Waste yourself?" My mother laughed derisively. I got up and went to the door of my sister's room. My sister was sitting at her dressing table, her hair shining like glass and her eyes closed. My mother was walking back and forth, gesturing with the hairbrush. "He's the one who's throwing

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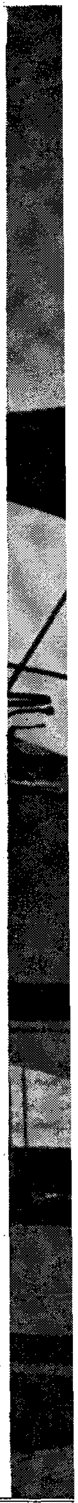

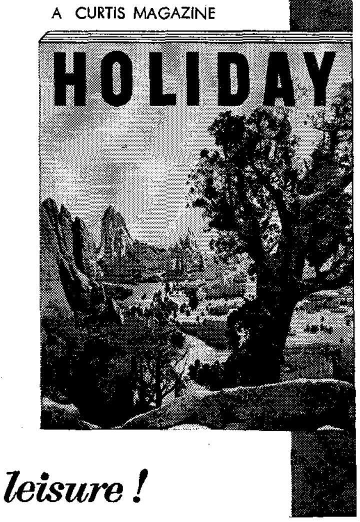

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himself away," she said. "Who do you think we are, anyway? We're nobodies."

"I'm pretty!" my sister objected angrily.

My mother shrugged. "The woods are full of pretty girls. What's more, they're full of pretty, rich girls. Now, Sonny's a very *nice* boy—"

"Leave me alone!" My sister pulled her hair up from her shoulders and held it in a soft mop on the top of her head. "Sonny's a jerk! A jerk!"

"He's nice-looking!" my mother cried.

"Oh, what do *you* know about it?" my sister cried. "You're old, for God's sake!"

The air vibrated. My sister rose and looked at my mother, horrified at what she had said. She took her hands from her hair, and it fell tumbling to her shoulders, dry and pale and soft. "I don't care," she said suddenly, and brushed past me, and fled into the bathroom and locked the door. There was no further sound from her. The only trace of her in the house at that moment was the faint odor in her room of the flowery perfume she used that spring.

"Oh, she's so foolish," my mother said, and I saw that she was crying. "She doesn't know what she's doing. . . . Why is she so foolish?" Then she put the hairbrush down and raised her hands to her cheeks and began to pinch them.

I went back to my room and closed the door.

When I came out again, an hour later, my mother was in bed reading a magazine; she looked as if she had been wounded in a dozen places. My sister sat in her room, in front of the mirror. Her hair streamed down the back of her neck and lay in touching, defenseless little curls on the towel she had over her shoulders. She was studying her reflection thoughtfully. (Are flowers vain? Are trees? Are they consumed with vanity during those days when they are in bloom?) She raised her finger and pressed it against her lower lip to see, I think, if she would be prettier if her lip, instead of being so smooth, had a slight break in the center as some girls' did.

SHORTLY after this, my mother, who was neither stupid nor cruel, suggested that my sister stop seeing Sonny for a while. "Until you make up your mind," she said. "Otherwise you might break his heart, you know. Tell him you need some time to think. He'll understand. He'll think you're grown-up and responsible."

Sonny vanished from our house. In the evenings now, after dinner, the three of us would sit on the screened porch. My sister would look up eagerly when the phone rang, but the calls were never for her. None of her old boy friends knew she had stopped dating Sonny, and after a while, when the phone rang, she would compose her face and pretend she wasn't interested, or she would say irritably, "Who can that be?" She began to answer the phone herself (she never had before, because it wasn't good for a girl to seem too eager) and she would look sadly at herself in the hall mirror while she said, "Yes, Preston, he's here." She tried to read. She'd skim a few pages and then put the book down and gaze out through the screens at the night and the patches of light on the trees. She would listen with my mother to the comedians on the radio and laugh vaguely when my mother laughed. She picked on me. "Your posture's no good," she'd say. Or "Where do you learn your manners? Mother, he behaves like a zoot-suiter or something." Another time, she said, "If I don't make a good marriage, you'll be in trouble. You're too lazy to do anything on your own." She grew more and more restless. Toying with her necklace, she broke the string, and the beads rolled all over the floor, and there was something frantic in the way she went about retrieving the small rolling bits of glitter. It occurred to me that she didn't know what she was doing; she was not really as sure of everything as she seemed. It was a painfully difficult thought to arrive at, and it clung to me. Why hadn't I realized it before? Also, she sort of hated me, it seemed to me. I had never noticed that before, either. How could I have been so wrong, I wondered. Knowing how wrong I had been about this, I felt that no idea I had ever held was safe. For instance, we were not necessarily a happy family, with the most wonderful destinies waiting for my sister and me. We might make mistakes and choose wrong. Unhappiness was real. It was even likely. . . . How tired I became of studying my sister's face. I got so I would do anything to keep from joining the two women on the porch.

AFTER three weeks of this, Sonny returned. I was never told whether he came of his own accord or was summoned; but one night the yellow convertible drove up in front of our house and he was back. Now when my

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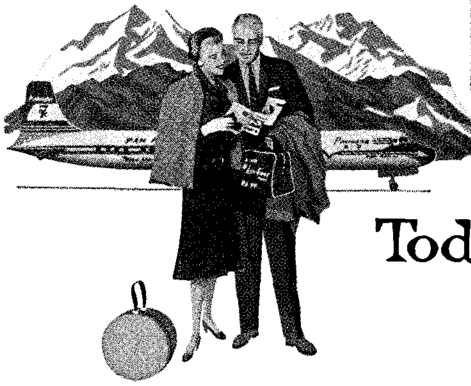
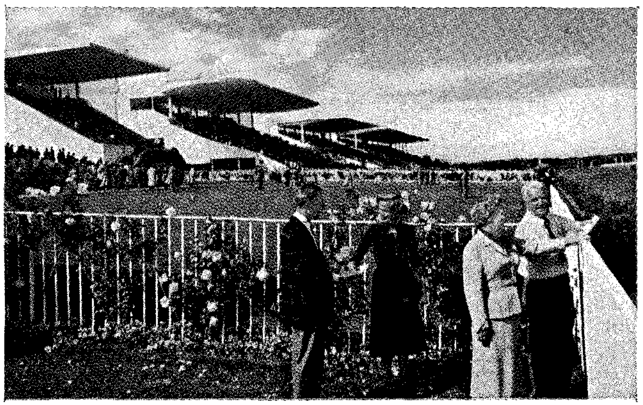
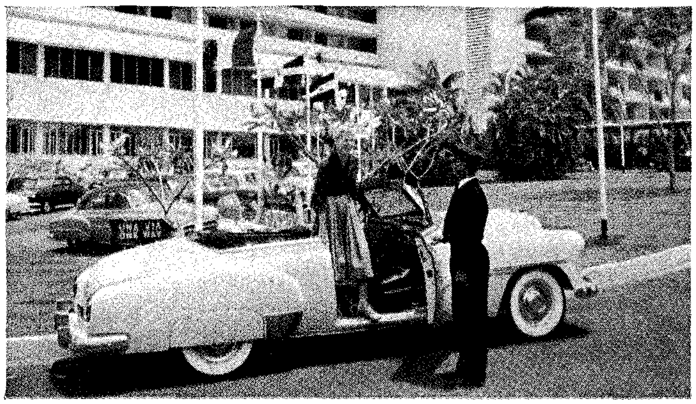


Today's man-about-the-world heads for gay South America



Buenos Aires race tracks are a meeting place for the international set. San Isidro, above. Alligator bags cost little in Argentina. Filet mignon costs only 50¢



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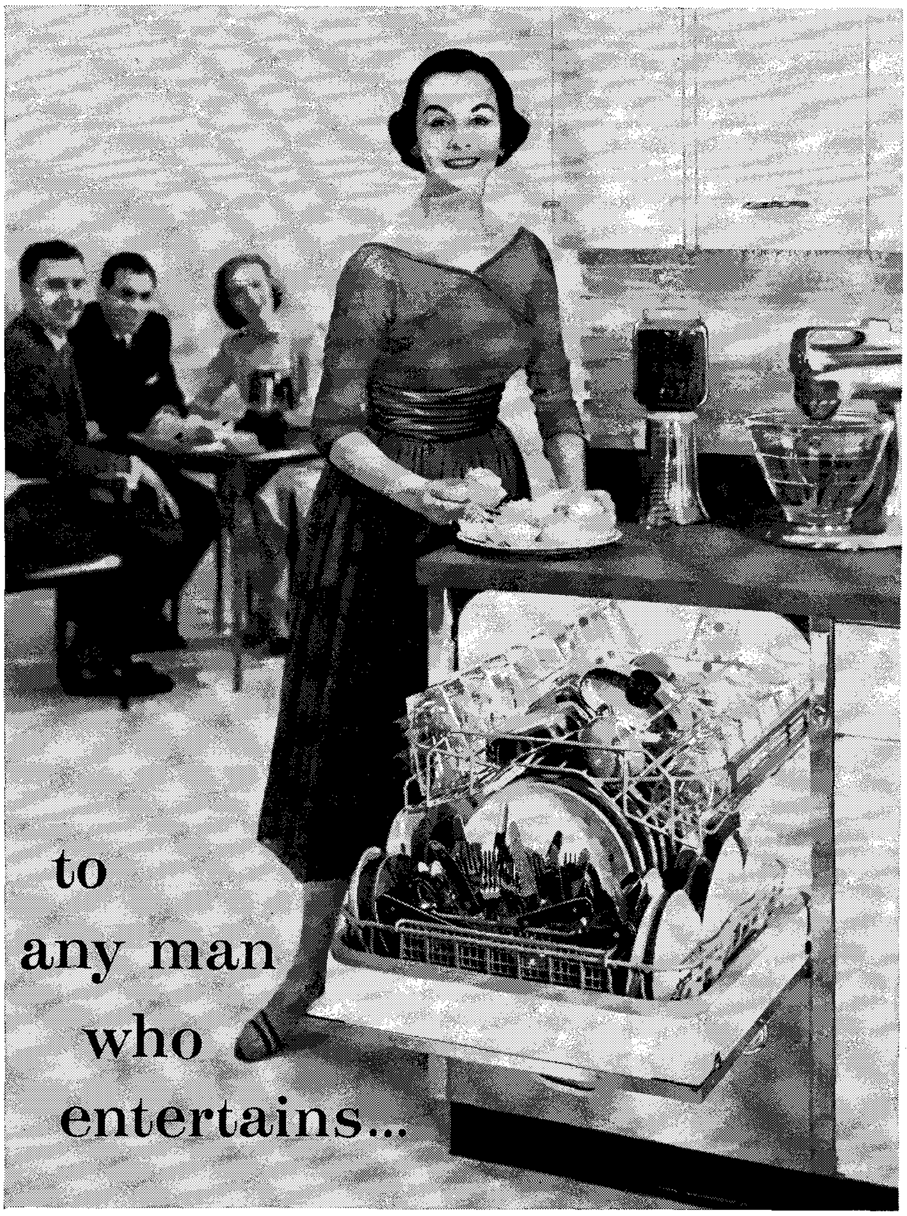
mother would watch my sister and Sonny getting into Sonny's car in the evenings, she would turn away from the window smiling. "I think your sister has found a boy she can respect," she would say, or "They'll be very happy together," or some such hopeful observation, which I could see no basis for, but which my mother believed with all the years and memories at her disposal, with all the weight of her past and her love for my sister. And I would go and call Preston.

I used to lie under the dining-room table, sheltered and private like that, looking up at the way the pieces of mahogany were joined together, while we talked. I would cup the telephone to my ear with my shoulder and hold my textbook up in the air, over my head, as we went over physics, which was a hard subject for me. "Preston," I asked one night, "what in God's name makes a siphon work?" They did work—everyone knew that—and I groaned as I asked it. Preston explained the theory to me, and I frowned, breathed heavily through my nose, squinted at the incomprehensible diagrams in the book, and thought of sex, of the dignity of man, of the wonders of the mind, as he talked. Every few minutes, he asked "Do you see?" and I would sigh. It was spring, and there was meaning all around me, if only I were free—free of school, free of my mother, free of duties and inhibitions—if only I were mounted on a horse. . . . Where was the world? Not here, not near me, not under the dining-room table. . . . "Not quite," I'd say, untruthfully, afraid that I might discourage him. "But I almost get it. Just tell me once more." And on and on he went, while I frowned, breathed hard, and squinted. And then it happened! "I see!" I cried. "I see! I see!" It was air pressure! How in the world had I failed to visualize air pressure? I could see it now. I would never again not see it; it was there in my mind, solid and indestructible, a whitish column sitting on the water. "God damn but science is wonderful!" I said, and heaved my physics book into the living room. "Really wonderful!"

"It's natural law," Preston said reprovingly. "Don't get emotion mixed up with it."

One evening when my sister and Sonny didn't have a date to go out, my mother tapped lightly on my foot, which protruded from under the dining-room table. "I have a feeling Sonny may call," she whispered. I told Preston I had to hang up, and crawled



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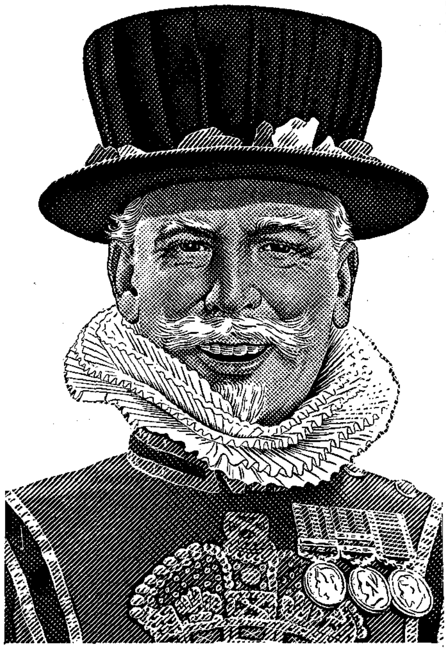

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out from beneath the table. "I have a feeling that they're getting to the point," my mother said. "Your sister's nervous."

I put the phone back on the telephone table. "But, Mother—" I said, and the phone rang.

"Sh-h-h," she said.

The phone rang three times. My sister, on the extension upstairs, said, "Hello. . . . Oh, Sonny. . . ."

My mother looked at me and smiled. Then she pulled at my sleeve until I bent my head down, and she whispered in my ear, "They'll be so happy. . . ." She went into the hall, to the foot of the stairs. "Tell him he can come over," she whispered passionately.

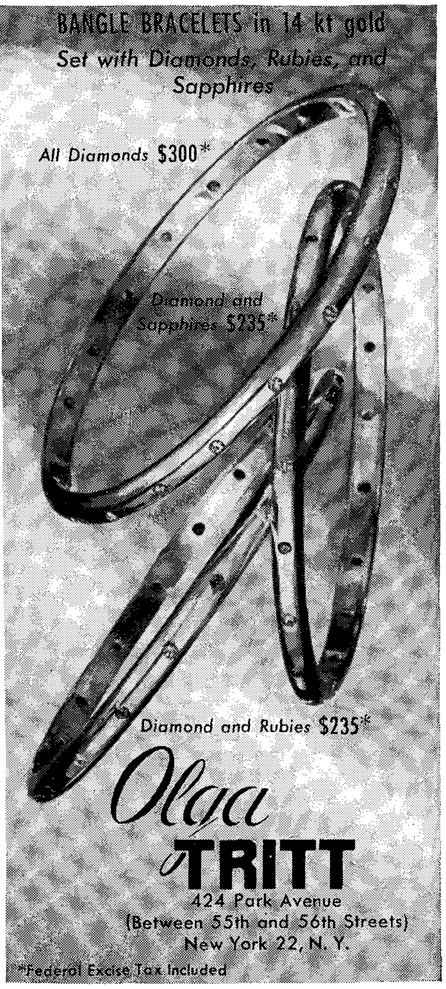
"Sure," my sister was saying on the phone. "I'd like that. . . . If you want. . . . Sure. . . ."

My mother went on listening, her head tilted to one side, the light falling on her aging face, and then she began to pantomime the answers my sister ought to be making—sweet yesses, dignified noes, and little bursts of alluring laughter.

I plunged down the hall and out the screen door. The street lamps were on, and there was a moon. I could hear the children: "I see Digger. One-two-three, you're caught, Digger. . . ." Two blocks away, the clock on the Presbyterian church was striking the hour. Just then a little girl left her hiding place in our hedge and ran shrieking for the tree trunk that was home-free base: "I'm home safe! I'm home safe! Everybody free!" All the prisoners, who had been sitting disconsolately on the bumpers of Mr. Karmgut's Oldsmobile, jumped up with joyful cries and scattered abruptly in the darkness.

I lifted my face—that exasperating factor, my face—and stared entranced at the night, at the waving tops of the trees, and the branches blowing back and forth, and the round moon embedded in the night sky, turning the nearby streamers of cloud into mother-of-pearl. It was all very rare and eternal-seeming. What a dreadful unhappiness I felt!

I walked along the curb, balancing with my arms outspread. Leaves hung over the sidewalk. The air was filled with their rustling, and they caught the light of the street lamps. I looked into the lighted houses. There was Mrs. Kearns, tucked girlishly into a corner of the living-room couch, reading a book. Next door, through the leaves of a tall plant, I saw the Lewises all standing in the middle of the floor. When I reached the corner, I put one arm



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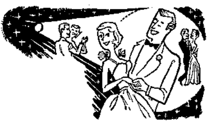

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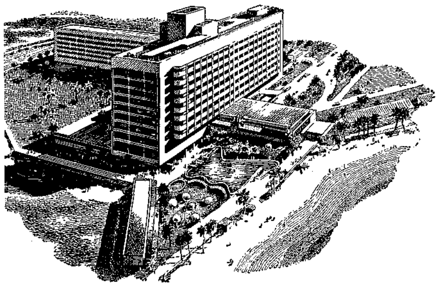

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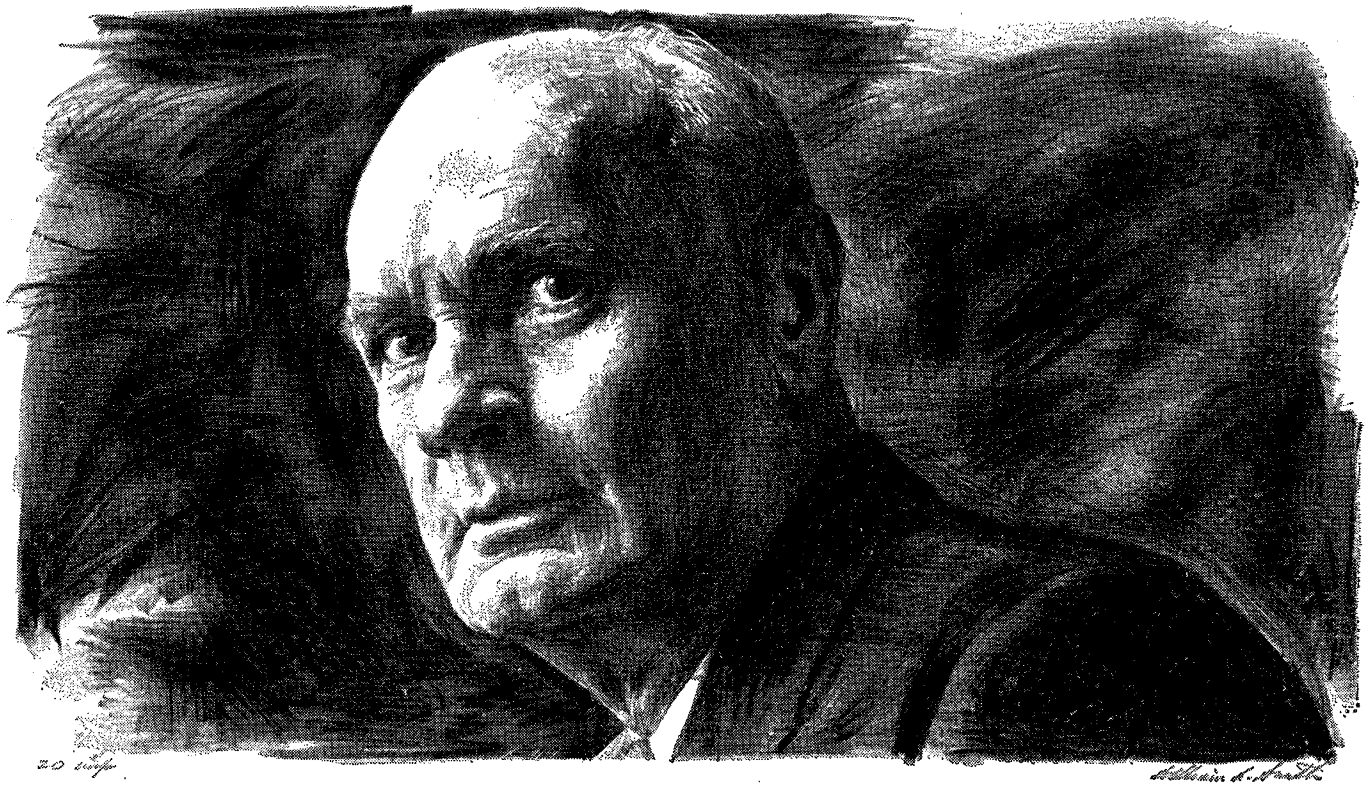

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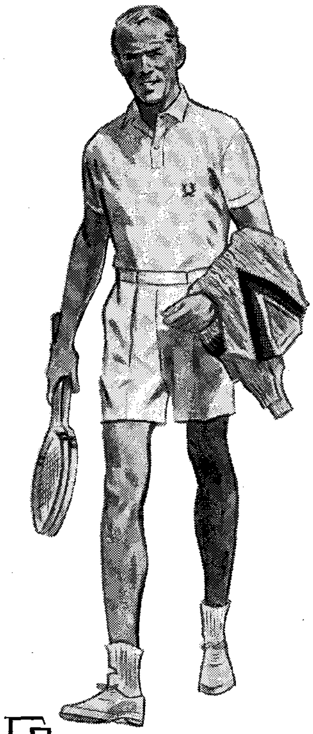

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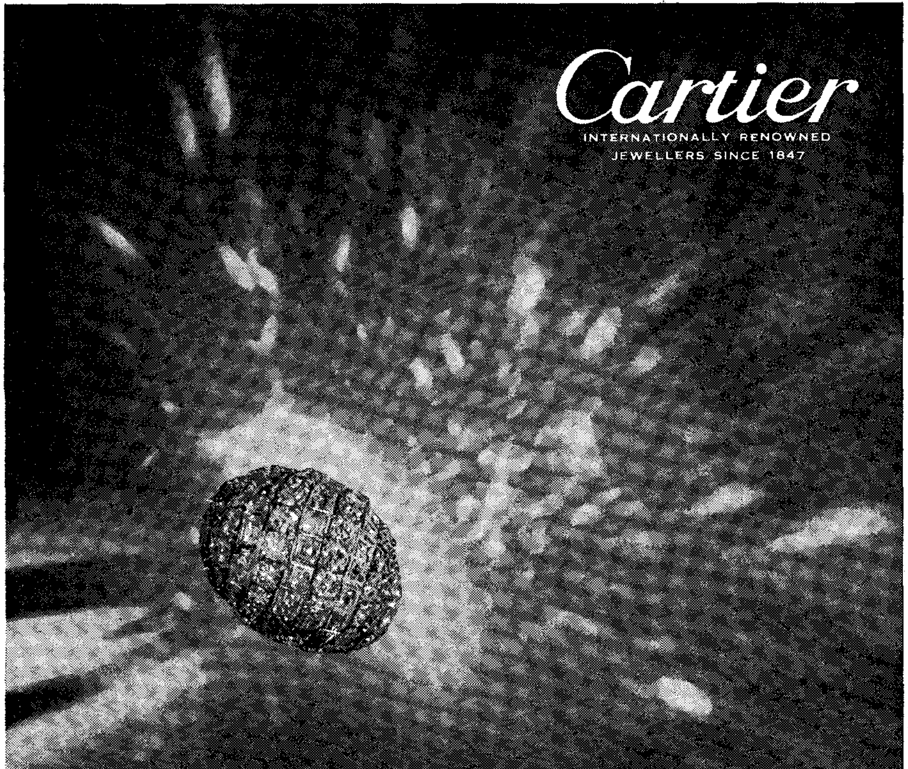

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around the post that held the street sign, and leaned there, above the sewer grating, where my friends and I had lost perhaps a hundred tennis balls, over the years. In numberless dusks, we had abandoned our games of catch and handball and gathered around the grating and stared into it at our ball, floating down there.

The Cullens' porch light was on, in the next block, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Cullen getting into their car. Eleanor Cullen was in my class at school, and she had been dating Joel. Her parents were going out, and that meant she'd be home alone—if she was home. She might have gone to the library, I thought as the car started up; or to a sorority meeting. While I stood there looking at the Cullens' house, the porch light went off. A minute later, out of breath from running, I stood on the dark porch and rang the doorbell. There was no light on in the front hall, but the front door was open, and I could hear someone coming. It was Eleanor. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Me," I said. "Are you busy? Would you like to come out for a little while and talk?"

She drifted closer to the screen door and pressed her nose against it. She looked pale without makeup.

"Sure," she said. "I'll have to go put my shoes on. I'm not in a good mood or anything."

"That's all right," I said. "Neither am I. I just want to talk to somebody."

While I waited for Eleanor to come out, Mattie Seaton appeared, striding along the sidewalk. He was on the track team. "Hey, Mattie," I called out to him.

"Hi," he said.

"What's new?"

"Nothing much," he said. "You got your trig done?"

"No, not yet."

"You going with *her*?" he asked, pointing to the house.

"Naw," I said.

"Well, I got to get my homework done," he said.

"See you later," I called after him. I knew where he was going: Nancy Ellis's house, two blocks down.

"Who was that?" Eleanor asked. She stepped out on the porch. She had combed her hair and put on lipstick.

"Mattie Seaton," I said.

"He's pinned to Nancy," Eleanor said. "He likes her a lot. . . ." She sat down in a white metal chair. I sat on the porch railing, facing her. She fumbled in her pocket and pulled out a

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pack of cigarettes. "You want a cigarette?" she asked.

"No. I'm in training."

We looked at each other, and then she looked away, and I looked down at my shoes. I sat there liking her more and more.

"How come you're in a bad mood?" I asked her.

"Me? Oh, I don't know. How did you know I was in a bad mood?"

"You told me." I could barely make out her face and the dull color of her hands in the darkness.

"You know, I think I'm not basically a happy person," Eleanor said suddenly. "I always thought I was. . . . People expect you to be, especially if you're a girl."

"It doesn't surprise *me*," I said.

A breeze set all the leaves in motion again. "It's going to rain," I said.

Eleanor stood up, smoothing her yellow skirt, and threw her cigarette off the porch; the glowing tip landed on the grass. She realized I was staring at her. She lifted her hand and pressed it against her hair. "You may have noticed I look unusually plain tonight," she said. She leaned over the porch railing beside me, supporting herself on her hands. "I was trying to do my geometry," she said in a low voice. "I couldn't do it. I felt stupid," she said. "So I cried. That's why I look so awful."

"I think you look all right," I said. "I think you look fine." I leaned forward and laid my cheek on her shoulder. Then I sat up quickly, flushing. "I don't like to hear you being so dissatisfied with yourself," I mumbled. "You could undermine your self-confidence that way."

Eleanor straightened and faced me, in the moonlight. "You're beautiful," I burst out longingly. "I never noticed before. But you are."

"Wait," Eleanor said. Tears gathered in her eyes. "Don't like me yet. I have to tell you something first. It's about Joel."

"You don't have to tell me," I said. "I know you're going with him. I understand."

"Listen to me!" she said impatiently, stamping her foot. "I'm *not* going with him. He—" She suddenly pressed her hands against her eyes. "Oh, it's awful!" she cried.

A little shudder of interest passed through me. "O.K.," I said. "But I don't care if you don't tell me."

"I want to!" she cried. "I'm just a little embarrassed. I'll be all right in a minute—

"We went out Sunday night . . ." she began after a few seconds. They had gone to Medart's, in Clayton, for a hamburger. Joel had talked her into drinking a bottle of beer, and it had made her so drowsy that she had put her head on the back of the seat and closed her eyes. "What kind of car does Joel have?" I asked.

"A Buick," Eleanor said, surprised at my question.

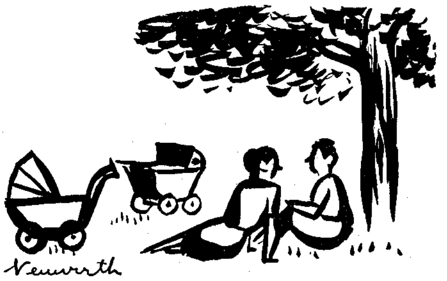
"I see," I said. I pictured the dashboard of a Buick, and Joel's handsome face, and then, daringly, I added Eleanor's hand, with its bitten fingernails, holding Joel's hand. I was only half listening, because I felt the preliminary stirrings of an envy so deep it would make me miserable for weeks. I looked up at the sky over my shoulder; clouds had blotted out the moon, and everything had got darker. From the next block, in the sudden stillness, I heard the children shouting, uttering their Babylonian cries as they played kick-the-can. Their voices were growing tired and fretful.

"And then I felt his hand on my—" Eleanor, half drowned in shadow, was showing me, on her breast, where Joel had touched her.

"Is that all?" I said, suddenly smiling. Now I would not have to die of envy. "That's nothing!"

"I— I slapped his face!" she exclaimed. Her lip trembled. "Oh, I didn't mean— I sort of wanted— Oh, it's all so terrible!" she burst out. She ran down the front steps and onto the lawn, and leaned against the trunk of an oak tree. I followed her. The prestorm stillness filled the sky, the air between the trees, the dark spaces among the shrubbery. "Oh, God!" Eleanor cried. "How I hate everything!"

My heart was pounding, and I didn't know why. I hadn't known I could feel like this—that I could pause on the edge of such feeling, which lay stretched like an enormous meadow all in shadow inside me. It seemed to me a miracle that human beings could be so elaborate. "Listen, Eleanor," I said, "you're all right! I've *always* liked you." I swallowed and moved closer to her; there were two moist streaks running down her face. I raised my arm and, with the



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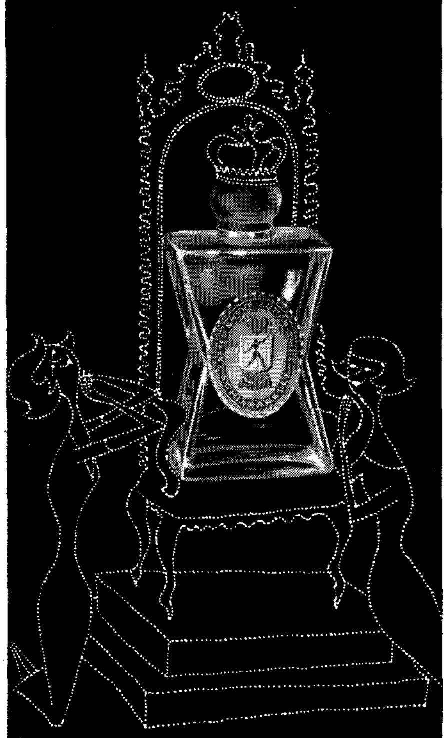

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sleeve of my shirt, I wiped away her tears. "I think you're wonderful! I think you're really something!"

"You look down on me," she said. "I know you do. I can tell."

"How can I, Eleanor. How *can* I?" I cried. "I'm nobody. I've been damaged by my heredity."

"You, too!" she exclaimed happily. "Oh, that's what's wrong with me!"

A sudden hiss swept through the air and then the first raindrops struck the street. "Quick!" Eleanor cried, and we ran up on her porch. Two bursts of lightning lit up the dark sky, and the rain streamed down. I held Eleanor's hand, and we stood watching the rain. "It's a real thundershower," she said.

"Do you feel bad because we only started being friends tonight? I mean, do you feel you're on the rebound and settling on the second-best?" I asked. There was a long silence and all around it was the sound of the rain.

"I don't think so," Eleanor said at last. "How about you?"

I raised my eyebrows and said, "Oh, no, it doesn't bother me at all."

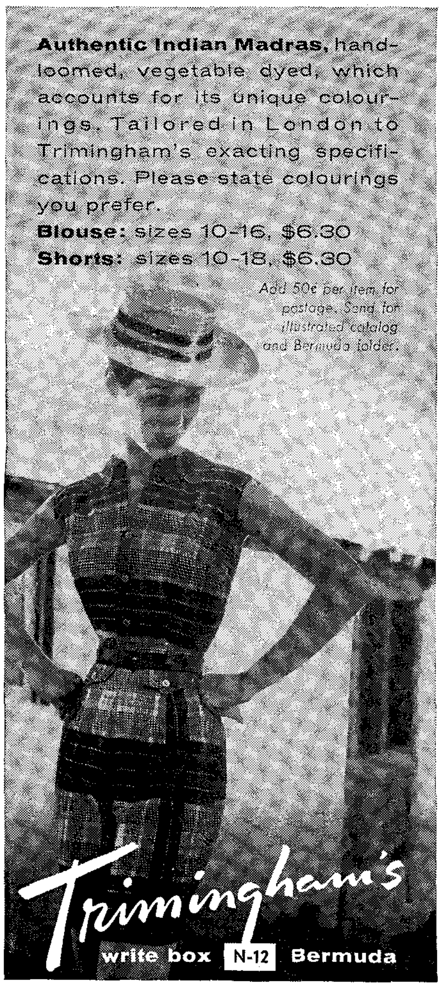
"That's good," she said.

We were standing very close to one another. We talked industriously. "I don't like geometry," Eleanor said. "I don't see what use it is. It's supposed to train your mind, but I don't believe it. . . ."

I took my glasses off. "Eleanor—" I said. I kissed her, passionately, and then I turned away, pounding my fists on top of each other. "Excuse me," I whispered hoarsely. That kiss had lasted a long time, and I thought I would die.

Eleanor was watching the long, slanting lines of rain falling just outside the porch, gray in the darkness; she was breathing very rapidly. "You know what?" she said. "I could make you scrambled eggs. I'm a good cook." I leaned my head against the brick wall of the house and said I'd like some.

In the kitchen, she put on an apron and bustled about, rattling pans and silverware, and talking in spurts. "I think a girl should know how to cook, don't you?" She let me break the eggs into a bowl—three eggs, which I cracked with a flourish. "Oh, you're good at it," she said, and began to beat them with a fork while I sat on the kitchen table and watched her. "Did you know most eggs *aren't* baby chickens?" she asked me. She passed so close to me on her way to the stove that, because her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, I couldn't help leaning for-



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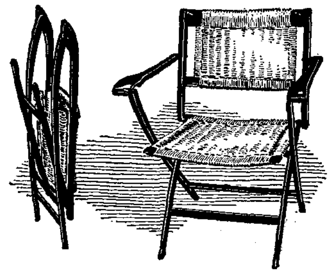

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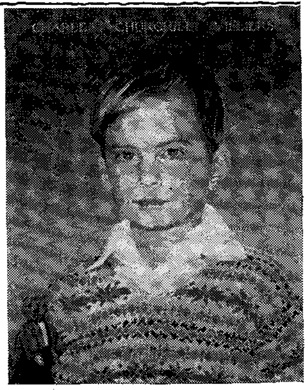

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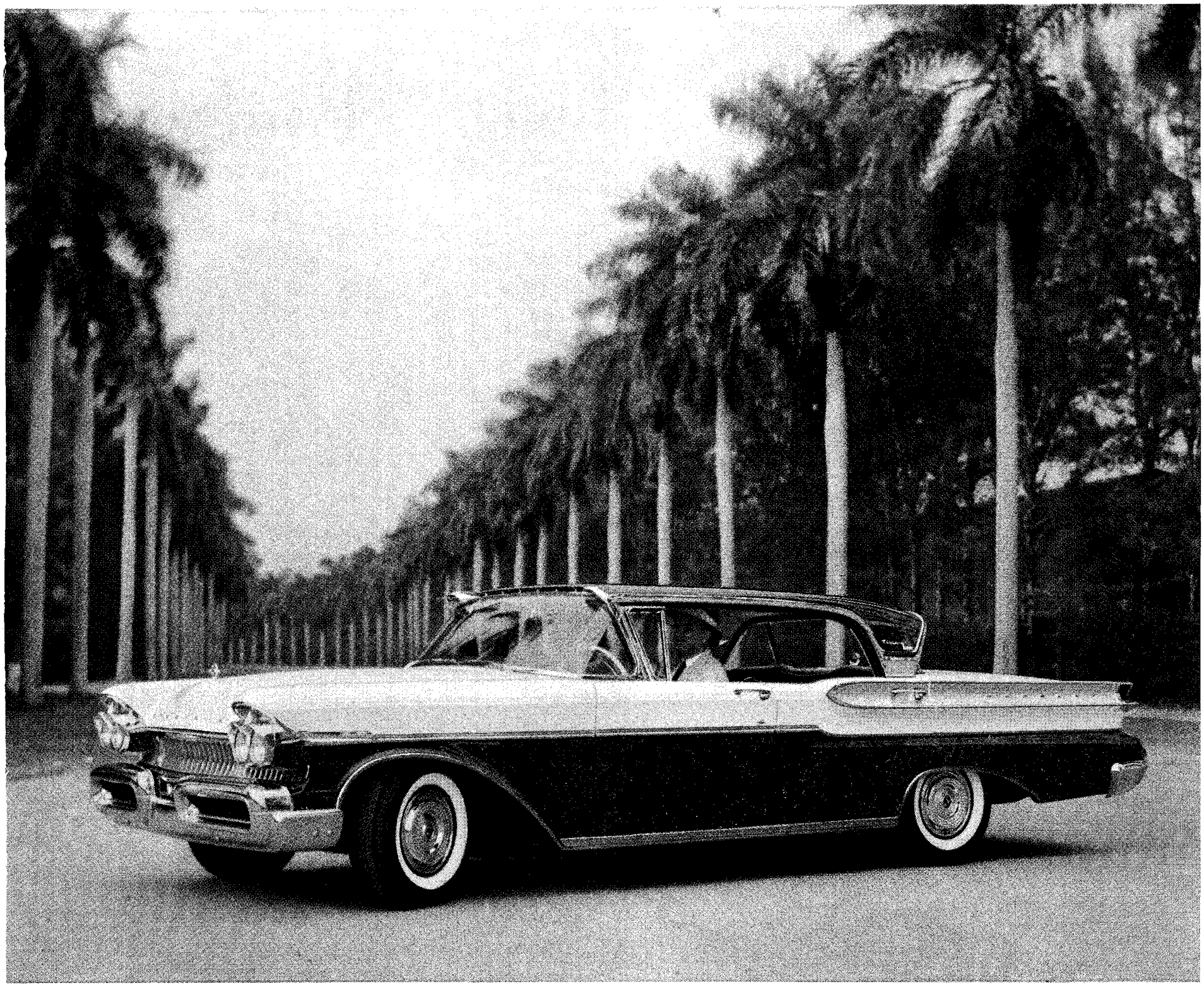

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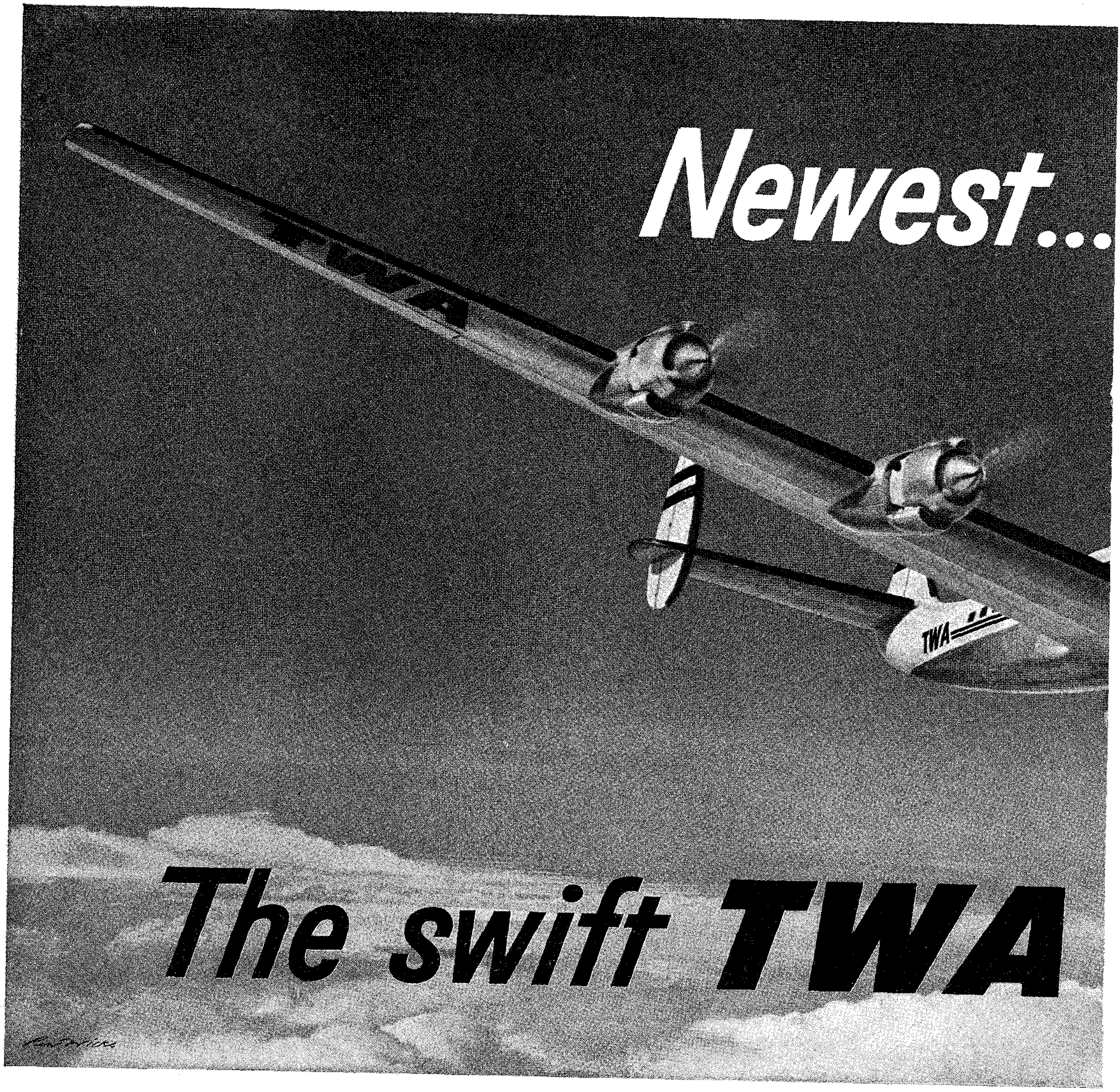

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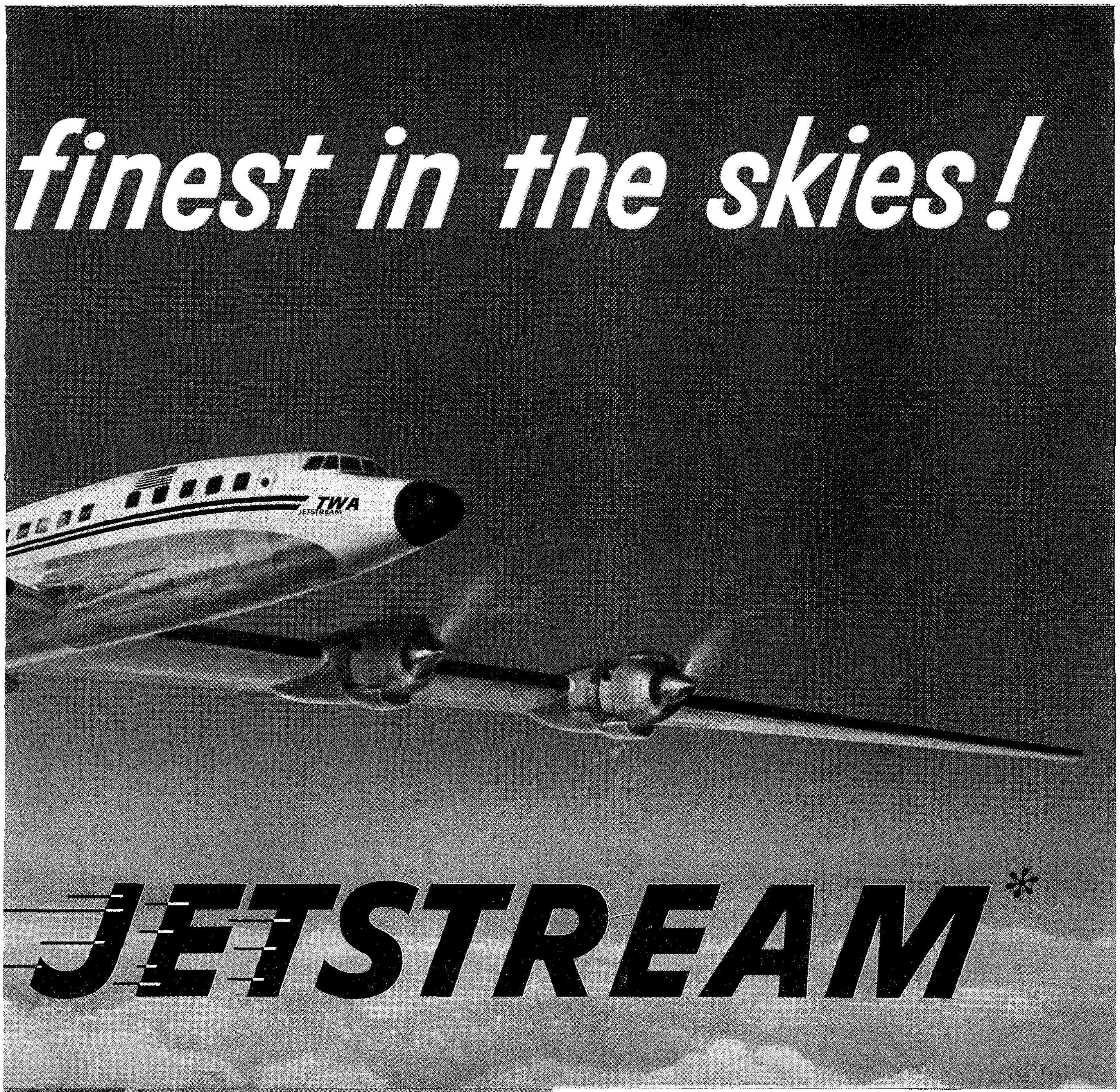

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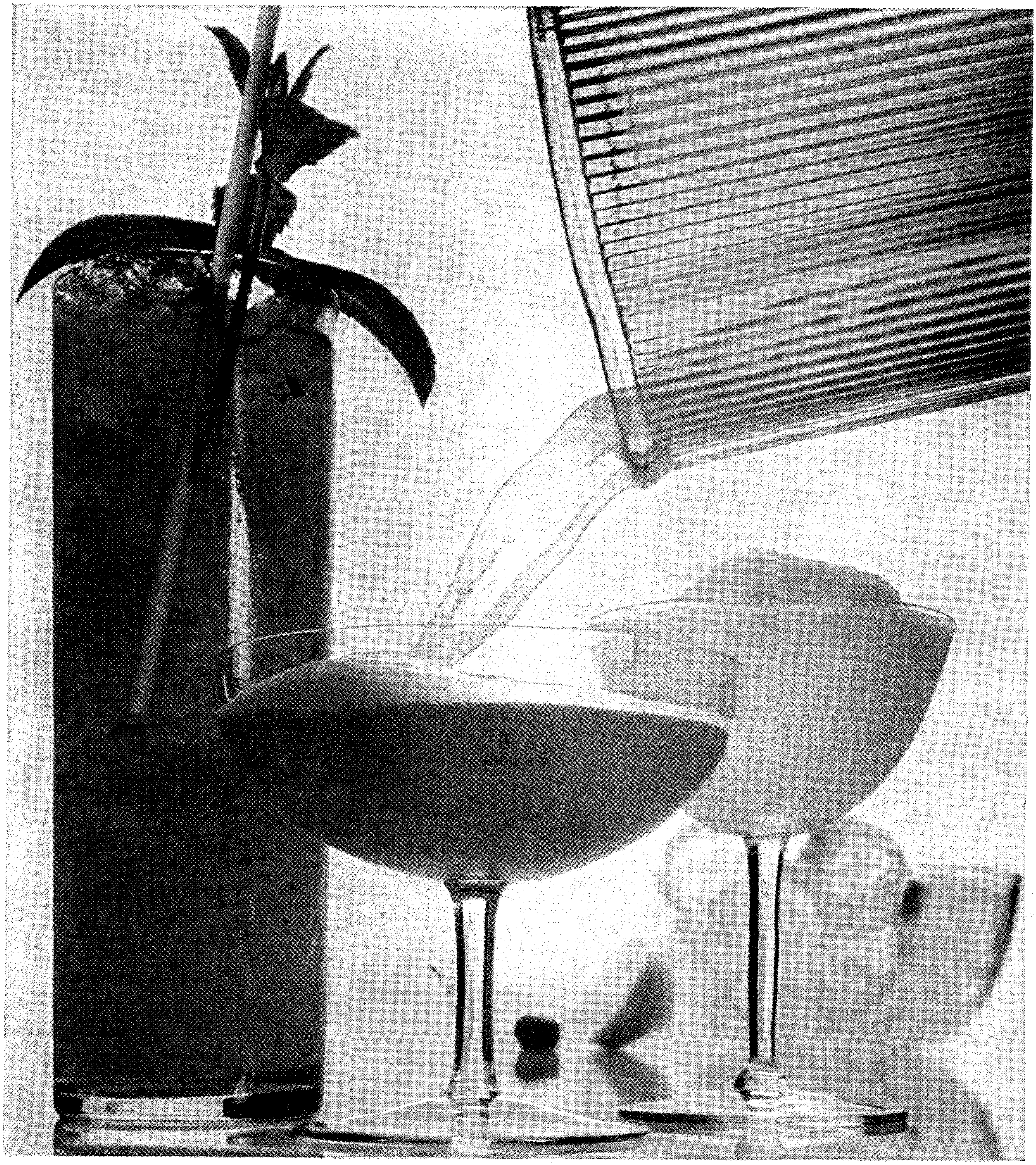

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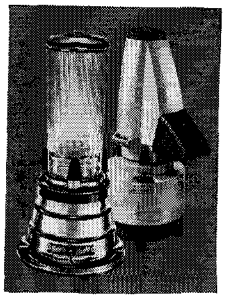

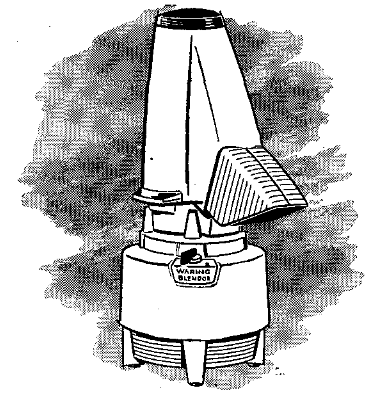

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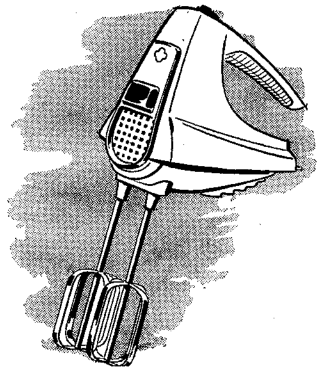

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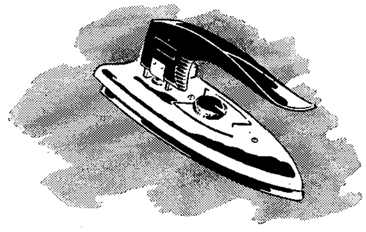

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ward and kissing her. She turned pink and hurried to the stove. I sat on the kitchen table, swinging my legs and smiling to myself. Suddenly we heard a noise just outside the back door. I leaped off the table and took up a polite position by the sink. Eleanor froze. But no one opened the door, and no one appeared.

"Maybe it was a branch falling," I said.

Eleanor nodded. Then she made a face and looked down at her hands. "I don't know why we got so nervous. We aren't doing anything wrong."

"It's the way they look at you," I said.

"Yes, that's it," she said. "You know, I think my parents are ashamed of me. But someday I'll show them. I'll do something wonderful, and they'll be amazed." She went back to the stove.

"When are your parents coming home?" I asked.

"They went to a double feature. They can't possibly be out before eleven."

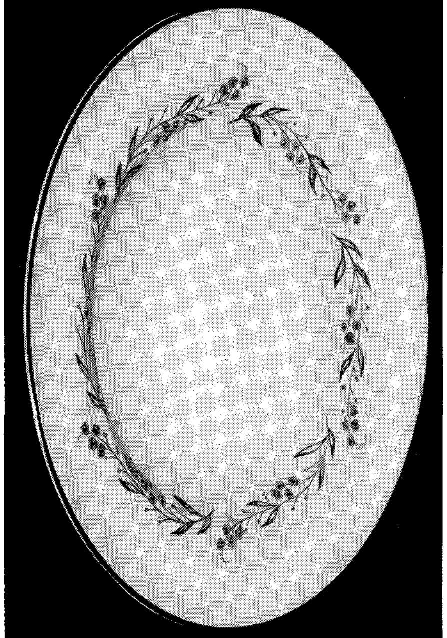
"They might walk out on it," I said.

"Oh no!" Eleanor said. "Not if they pay for it..."

We ate our scrambled eggs and washed the dishes, and watched the rain from the dining-room windows without turning the light on. We kissed for a while, and then we both grew restless and uncomfortable. Her lips were swollen, and she went into the kitchen, and I heard her running the water; when she returned, her hair was combed and she had put on fresh lipstick. "I don't like being in the house," she said, and led me out on the porch. We stood with our arms around each other. The rain was slackening. "Goodbye, rain," Eleanor said sadly. It was as if we were watching a curtain slowly being lifted from around the house. The trees gleamed wetly near the street lamps.

When I started home, the rain had stopped. Water dripped on the leaves of the trees. Little plumes of mist hung over the wet macadam of the street. I walked very gently in order not to disturb anything.

I didn't want to run into anybody, and so I went home the back way, through the alley. At the entrance to the alley there was a tall cast-iron pseudo-Victorian lamppost, with an urn-shaped head and panes of frosted glass; the milky light it shed trickled part way down the alley, illuminating a few curiously still garage fronts and,



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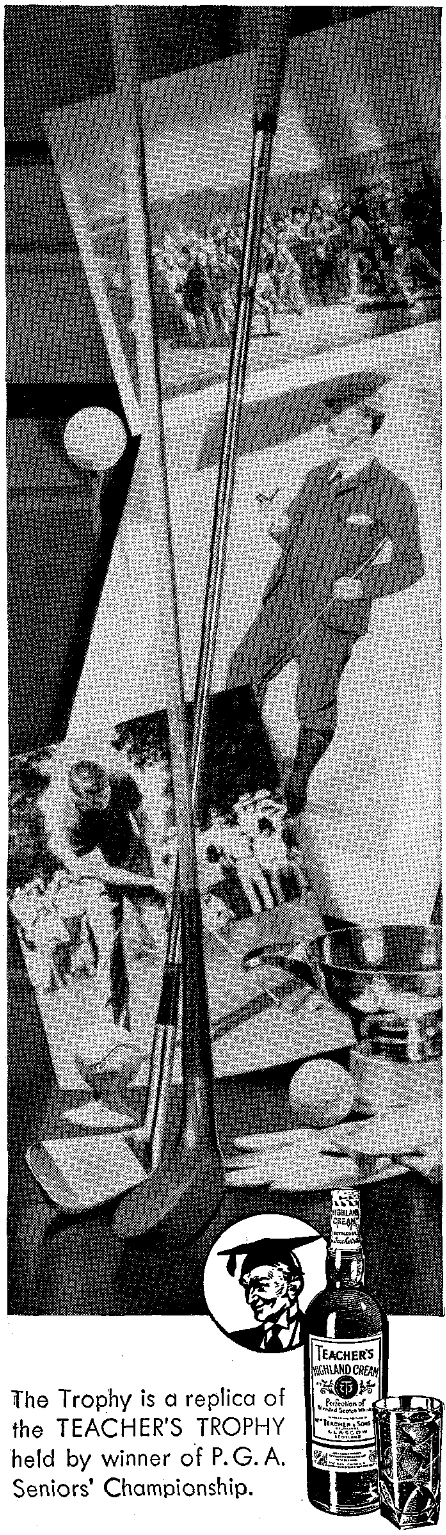

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here and there, the wet leaves of the bushes and vines that bordered the back yards and spilled in such profusion over the fences, hiding the ashpits and making the alley so pretty a place in spring. When I was younger, I had climbed on those ashpits, those brick squares nearly smothered under the intricacies of growing things, and I had searched in the debris for old, broken mirrors, discarded scarves with fringes, bits of torn decorated wrapping paper, and such treasures. But now I drifted down the alley, walking absently on the wet asphalt. I was having a sort of daydream where I was lying with my head on Eleanor's shoulder—which was bare—and I could hear the slow, even sound of her breathing as I began to fall asleep. I was now in the darkest part of the alley, the very center where no light reached, and in my daydream I turned over and kissed Eleanor's hands, her throat—and then I broke into a sprint down the alley, slipping and sliding on the puddles and wet places. I came out the other end of the alley and stood underneath the lamppost. I was breathing with difficulty.

Across the street from me, two women stood, one on the sidewalk, the other on the front steps of a house, hugging her arms. "It's not a bad pain," the woman on the sidewalk said, "but it persists."

"My dear, my dear," said the other. "Don't take any chances—not at our age . . ."

And a couple, a boy and a girl, were walking up the street, coming home from the Tivoli Theatre. The girl was slouching in order not to seem taller than the boy, who was very short and who sprang up and down on the balls of his feet as he walked.

I picked a spray of lilac and smelled it, but then I didn't know what to do with it—I didn't want to throw it away—and finally I put it in my pants pocket.

I vaulted our back fence and landed in our back yard, frightening a cat, who leaped out of the hedge and ran in zigzags across the dark lawn. It startled me so much I felt weak. I tucked my shirt in carefully and smoothed my hair. Suddenly, I looked down at my fingertips; they were blurred in the darkness and moist from the lilac, and I swept them to my mouth and kissed them.

THE kitchen was dark. There was no sound in the house, no sound at all, and a tremor passed through me. I turned the kitchen light on and hurriedly examined myself for marks of what had happened to me. I peered at my shirt, my pants. I rubbed my face with both hands. Then I turned the light off and slipped into the dining room, which was dark, too, and so was the hallway. The porch light was on. I ran up the front stairs and stopped short at the top; there was a light on in my mother's room. She was sitting up in bed, with pillows at her back, a magazine across her lap, and a pad of paper on the magazine.

"Hello," I said.

I expected her to bawl me out for being late, but she just looked at me solemnly for a moment, and then she said, "Sonny proposed to your sister."

Because I hadn't had a chance to wash my face, I raised one hand and held it over my cheek and chin, to hide whatever traces of lipstick there might be.

She said, "They're going to be married in June. They went over to the Brusters' to get the ring. He proposed practically the first thing when he came. They were both so— they were *both* so *happy!*" she said. "They make such a lovely couple. . . . Oh, if you could have seen them."

She was in a very emotional state.

I started to back out the door.

"Where are you going?" my mother asked.

"To bed," I said, surprised. "I'm in training—"

"Oh, you ought to wait up for your sister."

"I'll leave her a note," I said.

I went to my room and took the white lilac out of my pocket and put it on my desk. I wrote, "I heard the news and think it's swell. Congratulations. Wake me up when you come in." I stuck the note in the mirror of her dressing table. Then I went back to my room and got undressed. Usually I slept raw, but I decided I'd better wear pajamas if my sister was going to come in and wake me up. I don't know how much later it was that I heard a noise and sat bolt upright in bed. I had been asleep. My sister was standing in the door of my room. She was wearing a blue dress that had little white buttons all the way down the front and she had white gloves on. "Are you awake?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said. "Where's Mother?"

"Downstairs," my sister said, coming into the room. "Sending telegrams. Do you want to see my ring?" She took her gloves off.

I turned the bedside-table lamp on,

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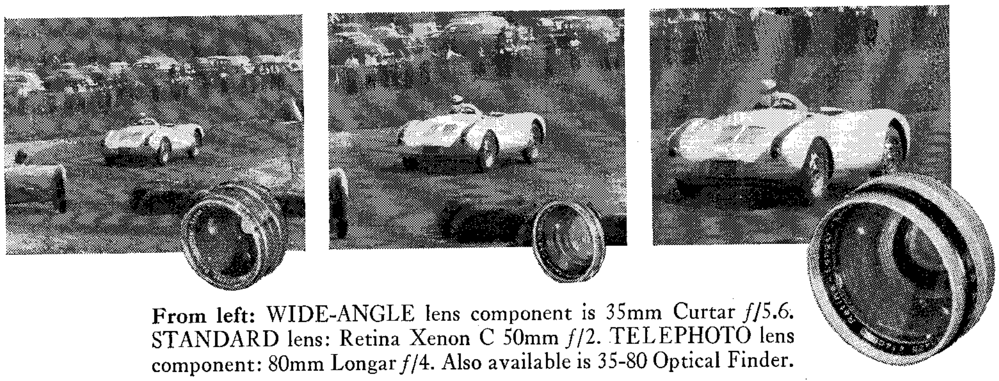

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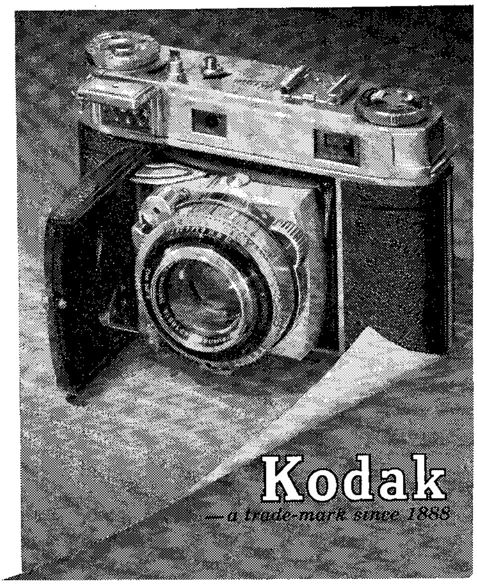

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and she held her hand out. The ring was gold, and there was an emerald and four diamonds around it.

"It was his grandmother's," my sister said. I nodded. "It's not what I—" she said, and sat down on the edge of the bed, and forgot to finish her sentence. "Tell me," she said, "do you think he's really rich?" Then she turned a sad gaze on me, through her lashes. "Do you want to know something awful? I don't like my ring. . . ."

"Are you unhappy?" I asked.

"No, just upset. It's scary getting married. You have no idea. I kept getting chills all evening. I may get pneumonia. Do you have a cigarette?"

I said I'd get her one downstairs.

"No, there's some in my room," she said. "I'll get them. You know, Sonny and I talked about you. We're going to send you to college and everything. We planned it all out tonight." She played with her gloves for a while, and then she said, looking at the toes of her shoes, "I'm scared. What if Sonny's not good at business?" She turned to me. "You know what I mean? He's so young. . . ."

"You don't have to marry him," I said. "After all, you're—"

"You don't understand," my sister said hurriedly, warding off advice she didn't want. "You're too young yet." She laughed. "You know what he said to me?"

Just then, my mother called out from the bottom of the stairs, "Listen, how does this sound to you? 'Dear Greta—' It's a night letter, and we get a lot of words, and I thought Greta would like it better if I started that way. Greta's so touchy, you know. Can you hear me?"

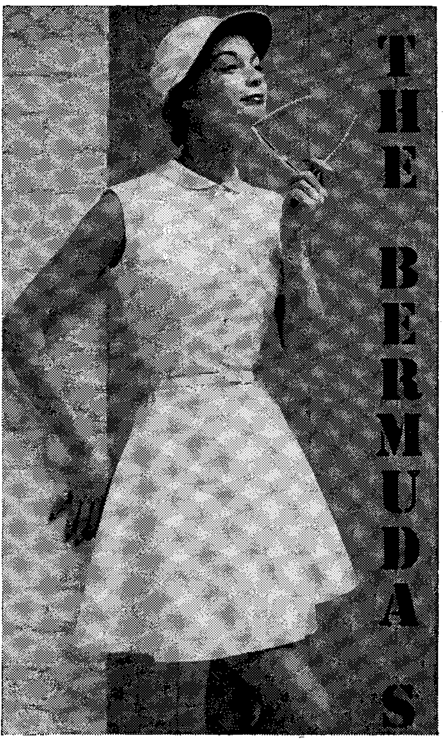
"I have to go," my sister whispered. She looked at me, and then suddenly she leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. "Go to sleep," she said. "Have nice dreams." She got up and went out into the hall.

" '—Dodie got engaged tonight,' " my mother read. "Is 'got engaged' the right way to say it?"

"Became engaged," my sister said, in a distant voice.

I PUT on my bathrobe and slippers and went out into the hall. My sister was leaning over the banister, talking to my mother at the bottom of the stairs about the night letter. I slipped past her and down the back stairs and into the kitchen. I found a cold chicken in the icebox, put the platter on the kitchen table, and tore off a leg and began to eat.

The door to the back stairs swung



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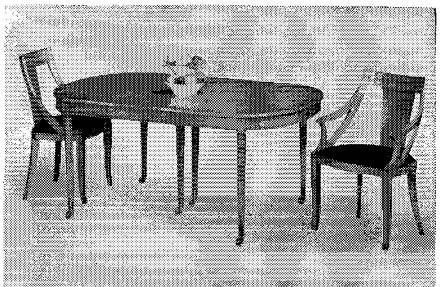

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open, and my sister appeared. "I'm hungry, too," she said. "I don't know why." She drifted over to the table, and bent over the chicken. "I guess emotion makes people hungry."

My mother pushed open the swinging door, from the dining-room side. "There you are," she said. She looked flustered. "I'll have to think some more, and then I'll write the whole thing over," she said to my sister. To me she said, "Are you *eating* at this time of night?"

My sister said that she was hungry, too.

"There's some soup," my mother said. "Why don't I heat it up." And suddenly her eyes filled with tears, and all at once we fell to kissing one another—to embracing and smiling and making cheerful predictions about one another—there in the white, brightly lighted kitchen. We had known each other for so long, and there were so many things that we all three remembered. . . . Our smiles, our approving glances, wandered from face to face. There was a feeling of politeness in the air. We were behaving the way we would in railway stations, at my sister's wedding, at the birth of her first child, at my graduation from college. This was the first of our reunions.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

•

Sen. John Sparkman (D-Ala.) and Rep. Peter Freylinghuysen (R-N.J.) will discuss their Congressional bill to create a permanent United Nations police force at the headquarters of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.—*Washington Post & Times Herald.*

And stop some of this hair-pulling.

•

Last week in this column we relayed a wrong message. We said that Elliot's Men's Shop, Pleasant Valley way, displayed a sign announcing an "annual going out of business sale." The sign actually states: "Annual going out For business sale." We apologize.—*West Orange (N. J.) Chronicle.*

Don't just apologize. Buy something!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

WICHITA, Kan. (AP)—Halting his city bus, L. R. Howell retrieved a $1,000 United States savings bond blowing across an intersection on Douglas Avenue, Wichita's main street.

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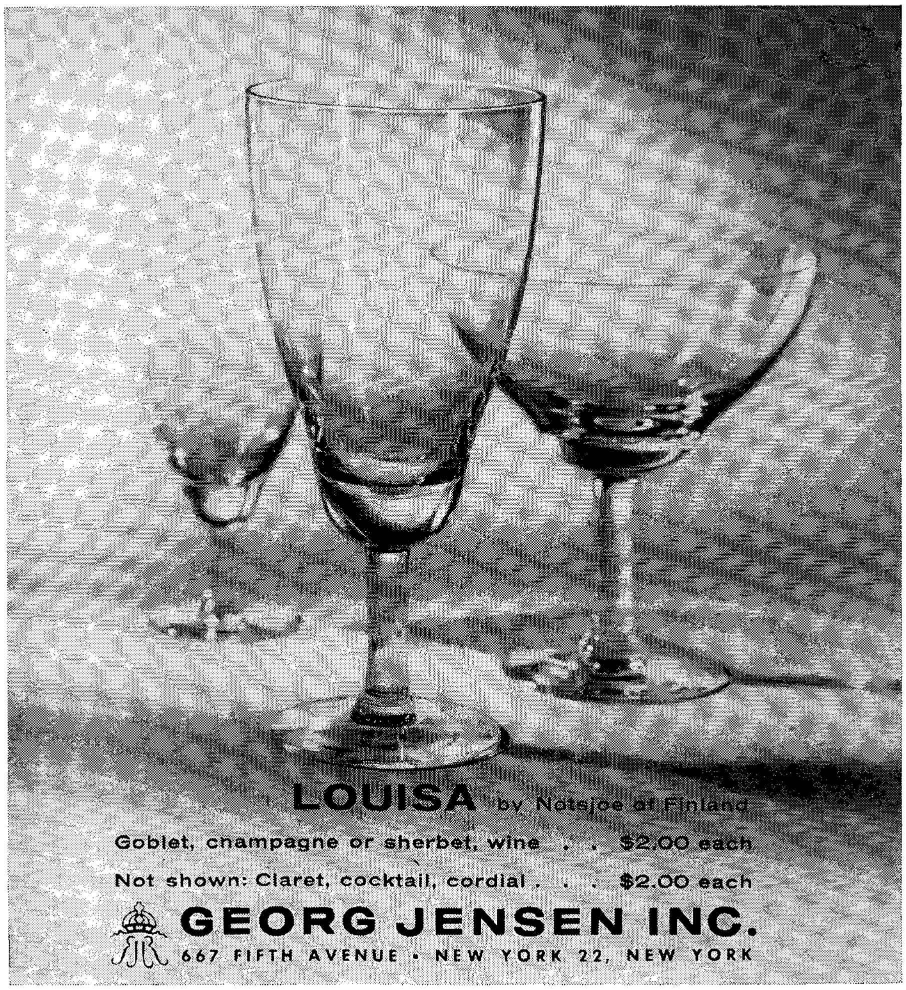

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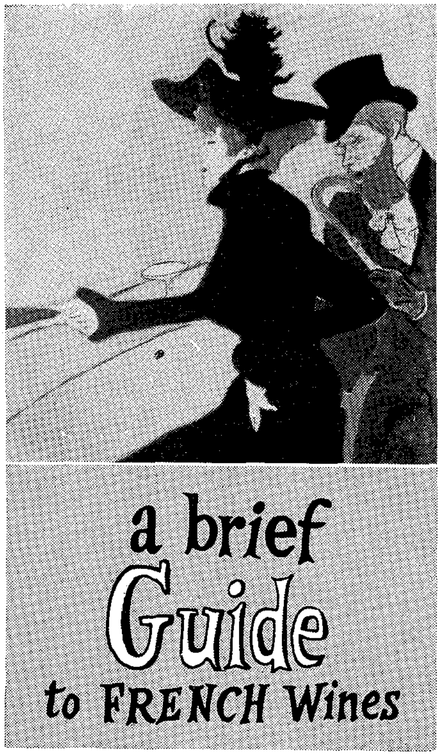
a brief Guide to FRENCH Wines

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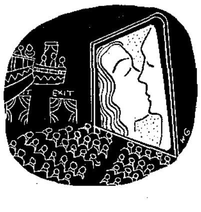
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Halliday of the Yard



"THE THIRD KEY," an English film, is an exposition of the methods employed by Scotland Yard in apprehending evildoers. Though not without its melodramatic moments, the picture as a whole is a rather low-pitched affair, whose appeal lies principally in the fact that its examination of how the Yard works is at once informative, amusing, and adult. The central figure, played in straightforward style by Jack Hawkins, is a detective superintendent called Halliday, who has come up from the ranks and, in the course of his ascension, has acquired a tremendous backlog of practical knowledge about crooks. In contrast to Halliday, a plodding type, we have his assistant, a young man who tends to go off half-cocked (John Stratton). Together, these two set about collaring an ingenious safecracker (Richard Leech). The pursuit of the criminal—a thoroughly nasty sort who doesn't balk even at murder—takes Halliday and his pal on quite an extensive tour of Great Britain, starting in London, pushing on to Manchester, and winding up in Wales. They encounter all kinds of characters in the course of their travels, from shady businessmen to assorted constables, housewives, and workingmen, and most of these chance acquaintances are interesting enough. By way of a bit of padding, the film provides its hero with a wife (Dorothy Alison), who, like so many cops' wives before her on the screen, keeps wishing that her husband were in some less perilous kind of business, and it also provides this couple with a son (Michael Brooke), who thinks that Dad's profession is really wonderful.

The domestic aspects of "The Third Key" don't interfere too much with the basic theme, though, and the picture sustains its interest as it goes about demonstrating that in police work everyone from stool pigeon to ordinary citizen can be of help. Charles Frend, the director, keeps things moving right along, and if his chase is not as lively as some the movies have managed in the past, it is still pretty engrossing. Rounding out the cast, Newton Blick and Geoffrey Keen represent a couple of big wheels at the Yard, and Sydney Tafler and Peter Burton a pair of sneaky businessmen, while Ralph Truman plays the part of a pompous safe-manufacturer, and Meredith Edwards that of the logorrheic owner of a gas station in Wales. There is no cause for complaint about any of the participants.

IN "The Wayward Bus," an alleged adaptation of John Steinbeck's novel of the same title, a clutch of odd people are exhibited, none of whom is worth cultivating. On hand are an amorous bus driver, his alcoholic wife, a susceptible young female, a blond doxy, a crotchety old businessman, a dreary novelty salesman, and two or three others there's no need to bother about here. The plot has to do with the adventures of this crowd, or most of it, in the course of a bus ride in California. The bus bogs down after a cloudburst, and the driver and the susceptible female, who, by the way, is trying to recover from an unrequited crush on a basketball coach, slip off to a barn during the delay to have themselves a frolic. Meanwhile, the salesman is getting somewhere with the doxy by promising to make an honest woman of her, and the others hang around to no particular purpose. In the cast of this aimless movie, Rick Jason is the bus driver; Joan Collins his wife, Dolores Michaels his conquest, Dan Dailey the salesman, and Jayne Mansfield the doxy. They're a sad lot.

"THE D.I.," which means, if you're not up on United States Marine terminology, the drill instructor, was produced and directed by Jack Webb, who also plays the title role. It has to do with the efforts of a tough Marine to make a stalwart warrior out of an emotionally upset tyro. The dialogue is mostly monosyllabic, and Mr. Webb's direction is extraordinarily jerky. All in all, "The D.I." is strictly for the yardbirds.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

SOUTH KINGSTON, R.I., May 18 (AP)—University of Rhode Island researchers have been trying for 18 months to determine if the oppossum lives in the state. An unidentified motorist gave them the answer. He ran over me.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

A good clean-cut answer.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Boston Globe*]

If the earth were reduced to the size of a billiard ball it would be not quite as smooth as a standard billiard ball.

Talk through pain and age . . .

PHIL HARRINGTON, LOOK, NOVEMBER 27, 1956

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BOB VOSE, LOOK, MARCH 8, 1955

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

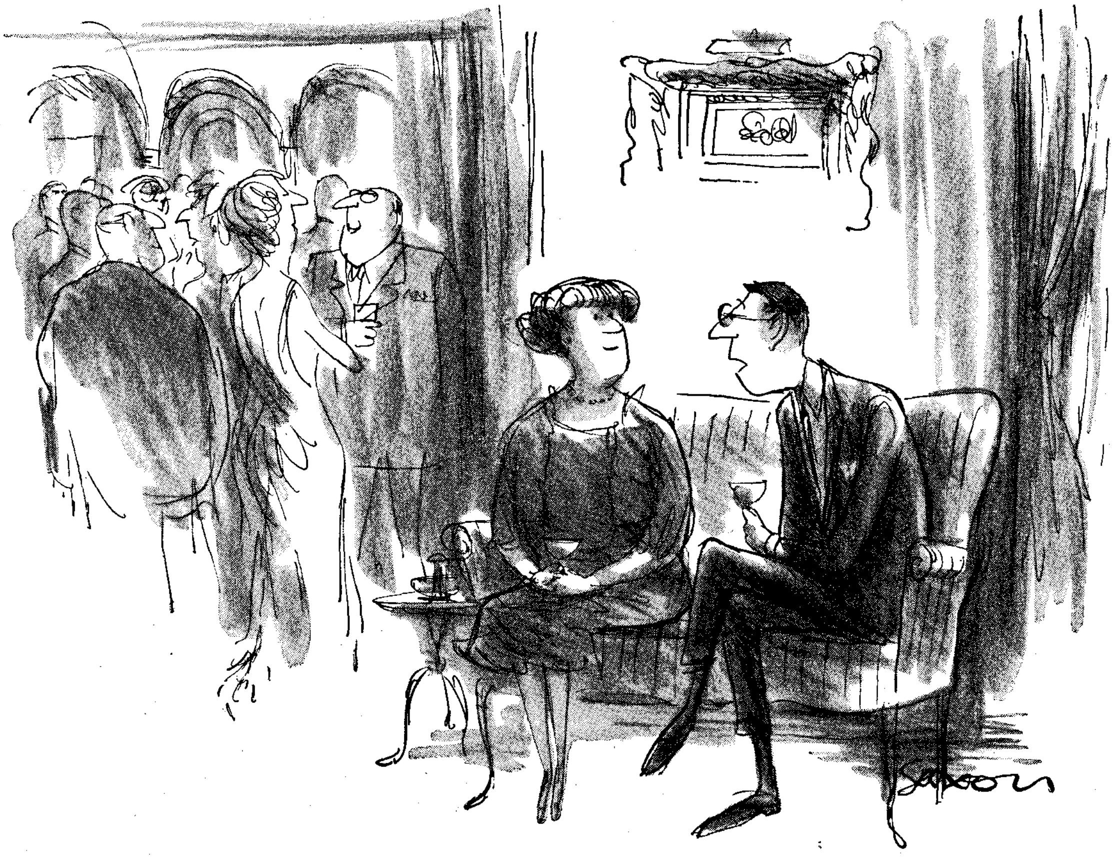
STATISTICS may not bear me out (they seldom do), but to judge by what is happening to people I know or know about, there is a bumper crop this year of citizens who actually feel fine but are obliged to stay in bed for a long spell because of fractures, cardiac conditions, or other afflictions. With this melancholy situation in mind, I have assembled some notes about services that can be counted on to relieve the ennui, rather than the suffering, of invalids in that bleak period when television has lost whatever charms it may have had and the patient's family is beginning to wonder if a broken leg is the strictly personal disaster it is supposed to be.

Some years ago, I reported on Part-Time Child Care, an agency at 19 East 69th Street (Trafalgar 9-4343) that provides caretakers of exceptional ability for children. Only recently I have learned that Part-Time Child Care now undertakes to supply, at $1.50 an hour, agreeable and helpful women companions for adult invalids, of either sex, who are in greater danger of being bored to death than of succumbing to what ails them. The women sent on such assignments are not to be confused with trained nurses, trained attendants, or trained anything, but they have been chosen for their pleasing personalities, obliging dispositions, good judgment, and general resourcefulness. Most of them are getting on toward sixty, and maybe I had better say right here that if you think you can have a pretty young thing keep you company in your illness, you just have another think coming, because the young working girl has other fish to fry and is usually too busy getting to be assistant to the president to take on the job of playing Scrabble with you.

Since I found it difficult to establish in my own mind just what the rather nebulous duties of these mature visitors include, I arranged to talk with several of them, and presently I was able to get a reasonably clear picture of their activities. After an hour's visit with Mrs. A., I am ready to believe that if there can be any consolation for a compound fracture, it would lie in the attendance of this warmhearted, likable, capable woman, who, before allying herself with Part-Time Child Care, spent twenty years in China with her husband, an American businessman. Her assignments with the agency have taken in a wide variety of clients—children with measles or chicken pox, a family of six girls and boys whose mother was in a hospital, and, lately, the care of several very old ladies. A page from the notebook she kept on one of these elderly cases gives an idea of what goes on under her ministrations: "Arrived at 9 A.M. Bathed and prettied up patient in dressy nightgown, lipstick, etc. Read newspaper during breakfast, and discussed luncheon menu. Left patient with book while I shopped for Persian melon, oysters, etc., also for current periodicals. Read aloud. After lunch, gave alcohol rub. Short walk in sunshine. Prepared and served tea. Played double solitaire. Read magazines. Prepared for night. Before leaving, at patient's request, read a few short prayers from Prayer Book."

Mrs. B. is a cultivated Englishwoman who has lived in South America and travelled extensively in Europe. She speaks French and Spanish fluently. A typical day in the course of one of her more recent assignments, for which she went on duty at two o'clock in the afternoon, included dressing the patient, exhibiting a layette she had bought that morning for the patient's grandchild, arranging flowers, reading the day's mail and answering letters, playing canasta, making tea, reading a French novel aloud, mixing cocktails and chatting in French with the patient, and serving a light supper.

Mrs. C., a former teacher who had her own kindergarten, is a woman of the world, with a nice wit and an inexhaustible interest in children. When she is not busy with her duties for Part-Time Child Care, she does clinical work in play therapy with emotionally disturbed children. Although the agency's assignments involve her only with



"Man has reason to be proud. Of all the animals, he alone asks himself, 'Whither, whence, and why.'"

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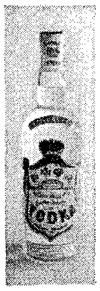

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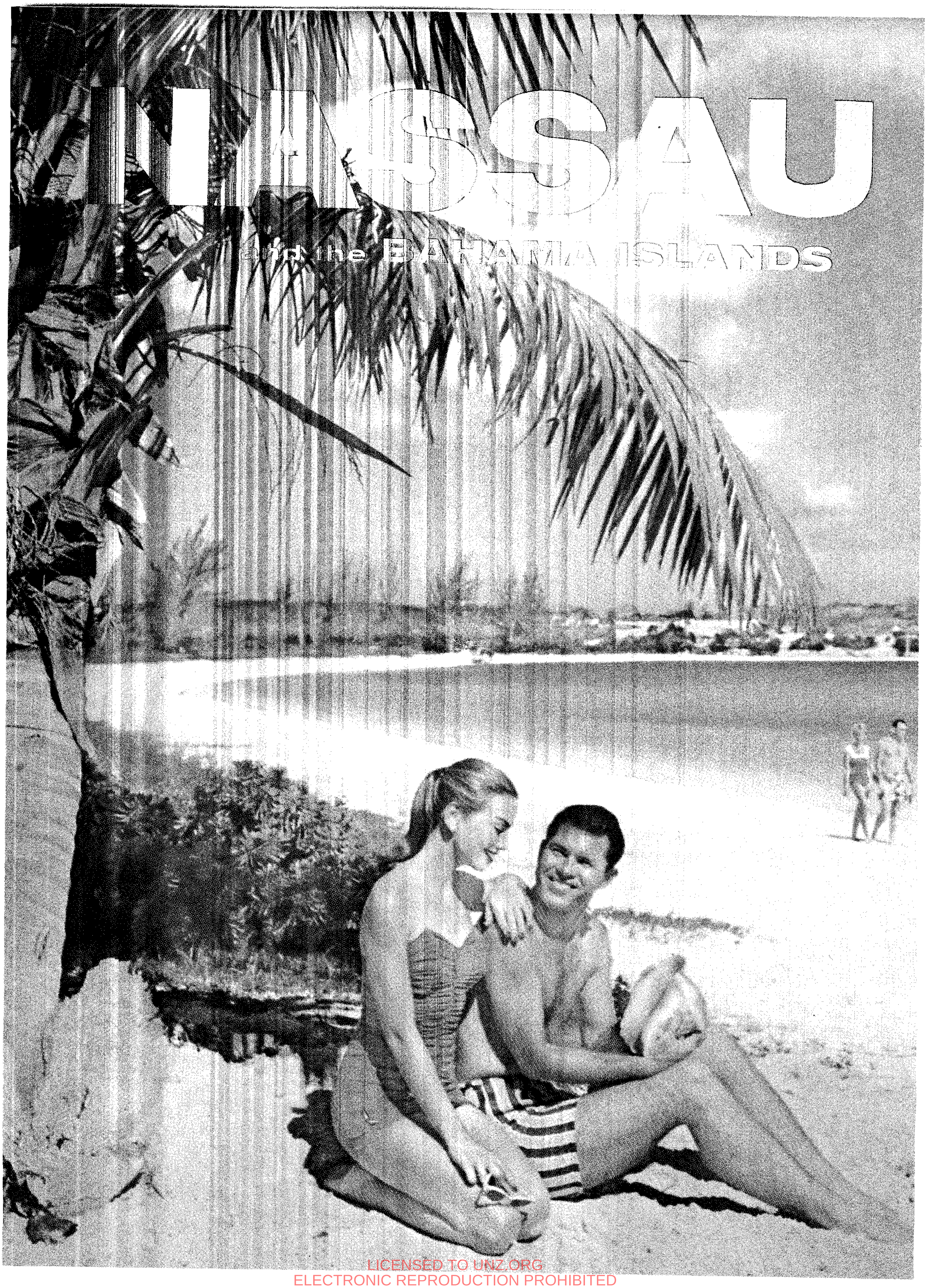
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normal youngsters, she brings to their care, I am told, a most reassuring understanding.

I now produce what I venture to say is Child Care's most dramatic achievement to date—a service that provides chess players (male) willing to take on opponents who, for one reason or another, are laid up at home. The source the agency draws on for its supply of players is, you may be surprised to learn, the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, over on Ninth Avenue, where a group of chess enthusiasts have volunteered for this humanitarian activity. Since the chess players are also enrolled Seminary students, their time is not entirely their own, but a bedridden chess player can usually adapt his hours easily enough to the obliging student's schedule. For this service, which must set some kind of record for intelligent good nature, Part-Time Child Care makes a charge of $2 an hour.

I CAN quote no medical authority for this, but it is my firm belief that many a female patient's recovery has been seriously retarded by her chagrin at not being able to match a particular skein of silk or at having nobody to fetch the novel of her choice from Womrath. If that's all that is keeping you in bed, you are as good as cured this minute, because the personal shopping service of Sally Plunkett, Inc., whose telephone number is Templeton 8-6530, stands ready to carry out either your smallest or your most complicated commission with judgment and discretion. Actually, the corporation has just one working member—Mrs. Plunkett herself. A personable, conservatively turned-out lady, she has been shopping for other people for twenty years, and has clients of long standing who have as much faith in her taste as in their own, if not more. In a routine operation, the service works about like this: Mrs. Plunkett will come to the client's home or talk with her on the telephone to get an idea of the problem under consideration; for this initial conference the fee is $3, plus the cost of transportation, if any. For the shopping itself, the rate is ten per cent of the total bill, plus bus fare. If, for example, Mrs. P. is called on to get a dressing gown of a certain color and she buys it for $35, her fee is $6.50 and bus fare. She will either pay for the articles bought, and bill the client later, or use the client's charge accounts.

Mrs. Plunkett's purchases for clients have included every kind of clothing for men and women, an endless variety

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of household equipment, and home decorations of all sorts. For several absent-minded clients she has long kept records of their friends' and relatives' birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and so on, and not only does she remind them of these occasions but she picks out suitable remembrances. Mrs. Plunkett prefers to confine her activities to Manhattan, but she accepts mail orders from people who live out of town, and she will now and again take on out-of-town Christmas-shopping lists.

LADIES who complain that they have never had time to learn such sweet womanly accomplishments as needlepoint and knitting may, if they have a nice, long stretch of convalescent leisure ahead of them, want to know about Miss Rozia Frankel, who gives home lessons in various types of needlecraft. Miss Frankel not only has worked with some of the town's best-known professionals (Alice Maynard, among others) but has been trained for recreational work in hospitals, and actually prefers to instruct invalids rather than the able-bodied. She will discuss over the telephone the needs of the shut-in needlewoman and, if it is necessary or desirable, will shop for the materials appropriate to the pupil's proficiency, or lack of it, suggesting designs for beginners and selecting canvas, knitting wools, patterns for sweaters, and the like. The charge for the instruction—and the shopping, if any—is $2 an hour, and Miss Frankel books her engagements through the Elder Craftsmen's Shop, at 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). The telephone number is Regent 4-3150.

IN the course of this documentary study of the needs of invalids, I have observed that even in the most solicitous families, where *almost* every whim is indulged, and friends and relatives scurry around to offer the latest novel and the ripest strawberries, the invalid's anguished cries for a professional shampoo are likely to go unheeded, and not only by her family but by most of the town's hairdressers. Transporting all the paraphernalia for such a job—dryer, towels, lotion, rinse, pins, brush and comb, and so on—is a formidable undertaking, and when, in addition, the salon has to reckon with the absence of an operator for several hours, you can see why the professionals are not eager to take on work in the home. Among the firms that will oblige, however, is Bock-Schaeffer (Plaza 3-3900), whose tariff is $3 for a plain shampoo given in the home, $5

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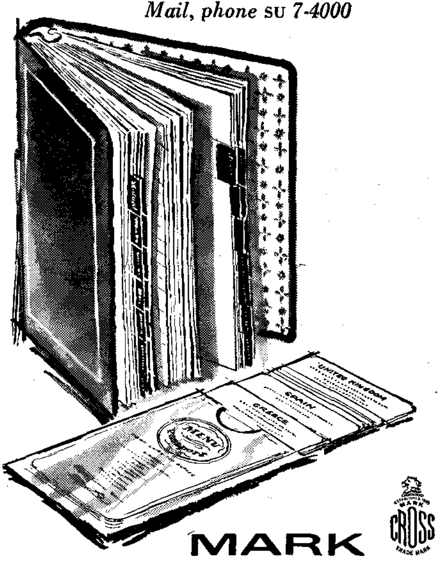

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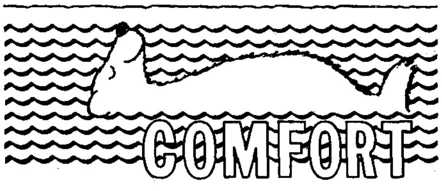

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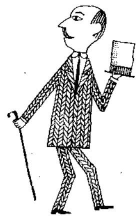

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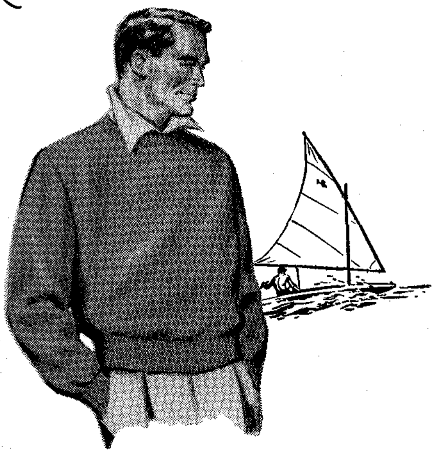
for a manicure, $6 for a haircut or a marcel wave, $9 for a shampoo and a finger wave, $30 for hair coloring, and $70 for a permanent. Mr. Harold (Murray Hill 8-4184) makes a minimum charge of $10 for a shampoo, set, and manicure. Hair coloring costs $15, a haircut from $4 to $5, a full permanent $30, and an ends-only permanent $20. The taxi fare, both ways, is added to the bill.

If massage is what the patient wants, she can have it very expertly done by Eva Heege (Plaza 8-1548), a highly recommended Swedish practitioner who gives treatments only in the home. Then, there is Phillip Fredeskov (Trafalgar 6-5876), a graduate of the Swedish Institute for Massage, who will administer a home massage either during the day or at night. For treatments in Manhattan, he will provide a folding table at no extra cost, if it is requested, and without his table he will go as far afield as Westchester and Long Island. Both these practitioners charge $10 for a full-body massage and $8 for merely treating a leg or an arm. Elizabeth Arden (Plaza 9-2940) sends masseuses who have been thoroughly trained in the Arden Studio's own method of massage, which, it is claimed, is adapted with especial care to the individual needs of the patient. The charge is $10 an hour, plus taxi fare, and the time is computed from the moment the masseuse leaves the studio until she gets back.

IF you have a card-playing invalid on your hands, you should by all means be reminded of that admirable play-it-yourself bridge game called Autobridge, which has been around for some years but continues to absorb both serious bridge players and beginners. It is played on a board five inches by seven ($1.50) or ten inches by fourteen ($4), and comes with forty-eight separate deals, either all for the advanced player or all for someone learning from scratch, together with a manual by the renowned Charles H. Goren. As far as I have been able to determine, the verdict is that this is a fascinating game one can play with three invisible experts. It is to be had at, among other places, Abercrombie & Fitch, Brentano, Bloomingdale, and Macy.

I SUBMIT that, as a present for an invalid, there is absolutely nothing to compare with some splits of champagne, which, by their very smallness, have a therapeutic value all their own. While the offering of a fifth of champagne may be received gratefully enough, it is al-



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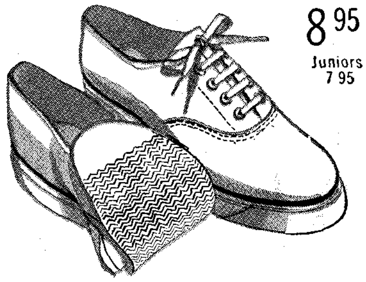

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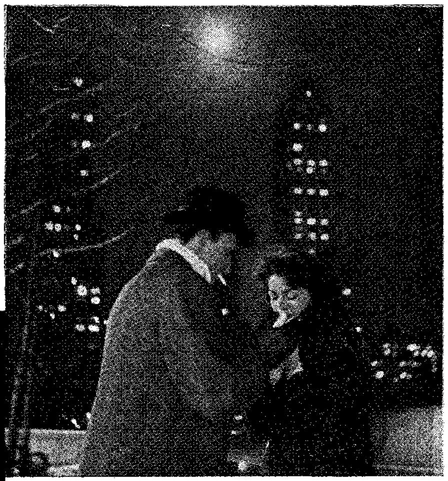

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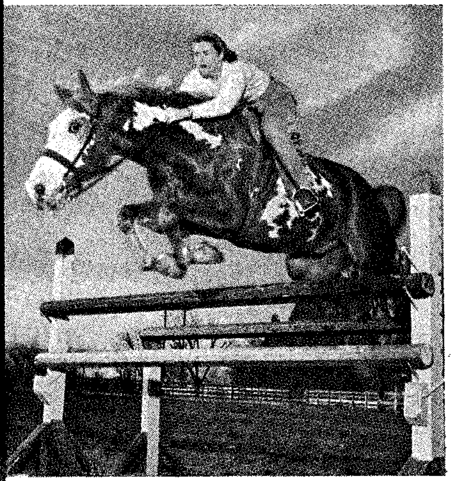

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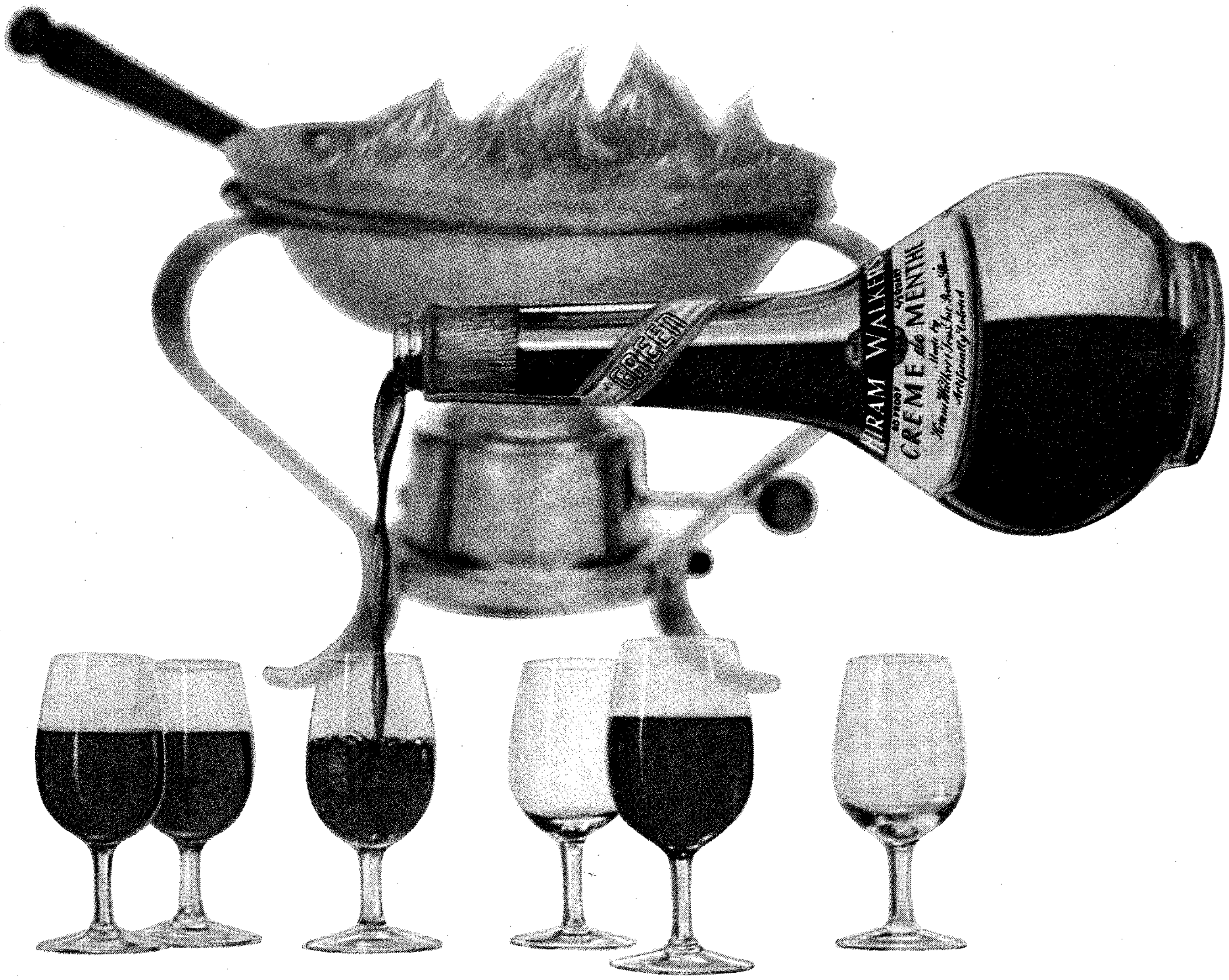
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most invariably put by for an *occasion*. But who ever heard of saving a split? It is set on the invalid's lunch tray as casually as if it were bread and butter, though it gives considerably more enjoyment. The difficulty here, unfortunately, is that the great *marques* are hard to come by in splits, for many of the distinguished houses bottle either very little or none of their wine in these small containers. Krug, for instance, puts none of its great champagne in small bottles, and while I keep my eyes open as wide as most, I had never until just recently seen splits of Bollinger's splendid *brut* wine around. Here it is, though, at last, at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), Luria's Wine and Spirits, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), Vendôme Liqueur, 420 Madison Avenue (48th), and M. Lehmann, 40 East 66th Street, to be set on the tray of a particularly cherished invalid. The price is $24 a dozen. —S. H.

•

PILGRIM'S TERRACE
BY TRAM COMBS

The book is a portrait in poems from humanity of our stations and stops on this divine musical railway, running these millions of years, and now jumping with us two billion people, dominant life of our era: Poems of the stars, earth, air, wind, rain, seas and islands, fires, cats, lizards, sailors, lovers, revolutionaries, businessmen and all us other new, early, late and long born and dead; and the pleasures and troubles of getting on in this joy this living these birth, eating, illness, loving, working, costumes, fighting and dying. The poems use a diction based on U.S.A. and West Indian talk, with a leaning to the young vocabularies most germinal in handling our 20th century American situations. Their melodics are quantitative as much as accentual. The poems' formalities, strongly affected by Mediterranean and far-Eastern patterns, are grown to the subjects, concepts, atmospheres, rhythms, image-entrances; creating each poem as a potential life, entirely individual.—*Adv. of a Puerto Rico bookseller.*

Nobody can say he's been idle.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an article by the late Lord Castlerosse published in the London Daily Express in 1932*]

All the young pigeons are aping the habits and fine feathers of peacocks. These pigeons are the sons of eminent fathers, and they are basking in the shade of a parental halo. Wherever I go I am confronted by the son of some magnate on whom the son of some other magnate passes favourable comment. These bantams, by their own confession, expect to step into their fathers' shoes. Some of them have put their foot in it quite successfully, considering the restriction of credit, but otherwise I cannot see signs of blossom in these buds.

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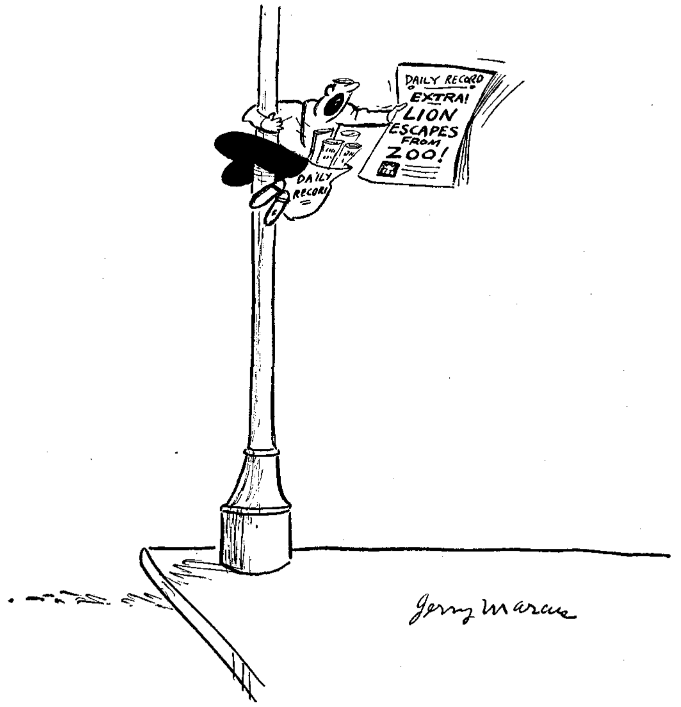

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How to bully your neighbors back

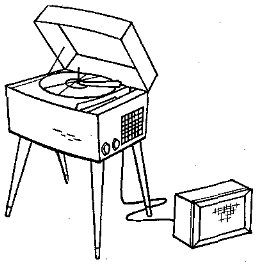
A PRIMER ON SOUNDING OFF

As one of our better poets (and poorer spellers) once noted, *sumer is icumen in,* and from the looks of things this particular summer, the cuckoo will really sing loudly.

With nothing else to do over the long winter months, Americans this year bought more phonograph equipment than ever before in our history. Equipment of every size and shape. Giant behemoths that spew their innards across entire living-room floors. Squeaky monads in midget boxes.

The result of all this so-called hi-fi? Throw open those French doors and listen. There's Casadesus from the house next door, mixed with Brubeck from across the way. Brahms from the apartment above. Berlioz from below. And the sound of Rosemary Clooney from a passing automobile.

Well, it's like wives. If you're not big enough to beat them, you've got to make up your mind to join them. Buy this new Columbia "360" model. Show your neighbors what *you're* made of, and they might even turn off their sets in order to listen to yours:



This new Columbia "360" phonograph gives sound like nobody else enjoys. Name another man on the block whose hi-fi set boasts an audio-balanced Crossover Network (a new Columbia feature that employs two modulated sound chambers—one housed in its own individual compartment). Name another commuter who's experiencing "360" listening (the result of "audio realism," a new Columbia engineering concept). Name another lodge fellow who can "switch it on and the whole room plays . . ."

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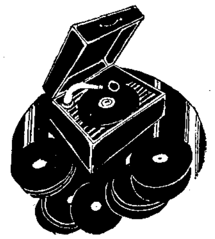
MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records



POSSIBLY the most incisive and influential jazz instrumentalist since Charlie Parker is a twenty-seven-year-old tenor saxophonist named Sonny Rollins, whose bossy, demanding style has made him the unofficial leader of a new and burgeoning school of modern jazz known as hard bop. Most of the members of the movement, which includes Horace Silver, Sonny Stitt, and Art Blakey, came to the front during the height of bebop, and as a result they largely formed their styles on Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Lester Young, and Bud Powell. At the same time, they absorbed much of the nervous hotness of this music, which—though often regarded as an unduly complex type of jazz, what with its extended melodic lines, broadened chord structures, and jerky, rhythmic base—in many ways was a direct return to the pushing, uncomplicated vigor of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five. Rollins, who continues to use standard bop frameworks and instrumentation, has, however, developed a solo style that makes bop sound as placid as Handel's "Water Music." At first, there is something almost repellent about his playing, for his bleak, ugly tone—reminiscent, at times, of the sad sounds wrestled by beginners out of the saxophone—is rarely qualified by the gracefulness of a vibrato or by the use of dynamics. He seems, in fact, to blat out his notes as if they were epithets, and his solos often resemble endless harangues. After a time, though, it becomes clear that most of this staccato braying is a camouflage for a tumultuous and brilliant musical imagination and a rhythmic sense that probably equals Parker's.

Rollins is in his fearful prime in a new recording, "Saxophone Colossus" (Prestige LP-7079), made in company with Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Max Roach, drums. Of the five numbers on the record—three are by Rollins—the best are "Moritat," from "The Threepenny Opera," which he turns into a surprising combination of the brusque and the tender, and Rollins' "Blue Seven," a long, rolling medium-tempo blues that features, in addition to his brooding variations, a remarkable solo by Roach, in which he ticks off on every part of his equipment a compelling, metronomic series of beats, the difficult tempo notwithstanding. Flanagan is a delicate, pearly-sounding pianist and Watkins is a firm new bassist. Both are impeccable throughout, and even manage to be more than foils for Rollins' red-necked vigor.

THELONIOUS MONK, the extraordinary and iconoclastic pianist and composer who was one of the founders of bop in the early forties, has made a recording, "Brilliant Corners: Thelonious Monk" (Riverside RLP-12-226), that is as provocative as any he has produced in recent years. In three of the five numbers he is joined by Ernie Henry (alto saxophone), Rollins, Oscar Pettiford (bass), and Roach, and in one by Clark Terry (trumpet), Rollins, Paul Chambers (bass), and Roach. The fifth, "I Surrender, Dear," is an unaccompanied piano solo. The rest of the tunes, in all of which Monk had a hand, are, like his earlier ones, queer, moody, humorous compositions (dissonant, bumping ensembles, a variety of subtle rhythms, and an over-all needling piquancy), and they have a tortuous, concentrated power that produces a curious effect: the soloists, no matter how vigorous, seem secondary to their materials. As a result, although Rollins plays with much of his customary vibrancy, there is a subdued air about his work that fortunately balances the frenetic saxophone of Henry, who at his calmest (in an ingratiating blues called "Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are") plays in a wild, chanting fashion that is undeniably effective. Monk is superb in "I Surrender, Dear," in which, free of a rhythm section, he produces a straggling army of flatted chords and off-notes that continually poke at and prick the melody. Chambers and Pettiford are satisfactory, but Roach occasionally becomes so energetic behind the soloists that he appears to be uncontrollably soloing rather than providing sympathetic support.

THERE is something majestic about a large number of brass instruments. In a recent recording, "Trombone Scene" (Vik LX-1087), no less than eight modern trombonists—Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Frank Rehack, Sonny Russo, Eddie Bert, Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, and Tommy Mitchell, who are accompanied by Elliot Lawrence, piano; Burgher Jones, bass; and Sol Gubin, (drums)—sing and roar, in solo and ensemble, with admirable effect. Each of the trombonists but Mitchell is a soloist in one or another of the ten selections, and they are all excellent; Cleveland, who has a staggering technique, and Urbie Green, who plays with a soft, earnest assurance, are in superior form. The arrangements (most of them by Lawrence, who also provides an infectiously rumbling accompaniment on the piano) display a casual charm that continually buoys up the soloists.

"Trumpets All Out" (Savoy MG-12096) is a similar but not nearly so successful recording, in which five trumpeters—Art Farmer, Emmet Berry, Charlie Shavers, Ernie Royal, and Harold Baker—and a rhythm section deliver a series of generally shining solos, despite the rather skinny, unimaginative settings provided by Ernie Wilkins, an arranger and composer. Baker, an almost neglected performer who, like the late Joe Smith, has a serene, cowlike tone, is the most rewarding soloist, and, in a slow ballad selection—there are nine numbers on the record—"All of Me," creates, in a husky, poignant tone, what amounts to a classic statement. Farmer, a steady and more lyrical version of Miles Davis, is almost as persuasive. Shavers, however, who often plays as if he were a highly vitamined Harry James, jars against the prevailing atmosphere of subtlety and sensitiveness.

THE American Recording Society, a record club with uncompromising standards, has just released "Johnny Hodges and the Ellington All-Stars" (ARS G-421), a recording that features nine of the present members of the Ellington band (Hodges, alto saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Ray Nance, trumpet and violin; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; and Sam Woodyard, drums), playing a soothing mixture of tunes like "Take the 'A' Train," "Black and Tan Fantasy," and "Just Squeeze Me" in the exact fashion of the various small Ellington groups of fifteen or so years ago, and with, not surprisingly, just as much warmth, humor, and intelligence. This is a delightful recording. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

In Los Angeles, a $30,800,000 structure will be erected on the property lying between the Santa Ana Freeway and Main, Los Angeles and Temple streets.
cheap rascal.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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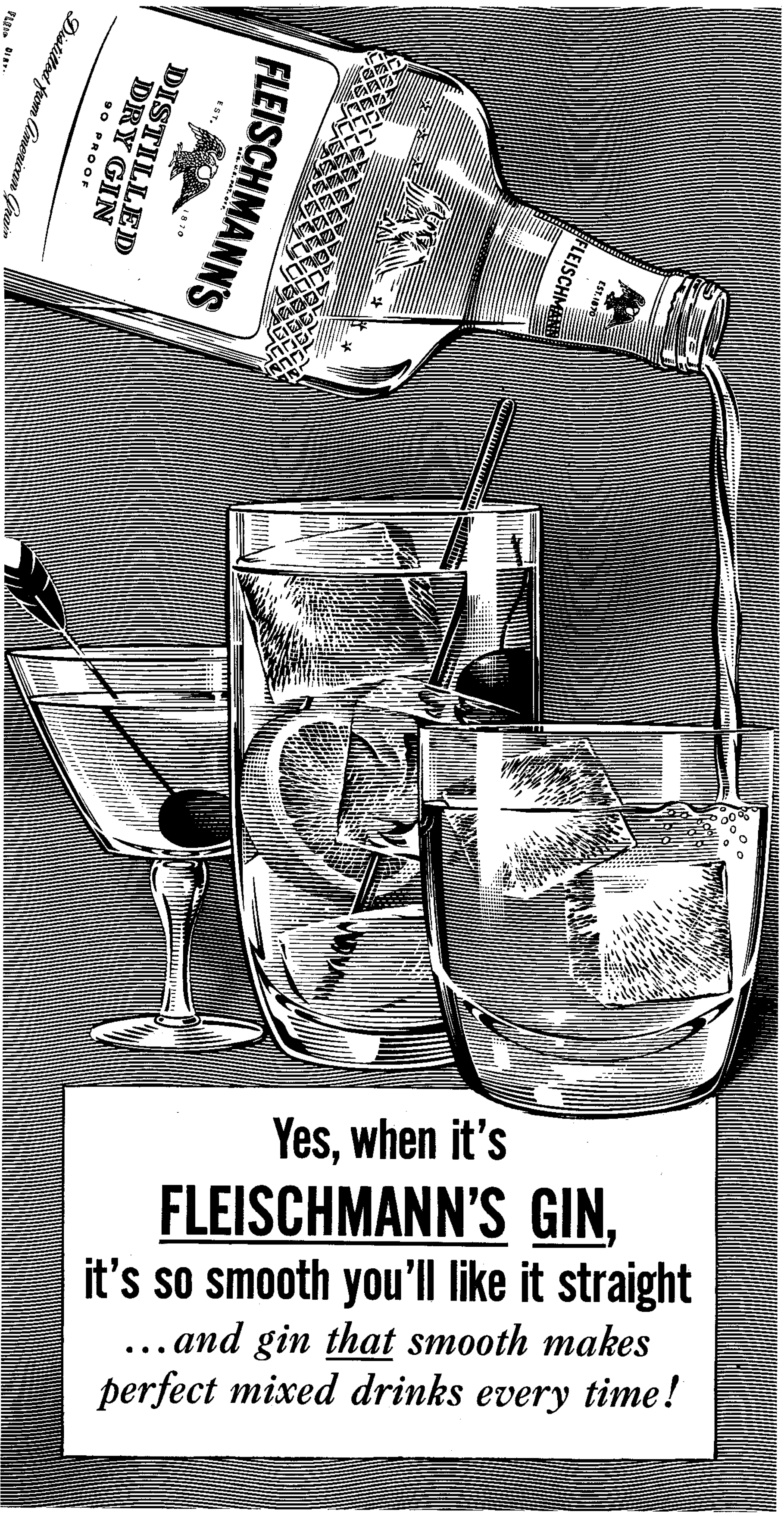

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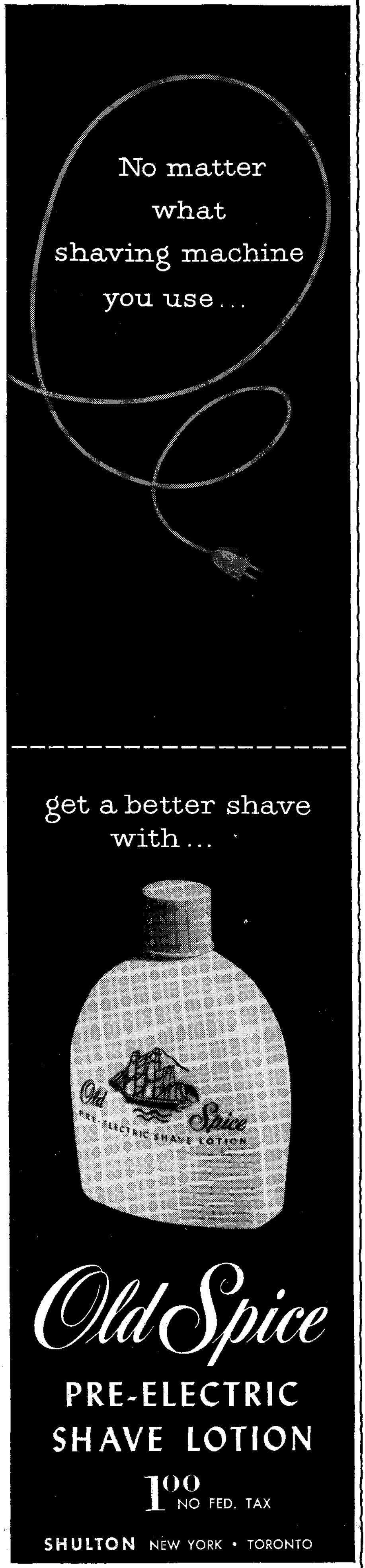

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THE SICK FOX

IF it had not been for the sun, Harry Barradine would not have seen the fox to begin with, but the sun was still high above the mountain at the western end of the valley, and the buds on saplings and bushes were not yet large enough to plunge the stream into the leaf-covered twilight of summer. The stream entered the valley from the Pfalzer hill country, to the west, flowed past the American military post where Barradine had his office, and fed into a larger stream in the flat land near the Rhine. The fox lay by the water's edge at the bottom of the bank, and at first Barradine thought it was a garment someone had thrown away. Then he saw it move. (He did not really see it move, he saw it breathing.) The fox was rust-colored in the sun and lay curled into a ball, so when Barradine squinted down through the bushes lining the bank, he saw a pair of pointed ears sticking from its loins. He laid his fly rod in the grass of the meadow bordering the bank, and moved closer for a better look. It's a fox, all right, he thought, but it's a careless fox to get caught sleeping in a place like that.

Barradine picked up a stick and threw it over the edge of the bank, toward the fox. The animal did not stir. It's deaf, Barradine thought, or the stream is making too much noise on the gravel. He threw a larger stick, and this time the fox jerked its head from its loins and looked into the water.

"Hey!" Barradine said.

The fox twisted its head toward the man standing above it.

"Hey!" Barradine said.

The fox got to its feet and, without looking at the man again, crept upstream and hid behind a stump. Barradine could see the tip of its tail through the bushes. This fox is an ostrich, he thought, or a remarkably intelligent fox who knows that I'm not carrying a gun and that if I start down the bank he has only a couple of yards to jump to reach the other side. "You're a damned insolent fox," Barradine said, aloud, and went off to find a branch.

When he returned, Barradine was carrying a length of sapling. He knelt in the grass at the top of the bank, pushed the branch down through the bushes, and drove it against the stump. The fox left its cover and loped along the edge of the water, watching the man, who was running now along the top of the bank.

"Hey!" shouted Barradine again.

The fox crouched, jumped, and landed with a splash in midstream; then it scrambled to the farther bank, paused to shake itself, and climbed slowly through the bushes to the meadow on the other side.

He's sick, Barradine thought. No fox in his right mind lets himself get wet.

The fox was moving downstream, and Barradine followed, paralleling it until the brook cut through a thicket of scrub. At this point, the animal lowered itself in a patch of sunlight by a large hole and regarded the man on the other side.

"Old sport," said Barradine, "that's a face full of wisdom you've got. I hope you dry off and get better."

Ahead of him now Barradine could see part of the military post, a former German *Kaserne*, which lay at the eastern end of the valley. He could see the white flagpole, and the slate roofs of the cement barracks, where the soldiers were writing Sunday letters and listening to radio music beamed from the Armed Forces Network stations in Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and Berlin. In the second story of the Headquarters Building, the windows of his office were shining yellow in the sun of late afternoon. For a moment, Barradine pictured the telephone sitting on his desk and wondered, as he often did when not in the office, if his chief, the Agent in Charge of Area Counter Intelligence, was trying to reach him. Putting business from his mind, he turned and retraced his steps to the place where he had left his fly rod; then he continued upstream, keeping an eye on the brook and knowing he would hear the *Kaserne* bugler calling the soldiers to the mess at evening.

HALF an hour later, Barradine was crouching against the bank at the head of a pool and watching his line sweep downstream with the current. When the line reached the tail of the pool, he drew up on the rod tip, felt a trout, and lifted it quickly to the bank. It was a brown trout, colored dark, like the shale at the bottom of the brook. Barradine cut a forked stick from an alder, threaded it through the gills, and laid the trout on the grass. He lit a cigarette and sat with his back against the bank, watching the pool. At the western end of the valley, the mountain was blue in the evening, and Sunday strollers

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Scotty Reston comes by his nickname honestly. He was born on the banks of the Clyde. But by the time he got out of the University of Illinois, in 1932, he was so thoroughly American that next year he press-agented the Cincinnati Redlegs. They finished last.

From baggy pants to striped trousers is a long jump. Scotty made it in a couple of hops. He covered sports for The Associated Press, did a New York column, went to London in 1937 to "cover sports in the summer, the Foreign Office in the winter."

He joined The New York Times in London in 1939, working variously there and in Washington, becoming national correspondent and later diplomatic correspondent. Since 1953 he has been chief of the biggest Washington bureau maintained by any publication.

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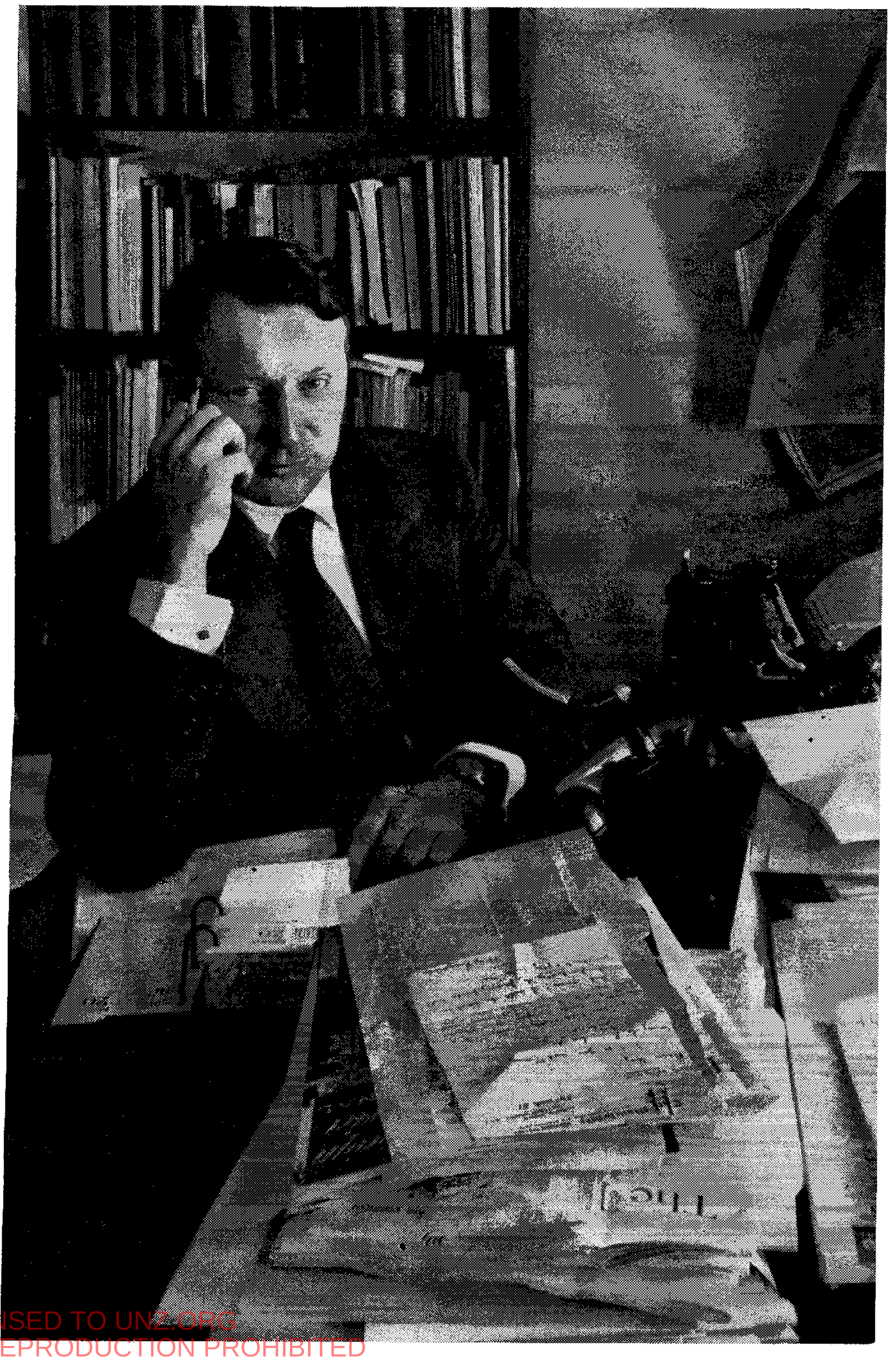

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were singing as they returned from the *Gasthaus* at the summit to the town below. Barradine baited his line, flicked it into the pool, and caught another trout. Then he heard sheep.

The sheep were moving down the opposite side of the valley in a solid wall stretching across the meadow from the stream to the woods. A pair of mongrel dogs paced up and down the edge of the woods, nipping at their flanks to keep them from the trees. Behind the flock, a shepherd walked slowly along the bank. The shepherd was a sun-browned old man who wore a green cape and felt hat; a pair of binoculars was slung around his neck, and in the crook of his arm he carried a lamb. When he saw Barradine on the opposite bank, he stopped. The sheep moved on down the valley, and the two mongrels came running across the meadow to his side.

"*Wie viele Fische haben Sie?*" shouted the old man.

"*Ich habe zwei*," Barradine answered, holding up two fingers of his right hand.

The shepherd laid the lamb on its side in the meadow and moved closer to the bank, squinting in Barradine's direction. "You're an American!" he shouted, and started down the bank. The mongrels preceded him across the stream, milled around Barradine's legs, and sniffed at the trout. The old man jumped across the shallows at the head of the pool and labored up the incline. "I speak English!" he said.

"You speak good English," Barradine replied. All Germans speak English, he thought.

"I speak English," the shepherd shouted, "but in one ear am I deaf!"

"You speak good English!" Barradine shouted back.

"Listen!" said the old man. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!"

Barradine grinned.

"Listen! Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty . . . sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred!"

"Very good," Barradine said.

"One thousand!" shouted the old man. "Ten thousand! One hundred thousand! *One million!*"

"*Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf*—" Barradine began.

"Listen!" the shepherd shouted. "I can count French!" He began to count, throwing a finger toward Barradine's chest with each number, and when he had finished he grinned happily and closed his eyes as if tired from a great effort. When he opened them, he looked at Barradine and grinned again. The eyes were blue and set deep in his head,

a face
in the crowd

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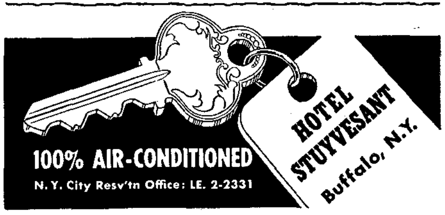

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"Where did you learn English?" Barradine asked.

"From a long time," said the old man. "At the end of the war I am the only one in Grumbach who can speak it. Every morning and every night I went to the Americans and translated for them their difficulties."

"Grumbach is a long way from here."

"I follow my sheep. They lead me everywhere."

Barradine looked at the binoculars slung around the old man's neck. I wonder why the shepherd carries binoculars, he thought. "You have a fine-looking pair of glasses," he said.

"The ears grow old first and then the eyes," replied the shepherd. "If it were not for the glasses I would certainly lose some lambs in the trees and bushes."

"Are they Zeiss?" Barradine asked.

"No, not Zeiss. But they are German." The old man pulled the strap over his head and handed the binoculars to Barradine. "After the war they were valuable!" he shouted. "All the Americans wanted them!"

Barradine studied the binoculars and noted the mark of the German manufacturer stamped on the crosspiece. Why is it, he thought, you can never completely forget business—even out here? "They are fine glasses," he said, returning them.

"Until my eyes grew weak, they were not a necessity," the old man replied. He looked at the trout lying on the grass. "How do you catch them?"

"With worms," Barradine answered.

The old man shook his head. "The trout are under the rocks." He made a scooping motion with his hands. "You must reach under the rocks and take them with your hands."

"The proprietor of the stream won't allow it," Barradine said, grinning.

"With your hands!" said the old man.

"It's *verboten!*" Barradine shouted.

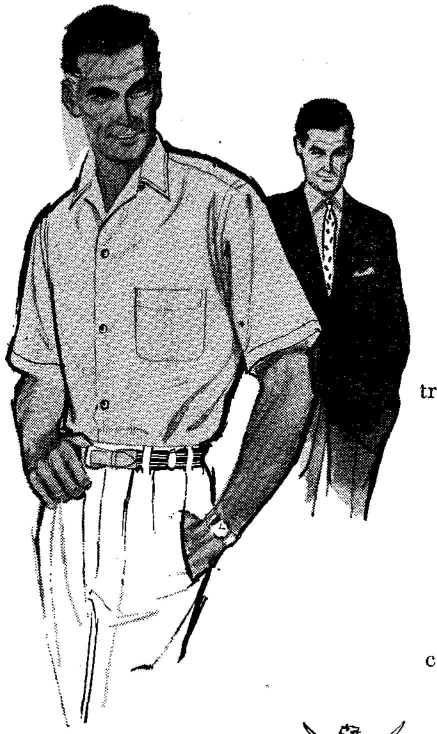
The old man laughed. "Who owns this stream?"

"Herr Saul of Weiersheim."

"I don't know him. How much have you to pay?"

"Twenty marks for the season."

"It's too much. Take them with your hands!" The shepherd laughed and watched Barradine toss his cigarette butt into the water. "After the war I smoked a lot of them!" he shouted. "The Americans gave them to everybody! Five years ago, I stopped smoking. Now I feel better. The ears and the eyes have grown old, but I have



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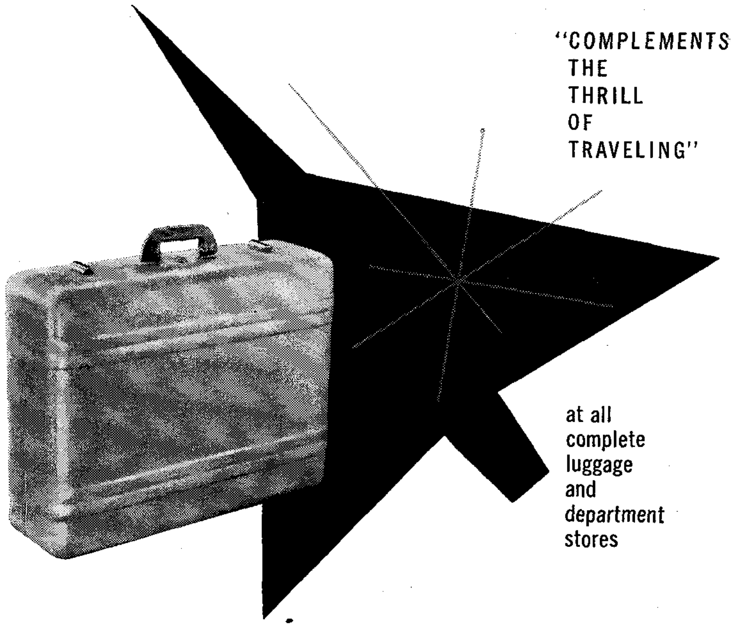

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never been stronger in my life!" The old man held his elbows out from his sides when he said this, and started down the bank with his mongrels.

Barradine saw the lamb stir in the meadow on the other side of the stream. "There's a sick fox nearby," he said.

The shepherd jumped the brook and turned around. *"Ein Fuchs?"*

Barradine pointed downstream. "About three hundred metres."

"The dogs will have him," said the old man.

"He might have rabies."

"Rabies?"

"A sickness. It could be dangerous if he bit one of your lambs."

"Rabies . . ." the old man said.

"I will speak about it to the proprietor," said Barradine.

The shepherd looked as if he were about to jump back across the stream. "But you don't need to do that," he shouted, "for I myself will look at this fox, and when he don't get well I will kill him!".

"If he is sick with rabies, he will be dangerous," Barradine replied.

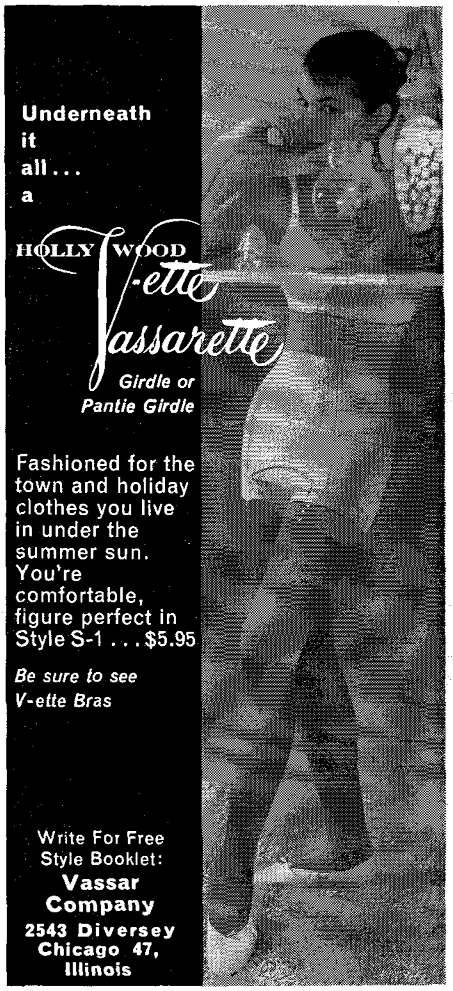
"Don't worry. When he don't get well, I will kill him!" The old man picked up the lamb, waved, and set off down the valley after his flock.

At evening, Barradine followed the brook downstream toward the logging road where he had left his jeep. Tendrils of mist were curling over the edges of the meadow, and the woods were dark on either side and filled with the dankness of spring rain. When he came in sight of the *Kaserne*, he looked for the fox, and found it curled beside the hole. The fox had buried its nose beneath its tail, and the fur along the ridge of its back was being ruffled by a wind that crept through the valley. The shepherd has forgotten, Barradine thought. I'll stop at Saul's on my way home.

When Barradine reached the jeep, he dismantled his rod and laid it and the trout on the floorboards; then he drove out of the forest and past a football field on the hill above Weiersheim. Beyond the field there was a plateau of freshly manured land, and beyond that the road descended the hill to the cobblestoned streets of the village. He left the jeep in the market square and, carrying the two trout he had caught, walked to the end of an adjacent alley, where he found Herr Saul repairing his motorcycle in the yard before his cottage.

"Guten Abend, Herr Saul."

"Guten Abend, Herr Barradine!" Saul leaned the motorcycle against the



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wall of his cottage and advanced, extending his hand. He was a short, stocky man who worked in the County Administration Offices, and he wore thick glasses that magnified his eyes out of all proportion. As if to mitigate the effect of oversized scrutiny, he always smiled, and now, as he saw the trout, he bent forward and smiled broadly. "*Petri Heil!*" he said, pronouncing the invocation to the patron saint of fishing.

"*Petri Dank!*" Barradine replied.

Saul fingered the larger trout. "It will weigh four hundred grams!" He spoke in German, and Barradine, speaking slowly and thinking out the words, answered him in German.

"I brought them as a gift," Barradine said.

"I thank you. They will make a fine breakfast." Saul took the trout and peered into Barradine's face, still smiling.

"Today I have seen a sick fox," Barradine said. "He is three hundred metres below the big pool."

"A fox," Saul repeated. "Yes, there are many of them in the woods."

"The one I saw is sick, perhaps with what we call rabies."

"Rabies? You will have to show me this word in the book." Saul led Barradine into the cottage and into a small living room, where he stooped to search a shelf for his dictionary. When he found it, he switched on a light and handed the book to Barradine, who leafed through the pages.

"*Tollwut*," Barradine said. "*Der Fuchs hat Tollwut, glaub' ich.*"

"*Tollwut*," Saul echoed, peering at the dictionary. "Rabies . . . Yes," he said, in English. "That's very dangerous."

"Of course, I'm not sure of this. It is only possible the fox has *Tollwut*."

"Rabies," Saul repeated. "One moment, please, and I will write this word." He took a notebook from the shelf and looked again at the dictionary. When Barradine glanced at the notebook, he saw rows of English words with their German meanings listed in neat columns beside them. "So you're studying English," he said.

Saul looked up from the notebook with an embarrassed smile. "Each word I write I will remember," he replied, tapping his head.

Barradine nodded, and went on, in German, "I met a shepherd at the stream who told me he would kill the fox if it didn't get well."

"Was the shepherd an old man?"

"An old man with two dogs."

"I believe he is a poacher, that one. If the fox has *Tollwut*, it cannot be left

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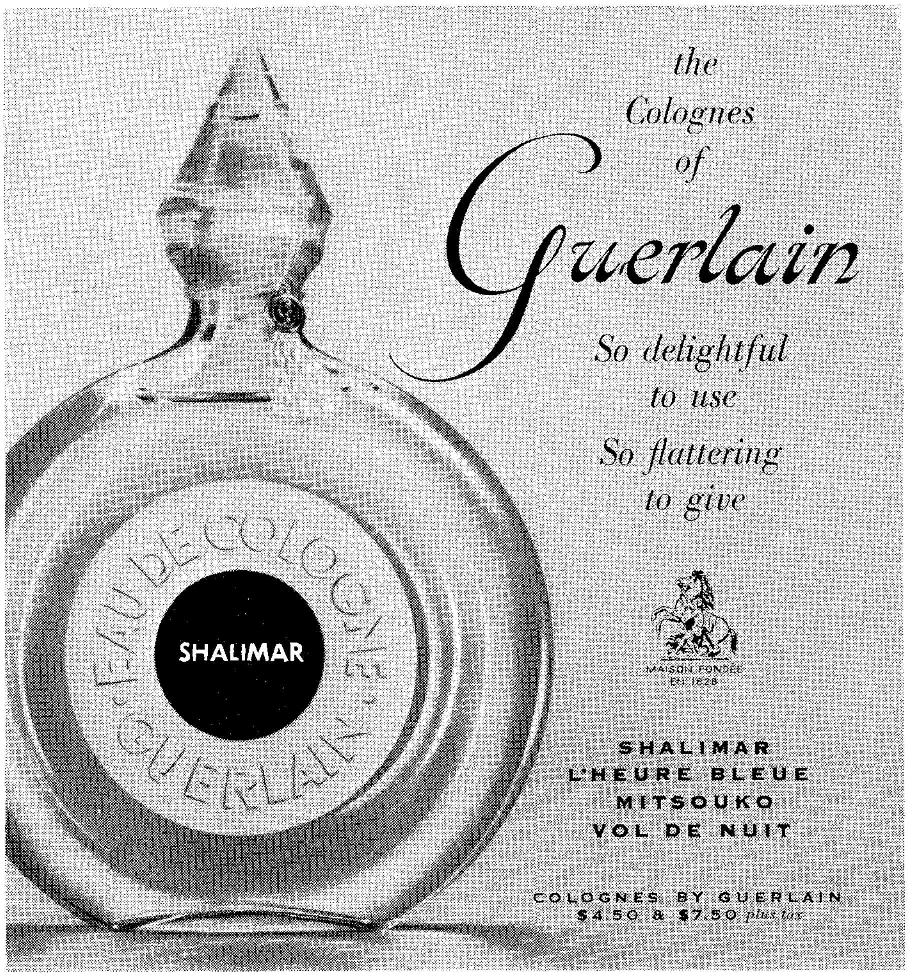

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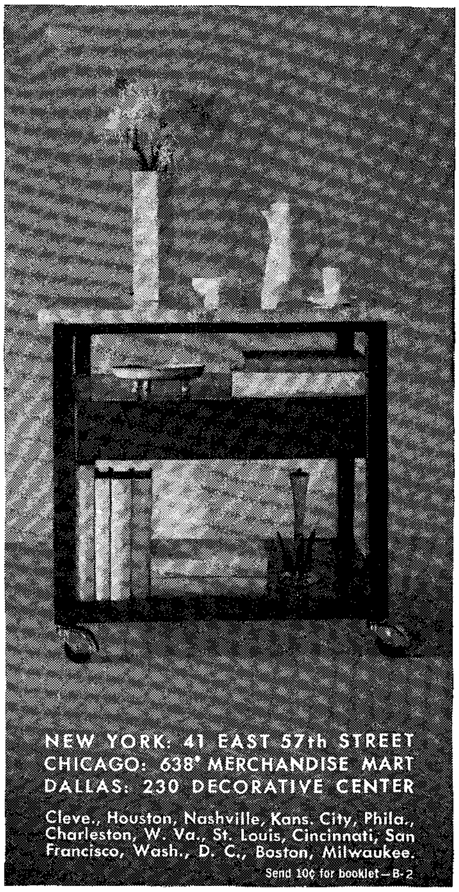

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to him to kill it. The situation would be serious if this fox should bite a child."

"I didn't think of that," Barradine replied. "I told the shepherd because of his sheep."

"Very serious, this *Tollwut.* Since the land belongs to the town, I shall report it to the Town Secretary tomorrow, but it is also a matter for the authorities of the county. The *Kreisjäger* has jurisdiction for the wild animals. Yes, I must report it myself to both the Secretary and the Jäger in the morning." Saul drew himself up and accompanied Barradine to the door. "Perhaps the *Kreisveterinär* should also be informed," he said. "I thank you for bringing this to my attention, Herr Barradine. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

"*Auf Wiedersehen,*" said Barradine.

IN the morning, Barradine picked up his mail and messages at the Battalion Classified Message Center, on the ground floor of the *Kaserne* Headquarters Building. The corporal behind the desk always called him Mr. Barradine, but although Barradine wore civilian clothes and worked alone, he was not a civilian. He was, in reality, a military officer who had been given civilian status for the performance of his mission. This fact, however, was known only to his superiors at Counter Intelligence Headquarters; to the military personnel of the artillery battalion quartered in the *Kaserne* where he lived and had his office, and to German officials of the towns and the *Kreis* that made up his district, he was simply the Resident Intelligence Agent.

Upstairs, in his office, he read the mail and the morning newspaper, and started leafing through the messages; there were the usual bulletins, some reports of May Day demonstrations in the cities, and a letter of information from Counter Intelligence Headquarters. At first glance, it seemed to be a typed form letter similar to the thousands of descriptions and summaries that filled the files. Barradine scanned the letter and tossed it into the basket on his desk. Then, frowning, he picked it up again. At the top were two words of title: "Possible Subversive." Beneath was a slender column of type describing "Subject"—a man named Pucher, whose first name and place of birth were unknown, who had been born in 1886, who was a shepherd, and whose address was listed in capitals as "GRUMBACH." Barradine read the letter once more, reached for his telephone, and dialled his chief at Counter Intelligence Headquarters.

"Mason, this is Barradine speaking. I have a letter here on a shepherd. You know anything about it?"

"What's the file number?"

Barradine read off a series of digits from the top right-hand corner of the letter. There was a short pause, during which he could hear the clacking of typewriters, and then Mason spoke again. "It's by way of an office memo Coolidge sent in last week."

"What's the alleged activity?"

"It seems the shepherd's been seen near a few of the *Kasernes.* Coolidge heard a rumble he might be political, but there's nothing definite."

"That's not much to go on," Barradine said. "Is he supposed to be political because he's been seen near some *Kasernes?*"

Mason laughed. "Coolidge turned it in as a matter of routine. He picked up the rumble in a *Gasthaus* and thought he'd pass it on just in case. Yours is the next district, so I forwarded you an information summary, in the event the shepherd shows up."

"He's here," Barradine said. "I saw him yesterday in a meadow. Nothing there but grass and sheep."

There was another laugh at the end of the line. "It's routine, Harry. It's a precaution. Frankly, I don't think it'll amount to anything, but we have to check it out."

"Look, Mason, I talked with the old guy. He follows a flock of sheep around the countryside. The sheep eat grass, and grass grows in the valleys, which is where you find the towns and where the Germans built the *Kasernes*—it's as simple as that. Besides, the shepherd couldn't leave his animals unattended ten minutes, let alone—"

"Harry, you've been in the business too long to forget we go by the book." Mason's voice was friendly but cool.

"I know," said Barradine. "And the book says you double-check everything and everybody. What'll I do—interrogate the old guy?"

Mason chuckled. "Stop giving me a hard time on Monday morning, Harry. You know damn well we haven't the right to interrogate civilians on our own these days. Now, look, I know you're busy, so don't go to a lot of trouble. Follow it up with the local police when you get the chance. I'll put through a records check and have Coolidge pin down the rumor at his end. If we get a cross-fix and the shepherd comes out clean, we can strike him off the casebook. But since Coolidge put him on paper to begin with, we'll have to get the machinery in motion and check him out."

Barradine hung up the phone and

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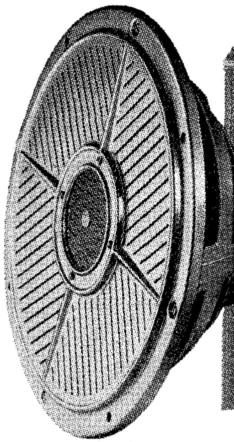
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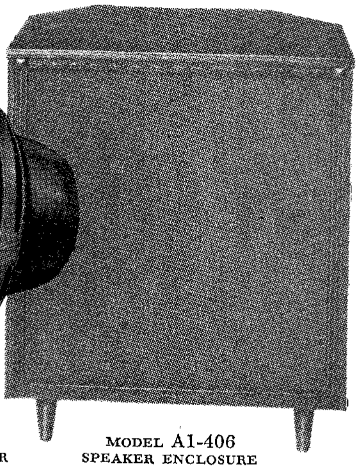
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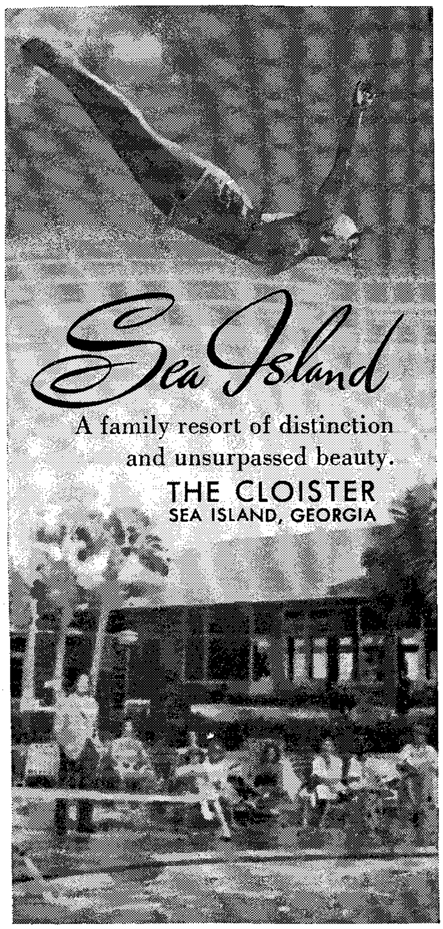

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glanced again at the letter. You're getting careless, he thought. The book is always right—that's been proved before—and you know from experience the business can crop up anywhere and any time. The trouble with you is you wanted that fishing stream to be some kind of sanctuary. . . . Barradine remembered the binoculars slung around the old man's neck, and felt annoyed with himself for remembering them.

AT coffee call, Barradine sat with the *Kaserne* doctor, a pale, red-eyed captain who had been drafted eighteen months previously, upon completion of medical school, and who had recently made his captaincy but had not yet forgiven the Department of the Army for delaying his career. "Here's one for you," the captain said. "I met a girl in Mannheim over the weekend. She asked me where I was stationed, and when I told her, you know what she said? She said I was 'behind the moon'!"

"*Hinter dem Mond.*" Barradine grinned. "That's how city Germans describe the farm districts."

"Which is poetic for boondocks behind the sticks! By the way, Barradine, what do you do for kicks out here in the boondocks?"

"I go fishing," Barradine replied.

"Well," said the captain, "not being a fisherman, I've put in a request for transfer. If it gets by the major at Area Command, I should be able to leave and go into one of the hospitals."

"Who'll stay up here to save lives?"

"You mean who'll stay up here twenty-four hours a day to tell dependent wives there's no known cure for the common cold!"

"You're a great reassurance to them," Barradine said, smiling. "In the event of plague, you'll be a hero."

The captain pushed his cup and saucer impatiently to one side. "There hasn't been anything more than a strep throat since I came here."

"Wait until the dependent kids get mumps."

"It's a diagnosis my replacement will make blindfolded."

"How about rabies?"

"Altogether different," said the captain. "That's a disease transmitted by dogs. They used to call it hydrophobia. You seen a sick dog or something?"

"I saw a sick fox in the valley yesterday."

"A sick fox, hanh?" The captain leaned forward and dropped his voice. "I guess you know a rabid animal of any sort can be sheer poison!"

Barradine noted the confidential

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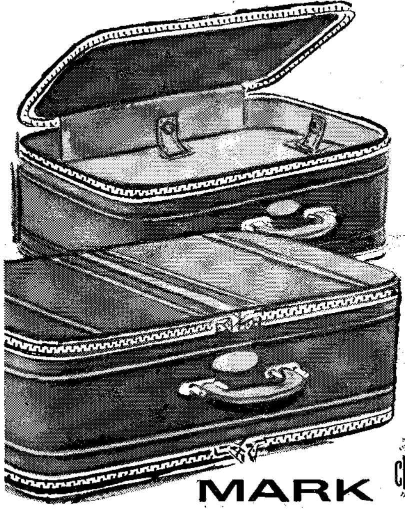

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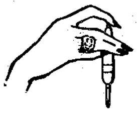

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lowering of the captain's voice. Like everyone else up here, the captain is bored, he thought. He's going to start impressing me with his medical knowledge.

"How far away was this fox?" the captain asked.

"A mile or so," Barradine said.

"What made you think he was sick? You notice any particular symptoms?"

Barradine laughed. "He wasn't foaming around the mouth, if that's what you mean, but he didn't run away. He acted as if he were fed up with everything."

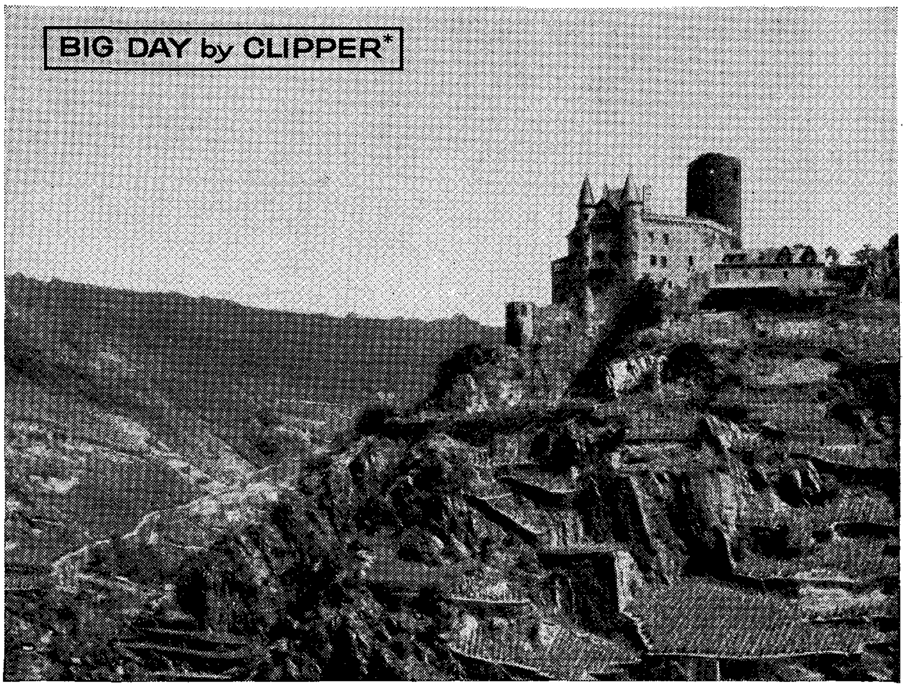
The captain continued in his serious vein. "If he should infect one of the dogs around here, we'd be in a bad way. There's a vaccine for rabies, but it should be administered quickly. With this fox on the loose . . ."

"I don't know if the fox has rabies or not," Barradine said. "All I know is he's sick."

AFTER lunch, Barradine drove up the hill to the Gendarmerie Station on the outskirts of Weiersheim. When he entered the dark hallway, he rapped on the door marked "POLIZEIAMT" and walked inside; Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer, who was sitting at his desk talking into the telephone, looked up and pointed to a chair. Barradine sat, lit a cigarette, and gazed at the wall before him, which was covered with carefully wrought diagrams of traffic accidents showing the precise position of vehicles at the point of impact, the direction in which they were originally travelling, the distance and direction travelled after impact, and the exact position of the slightly injured, the disabled, and the dead. Then his glance fell, as it always did, upon the wall above the heating stove, where there was a photograph showing Bauer in his Wehrmacht tunic and officer's peaked hat. Barradine looked at the desk where Bauer's automatic pistol lay hidden in its shining black holster and, finally, at Bauer himself, who, in his policeman's green uniform, sat leaning over the desk and barking into the telephone. Except for what Barradine knew to be a difference in color, the uniform was nearly identical with the one in the photograph. Barradine examined Bauer's long black boots, shuffling in irritation on the floor beneath the desk, and the tiny, well-oiled folds where the leather creased above the ankles. Then Bauer hung the receiver on a wall hook and turned the crank handle to cut off the call. The two men stood and shook hands.

"So, Herr Barradine . . ."

"I stopped in a moment to ask you



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about a shepherd whom I have seen in the valley," Barradine said. With the *Wachtmeister* he always spoke German.

"In the Weiersheim valley?"

"An old man who comes from Grumbach."

"Ah, that one! That one comes twice a year. He comes once in the spring and once again in late summer after the hay is cut."

"What do you know of him?"

The *Wachtmeister* shrugged, smiling. "At night, the shepherd leaves his sheep in Leuthner's barn and goes to drink beer at the Gasthof Post."

Barradine took a package of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and proffered the open end to Bauer, who selected a cigarette and held it carefully between his lips as he applied the match flame. All right, use the direct approach, Barradine thought. This Bauer is not a diplomat from Bonn. "Does the shepherd have a criminal record?" he asked.

"The shepherd has no criminal record here," replied Bauer, "but who knows what record he may have elsewhere? You would have to visit every village in the Pfalz! One time, some farmers claimed he had not obtained the proper grazing permits, and another time the *Kreisjäger* suspected him of snaring rabbits—but nothing was proved." The policeman shrugged. "Who can tell about shepherds? They are always moving from one place to another."

"What do you know of his politics?"

"Ah!" Bauer smiled. "His politics . . . Who knows about the politics of shepherds? They are always alone. This one sometimes goes to the *Gasthaus,* but I have never heard of his discussing politics. Who knows about the politics of a shepherd? His dogs, the sheep perhaps . . ." Bauer laughed through the smoke of the cigarette.

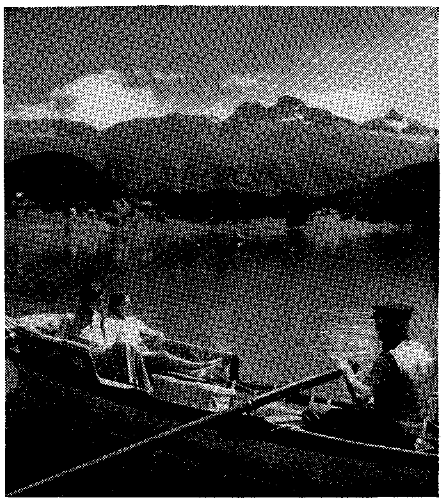
The *Wachtmeister* is having a fine time, Barradine thought, and it is your own damn fault. Coolidge is a fool for having written up a report on the basis of hearsay, and you are a fool for coming here with these stupid questions. I'll be damned if you're going to give Police Sergeant Bauer the pleasure of telling you why it is the shepherd carries binoculars.

"Does the shepherd have any physical defects?" Barradine asked.

"Defects?" Bauer repeated, shrugging. "His ears, perhaps. In the *Gasthaus* they shout at him to make themselves understood."

"And the eyes?"

"*Ja,* also the eyes! Once, during the



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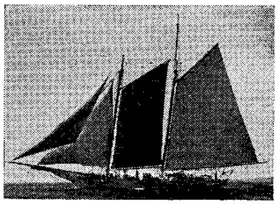

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rabbit business, I demanded his papers and found an administrative mistake on his identity card. When I brought this to the shepherd's attention, he had difficulty in seeing it." Bauer was smiling again. "You have some suspicion, *nicht?*"

This time it was Barradine who shrugged. "Nothing important," he said. "A few rumors." The shepherd was telling the truth, he thought.

"You know the shepherd's name?" asked Bauer.

"Pucher."

"*Ja,* I remember it now. Perhaps he has come over from the East. As I say, there is no telling about these shepherds. When there are no barns, they sleep in the woods."

"It is undoubtedly a rumor," Barradine said. "Do you expect any local disturbances to follow those that took place in the cities on May Day?"

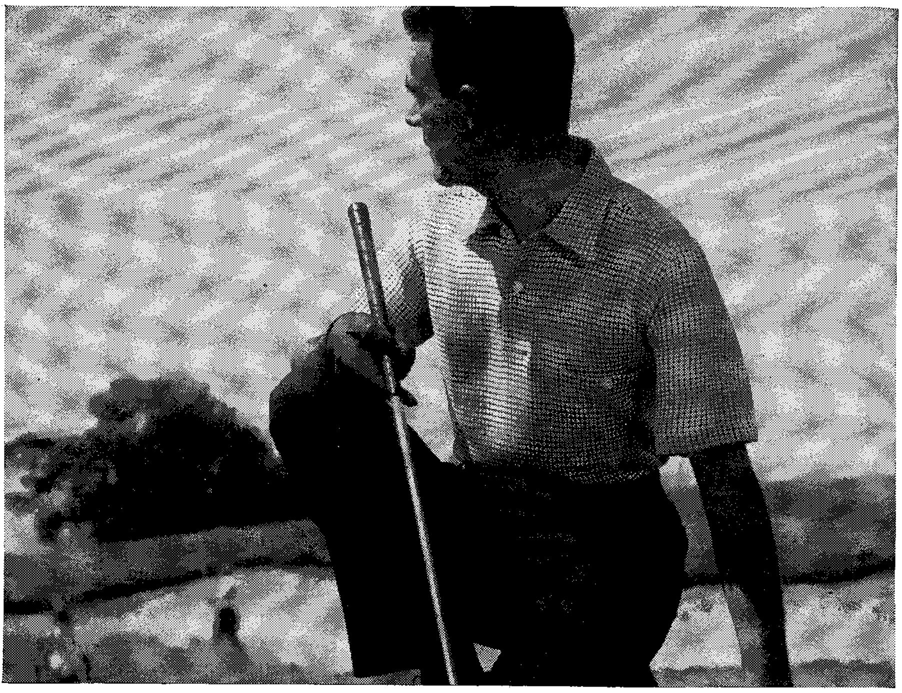
Bauer was at the window, looking into the street. "These shepherds are like animals," he muttered. "They are never of any one town or place, so it is entirely possible the rumors are correct. I will make some inquiries. Perhaps I will find the shepherd has failed to obtain the proper grazing rights." He turned and smiled at Barradine, who had risen.

"I'm sure it's a rumor," Barradine said. You can't beat this Bauer's thought processes, he told himself. Now that the bastard thinks you know something he doesn't know, he's willing to nail the shepherd with anything he can lay his hands on. "Please let me know if any political demonstrations are scheduled," he said.

"I will telephone you, Herr Barradine, and I will mention our shepherd to the authorities. One must keep a constant eye on such wanderers."

The *Wachtmeister* came outside and stood on the stoop as Barradine went down to the street. When Barradine turned to say goodbye, he saw the black boots on a level with his eyes, at the top of the steps. Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer was smiling down at him from the same height as that from which Barradine had first looked down at the fox. The boots were immaculate in the sunlight.

WHEN Barradine returned to the *Kaserne,* he found a note tacked to his door requesting his presence in the office of the battalion colonel. The colonel was a conscientious officer who took considerable pride in knowing every facet and characteristic of his *Kaserne* and command; hence he rarely summoned the Resident Intelligence Agent except when something turned



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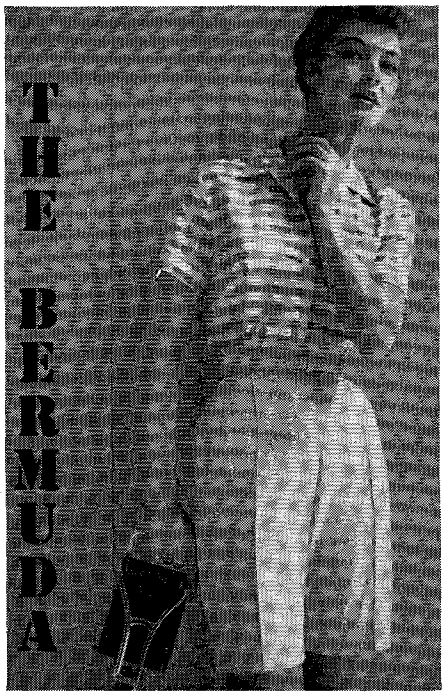
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up in the latter's field that made this knowledge appear incomplete. During such interviews, Barradine always revolved in ever-diminishing circles around the subject, leaving innumerable loopholes to afford the colonel an opportunity of claiming prior knowledge at some convenient point. It was an old military game, in which each participant was fully aware of the other's intention, and it was played without rancor.

Barradine went to the colonel's office and waited outside until the adjutant asked him to step in. The colonel, a small, severe man, sat dwarfed behind an immense mahogany desk with two 75-millimetre-shell bookends before him and a pair of crossed flags at his back. He pressed his lips together as Barradine came over the carpet, and Barradine recognized the pressing of the lips as an unfavorable sign.

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Yes, Barradine," said the colonel. "I received a telephone call this afternoon from the commander of the Area Medical Attachment. He's sending an inspection team out here at zero-eight-hundred hours tomorrow morning. It seems our good doctor phoned in some damned nonsense about you seeing an animal with rabies."

Barradine smiled. "I told the doctor I'd seen a sick fox."

"Well, the medics have made the usual flap out of it." The colonel cast a humorless glance at Barradine and rustled through some disposition forms lying on his desk. "Group sent instructions by courier an hour ago. First of all, I'm supposed to furnish someone who'll lead the inspection team to the fox. Then I have to corral all the dog owners in my command and determine whether all dogs are properly registered. And, finally"—the colonel said this reproachfully, looking Barradine in the face—"I've got to prepare a list showing dog owners, kind of dogs owned, and date of last rabies injection."

"My God!" said Barradine. "I only mentioned it in passing!"

"So did the doctor," the colonel observed dryly. "It's how flaps get started. Since you're the one who indirectly got the ball rolling, I'd appreciate it if you'd be at the gate at zero-eight-hundred to meet the inspection team. I'll furnish some men, and you can lead the expedition out to wherever it is you saw this animal while I have the list made up." The ghost of a smile appeared on the colonel's face.

"I'm sorry about the trouble, sir, and I'll do what I can to help," Barradine said. "I want to assure you, however,

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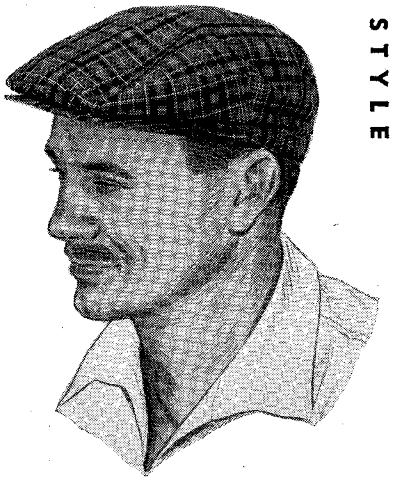

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that my official functions have nothing to do with diseased foxes."

"I know that," the colonel replied. "Mine have nothing to do with canine injections. I'm not a veterinarian. I'm trying to ready this post for the inspector general's party next week."

Upstairs, as Barradine unlocked the door to his office, he heard his telephone ring. He went in, moved quickly across the room, and picked up the receiver.

"*Ja*, Herr Barradine," a voice said. "Here is Saul. I have been trying to reach you this afternoon, for I have important news of the fox."

Barradine swung the phone cord around the corner of his desk and sat heavily in his swivel chair.

"I have spoken with the Town Secretary and the Jäger, Herr Barradine. Our Secretary is much interested and has written a proclamation ordering the children from the *Wald* until the matter is settled. He has asked me to tell you that he would be pleased for you to meet the Jäger and Wachtmeister Bauer tomorrow morning. They would like to see this fox and shoot it. The Town Secretary also believes the *Kommandant* of the *Kaserne* should be notified, but as I do not have his telephone number, I thought perhaps . . ."

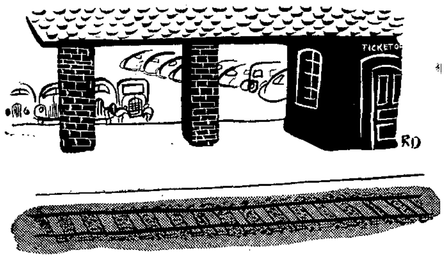
"The *Kommandant* already knows of the fox," Barradine replied. "At what time does the Jäger wish me to meet him?"

"At your convenience, Herr Barradine."

"Tell him I'll be in the square shortly after eight o'clock," Barradine said, and hung up the phone.

The sun was falling behind a barracks building, and a final ray of light slanted through the window, striking Barradine on the small of the back. For some minutes after he hung up the phone, he sat in his swivel chair and thought of the fox recuperating in the warm afternoon.

THE morning was cool and hazy, as spring mornings are in the Rhineland, where night slips off the open fields leaving a wake of mist. Barradine sat in his jeep at the front gate of the *Kaserne*, watching two white-



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helmeted M.P.s check the passes of incoming personnel and wave on outgoing cars filled with dependent wives bound for the shopping centers at Mannheim and Heidelberg. Across the roadway, some manure wagons were passing out to the fields, the men sitting in the wagons and holding the reins of oxen, the women wearing kerchiefs and plodding in the road behind, and the cargoes steaming in the morning chill. Presently, a jeep turned off the highway and started down the hill toward the *Kaserne*. When Barradine made out the white circle and red cross emblazoned on the canvas top, he stepped into the road and signalled the vehicle to a halt; a lieutenant in field uniform and sunglasses opened the door.

"Good morning," Barradine said. "Are you the veterinarian?"

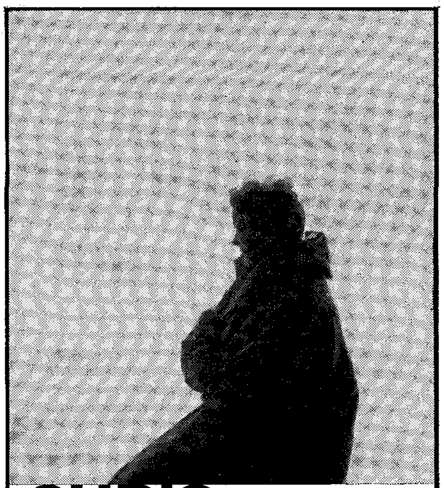
"I'm a physician," the lieutenant replied unhappily. "The vet is checking cows today."

Barradine looked at the unhappy lieutenant and suppressed a smile. Then he turned and waved toward the parking lot inside the gate, where a sergeant and two soldiers—the men the colonel had promised him—were waiting by a three-quarter-ton truck. "All right," he said to the lieutenant. "Tell your driver to follow me and we'll get this over with as quickly as possible."

When the three military vehicles ground to a halt on the cobblestones of the square in Weiersheim, Barradine saw the Jäger and Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer sitting side by side on motorcycles. As Barradine got out of his jeep, the two men kicked the stands beneath their cycles and dismounted. The Jäger wore brown leather breeches and the green jacket and hat of his profession, and carried a shotgun slung over his back. A large, confident Airedale sat patiently in a carrier attached to his motorcycle. Barradine glanced at the two pairs of immaculate boots and shook hands with both the Jäger and Wachtmeister Bauer.

"We must wait for the Town Secretary," Bauer said, grinning and rubbing his hands briskly in the morning chill. "Our Secretary has undoubtedly prepared a speech for the occasion."

As the policeman spoke, Barradine saw the Secretary and Saul emerge from a building across the square. Saul was also wearing boots—not the high, tight-fitting boots of the policeman or the Jäger but the heavy kind worn by peasants in the fields. Bauer grinned again and repeated his joke about the Secretary's speech, but Barradine pretended not to understand. Behind him, he heard the door of the truck slam



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shut, and turned to see the sergeant and the soldiers lean their carbines against a fender and light cigarettes.

"*Guten Morgen, Herr Barradine,*" said Saul, out of breath from walking across the cobblestones.

"*Guten Morgen,*" Barradine replied, and shook hands with Saul and the Secretary.

"And why do the soldiers carry weapons?" the Jäger demanded. His lean face had flushed, and he directed the question not to Barradine but to the Town Secretary. The Secretary, who had been on the verge of speaking, minimized the soldiers with an impatient wave of his hand, and smiled.

"No doubt because the *Kommandant* has ordered them to do so," Barradine said, to Saul.

The Jäger's gray eyes narrowed. He turned again to the Secretary. "It is not necessary that the soldiers carry weapons. I myself will dispose of the fox—if, indeed, there is any fox to be disposed of."

A point well made, Barradine thought. If there is no fox to be disposed of, the game warden is not going to be disappointed. That's a military face, the warden's; it's the face of a man who has counted tanks in his day and who now counts hares and roebuck and who isn't any happier about your finding a sick fox in his territory than the colonel was when you . . . "It is customary for soldiers to carry weapons, is it not?" Barradine said, addressing Saul again.

"Yes, certainly," Bauer said. "But the Herr Jäger must do the killing. This is also customary, Herr Barradine."

"Naturally," Barradine replied.

"You may be interested to know that we have found something about the shepherd," Bauer went on, his voice faintly placating. "Our shepherd has indeed failed to obtain the proper permissions this season, so we shall have the opportunity now to question him."

"I am no longer interested in the shepherd," Barradine said. "It appears to me the rumors against him have no foundation."

"I will require the soldiers to leave their weapons in the truck," the Jäger announced, and then said something that Barradine did not understand.

"The soldiers are under the orders of the *Kaserne Kommandant,*" Barradine replied. "Let's get going." He climbed into his jeep, opened the door for Saul, and started the engine.

"*Gute Jagd!*" the Town Secretary shouted.

Barradine waved to the Secretary,

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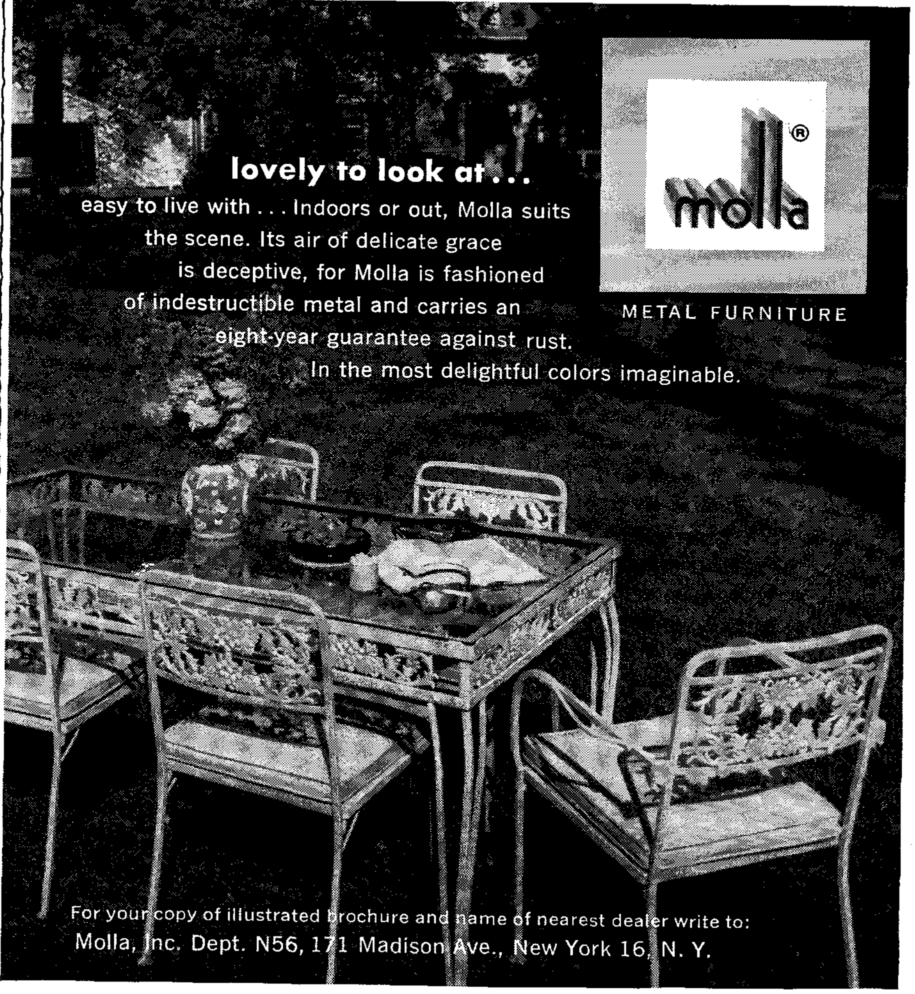

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wheeled the jeep around, and started up the hill out of town. Yes, it'll be a good hunt, he thought. It's going to be one hell of a pleasant safari. At this point, the clients would like to substitute the White Hunter for the fox. The doctor is offended because you mistook him for a veterinarian; the Jäger was offended when the fox was reported in the first place, and now his professional pride is outraged because the soldiers have brought along their weapons; to top it off, the *Wachtmeister* appears honor bound to prove something derogatory against the shepherd. The fox may be a loser, too, but by this time he's probably taking his rest cure in another *Kreis*. It's your own damn fault for not having left him alone to begin with. . . .

SAUL and Barradine arrived first at the meadow and waited for the others. It was cold and quiet in the valley, and steam was rising from the hollow of the brook. The motorcycles of the Jäger and the *Wachtmeister* appeared at the edge of the forest and slithered across the wet grass, leaving serpentine trails in the dew. When the party had assembled, Barradine walked to the truck and told the sergeant to keep his men in the background and to allow the Jäger to do the shooting if there was any shooting to be done. Then he started upstream, followed by the Jäger and the dog, who was sniffing eagerly at the bushes, and the others strung out behind like a column on patrol.

When he drew opposite the point where he had last seen the fox, he descended the bank and jumped the brook. The others came after him, except for the sergeant and the soldiers, who remained on the bank smoking cigarettes. For several minutes Barradine searched through the scrub; then he stopped and, in puzzlement, pointed to the place where the hole had been but where there was now a mound of red earth and a cleared area showing the scars of fresh digging. Turning, he noted the serious face of the lieutenant from the medical detachment, the disappointed face of Saul, and the disdainful faces of the Jäger and Bauer. Whining, the Jäger's dog began to paw the ground at his feet.

Upon a quiet command from its master, the dog went to the edge of the meadow and lay down, watching the assemblage that had gathered in a semicircle around the clearing. The Jäger took up a stick from the brush and prodded the pile of dirt; then he removed the shotgun from his shoul-

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der, stood it against a tree, and, with both hands on the stick, began to scoop the earth backward between his legs. Below the surface he uncovered traces of fur and, after more digging, unearthed the fox sprawled forlornly in a shallow grave, with mud caking its wet and matted pelt.

"But you were right, it is certainly a fox!" said Saul, clapping Barradine on the back as if to reaffirm a confidence that had begun to waver.

"The shepherd has done as he promised," Barradine replied.

"Our instructions are to take the animal to the *Kreisveterinär* for examination," said Bauer, glancing at the lieutenant from the medical detachment. "Naturally, Herr Barradine, the results of this examination will be made known to the American authorities."

The Jäger had taken a length of leather thong from his pocket and passed it carefully beneath the corpse. Now he drew it about the forelegs and knotted it tightly. Then, leading the way, he descended to the stream, swung the fox to the farther side, and jumped across. The soldiers cast indifferent glances at the dead animal as he dragged it through the bush. Bauer hurried to his side. "Our shepherd has killed and buried the fox, Herr Jäger, but perhaps his mongrels have engaged the animal! Perhaps it has bitten one of the sheep!"

The Jäger deposited his burden beside the motorcycles and nodded. Bauer began to speak in a torrent of German, which Barradine could not understand.

"What the *Wachtmeister* thinks may be true," said Saul. "If some of the animals of the shepherd have come in contact with the fox, they may indeed be infected. We are back where we began, Herr Barradine!"

"Who knows if the fox had rabies or not?" Barradine replied. "How will anyone know until the veterinarian has examined the animal and given his report?"

"But, Herr Barradine, that the fox had rabies was your opinion in the beginning!"

"So it was," said Barradine, wearily.

The Jäger and Bauer were conversing with slurred German vehemence when the latter suddenly stepped aside and pointed up the valley. The sun, mounting in the east, had cast a long corridor of light toward the mountain, and far away, where the meadow diminished into the woods, Barradine saw the shepherd and his flock outlined like a minuscule crèche against the grass. Saul rushed to Bauer's side

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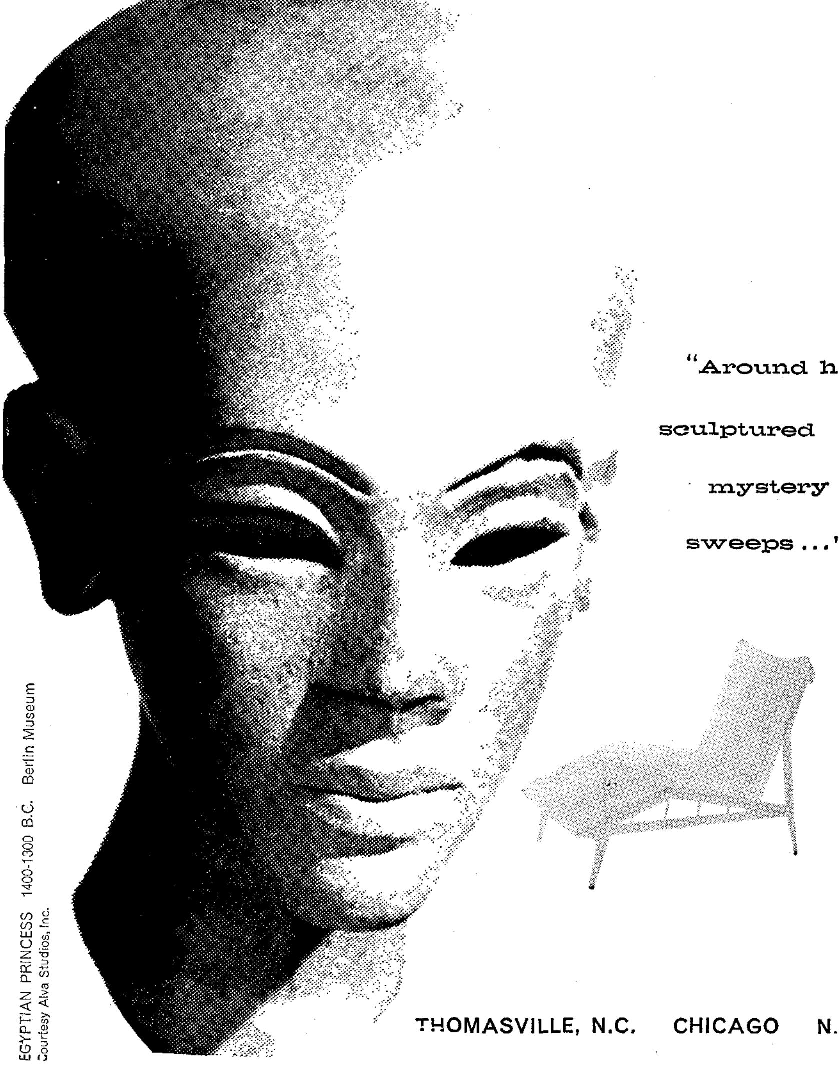

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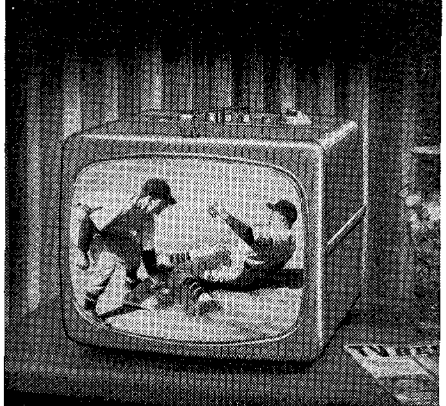

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and squinted along his outstretched arm.

"Our shepherd has not moved on fast enough this time!" Bauer shouted. He smiled at Barradine.

"Wait!" Barradine said. "When the fox was first discovered, the shepherd stated he would kill it if it did not become well. What justice can there be in troubling him now, when he has only carried out his promise and thereby saved us trouble?"

"But, Herr Barradine, certain elements of the situation remain to be determined, and the finding of the fox *dead* merely brings new complications to light. . . ." The voice of Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer was soothing, and the smile was still on his face. "To begin with, there is the matter of grazing permits that the shepherd has failed to obtain. Secondly, there is a question as to whether the animals of the old man have come in contact with the diseased fox. Then, there is serious doubt whether the shepherd had the right to dispose of the fox without consulting the proper authorities." Here Bauer looked significantly at the Jäger. "And, finally, Herr Barradine, is there not some doubt remaining as to your own suspicions? Would it not benefit you professionally to interrogate the shepherd at this time?"

"I am convinced that any professional suspicions concerning the shepherd have been unwarranted," replied Barradine. The *Wachtmeister* has a technical point, he thought. Should you pass up the chance to double-check?

Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer was smiling politely. "Naturally, you must do as you think best, Herr Barradine. I merely thought you might wish to observe, since we must apprehend the shepherd anyway—" Bauer broke off, shrugging. "It is a perfect opportunity, *nicht?*"

"For God's sake!" Barradine began, and then looked at the lean, determined face and gray eyes of the Jäger. You fool, he thought. The worst thing you could have done was give the Jäger the idea you wanted to protect the shepherd.

"Sixty miles to see a buried animal!" the lieutenant from the medical detachment complained bitterly.

"Go to hell!" said Barradine.

The lieutenant adjusted his sunglasses, jumped into his jeep, and ordered the driver to start away. Saul looked at Barradine and hesitated as the Jäger and Polizeiwachtmeister Bauer began walking over the meadow toward the mountain; then he turned and hurried after the two figures plowing steadily through the wet grass.

Barradine looked up the valley at the flock, and saw a glint of light. He strained to make out the shepherd, and saw another flash, which came from the midst of the sheep, as if the sun were reflecting against a shining object. The sharp light cut into him and made him wince. It's the binoculars, he thought miserably. The shepherd's seen the three of them and he can see you also. Why in the name of God and in the first place could you not have allowed the fox the privilege of diagnosing his own ailments and being sick in peace?

The three Germans were striding briskly over the meadow, their heavy boots cutting parallel trails in the covering of dew. For a moment, Barradine watched the rapidly diminishing figures, and then he started slowly up the valley; following their straight, purposeful swath, he found himself shivering in the first warmth of day.

—Paul Adrian Brodeur, Jr.

• •

THOUGHTS ON REREADING "DON JUAN"

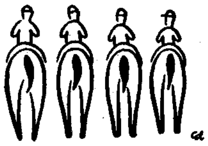
The reprobate pursues the virtuous woman
  With purposes extremely reprehensible;
He swoops upon his prey as with a Grumman
  Jet plane. To this she cannot be insensible.
I loathe the reprobate; there is no room in
  My mind to make defense of th'indefensible.
Yet surely any scientist of stature'll
Admit the reprobate's behavior's natural.

Then fie on Nature, which approves begetters
  Of by-blows! Let us rather give our plaudit
To blameless men adjusting carburetors,
  To auditors in agony of audit,
To red-eyed commentators on belles-letters,
  To the bank's guards 'gainst crooks who would defraud it,
To those who cheat the grinning doom pursuing 'em
By pressing pants, and advertising chewing gum.

—Morris Bishop

THE RACE TRACK

Great Day



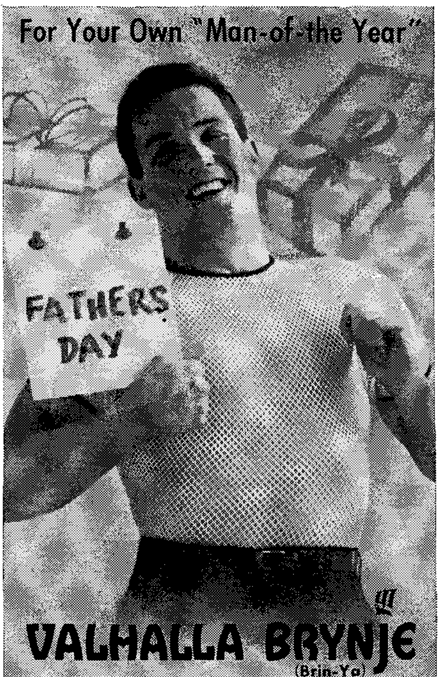
FOR a number of years, it has been the custom and the pleasure of this department to go up to the Woodbine at Toronto for the Queen's Plate, which is Canada's blue-ribbon event for three-year-olds. The ninety-eighth running came off last weekend at the New Woodbine, which opened just a year ago, and, as almost everyone had expected, E. P. Taylor's Lyford Cay led from start to finish, passing the winning post nearly a dozen lengths ahead of his stable companion Chopadette, who belongs to Mrs. Taylor. Bayfield Farm's Flying Atom was third, four lengths farther back. Though Lyford Cay dominated the race, it was hardly a tame affair. Queen's Plates never are. Lyford Cay was under the whip in the long run past the stand the first time, and again on the turn for home. I suppose that Gomez, who rode him, was determined nothing was going to catch him, and nothing did, although Rogers, on Chopadette, certainly made a good try. The result was that Lyford Cay ran the mile and a quarter in 2:02⅗—a new Canadian record. Ali's Pride, the second favorite, who had been a paddock tip for days, came in fifth. I don't imagine he could have beaten the winner or the second horse in any circumstance, but it is only fair to say that he got into all sorts of difficulties. The eight others were outclassed in varying degrees.

Lyford Cay was Mr. Taylor's fourth Queen's Plate winner, the previous ones being Epic, in 1949; Major Factor, in 1951; and Canadiana, in 1953. He has also bred three other winners of the race—McGill (1950), Epigram (1952), and Canadian Champ, who won last year. This record pales beside that of J. E. Seagram, who won the race eight times in a row in the nineties and seven times more during the next seventeen years. Still, it's a start. Lyford Cay is a medium-sized bay gelding by Chop Chop, and has good length for his height and a smooth, strong way of galloping. Even the oldest experts agreed that he won by more lengths than any other Plate winner they could remember. He had given an inkling of his prowess early in the week, in the Plate Trial, when he romped home by seven lengths. His starts have all been at the New Woodbine, and he has done very well, taking three out of six last year and all three so far this season. In addition to the check for fifty guineas that he'll receive from the Privy Purse of Queen Elizabeth, his share of the winnings was $26,070. Whether he'll go to Belmont later on, and how he'll make out there, is anyone's guess. I'll venture a prediction about another Taylor colt, however. The day before the Queen's Plate, I spent a delightful morning at Windfields Farm, where all those Taylor winners come from (the stable sent out La Belle Rose that same afternoon to take the Woodbine Oaks), and among the two-year-olds I saw a big, handsome bay colt named Winston, who may not come to the races for a month or so; if he has ordinary luck and runs half as well as he looks, he is going to be the next winner of the Queen's Plate.

THE New Woodbine had its biggest day last weekend. Favored by fine weather, it entertained nearly twenty-seven thousand visitors, who enjoyed racing that was as lively and interesting as you'd find anywhere. Much of the newness has worn off the track, and the place has a more settled look than it had last year. The grass is greener, the flowers are coming out, and there are swans on the lakes in the infield. Even aside from all that, though, there is something about the Queen's Plate that raises it above the level of other races. Its age isn't what does it, though it is the oldest fixture run continuously in North America, nor is it a matter of a big purse, for there are a great many races that are far richer. Perhaps it is simply that the Queen's Plate has a glamour and a dignity about it that no other race on this continent can match. It's really something to see the Governor-General's Horse Guards in full dress riding down the stretch, escorting the representative of the Crown. Racing on this side of the border could do with some ceremonial touches like that.

I WASN'T a bit surprised when I heard that Lou Doherty's Traffic Judge had won the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont last Saturday. He did so well in a trial sprint the week before that you couldn't help liking him. I was dumfounded, however, by the poor race Nasco ran on Wednesday in the Juvenile Stakes, which was won by Li'l Fella. Just the same, I'm going to stick with him for another race or two.

—AUDAX MINOR



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TABLES FOR TWO

Everybody's Doing It

THE Village Vanguard and the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria can be added to the growing list of jazz rooms. In the former, a small, wedge-shaped cellar, the first of a series of roughly similar double bills scheduled to be put on there over the next month or two consists of the Chico Hamilton Quintet and Irwin Corey, the comedian, while in the latter, a vast, thoroughly rectangular room, Sarah Vaughan, the singer, and Count Basie's orchestra are inaugurating a policy that will also yield further combinations of the same sort.

The formula at the Village Vanguard is a sound and simple one: Corey, a talented monologist, with whose work you are very likely familiar, takes the tiny stage and makes the audience laugh for half an hour or more, and then, after an interval, the quintet comes on and elicits quiet interest for about the same length of time. On the night I was there, Corey, a master of irrelevancy, delivered a time-honored lecture of his called "The History of Jazz"—a lunatic account of the progress of the music from New Orleans to Chicago and on to New York—interrupting it at one point to take a few orders from nearby tables. The Hamilton quintet is a concert group, with a polished and absorbing technique, and a prevailingly grave sound that is due partly to the presence of a cellist and partly to a repertoire that includes several introspective compositions. Even when the quintet swings, it does so in a controlled, thoughtful fashion, as in a treatment of "Caravan" in which a flute, carrying the melody, and a tambourine, providing a slurred beat, produce a moody effect. In addition to Hamilton, a gifted drummer capable of laying down richly varied and often exceedingly intricate rhythmic patterns, the ensemble consists of Fred Katz, who plays the cello with impressive skill, and who, by the way, is responsible for some of the compositions as well; Carson Smith, an expert bassist and also a composer; John Pisano, a guitarist who is capable of both imaginative single-note lines and rich chord passages; and Paul Horn, who plays alto saxophone, clarinet, flute, and piccolo with sensitivity. The arrangements make ingenious use of all the instruments, joining them in various ways and calling for several styles of execution, and it is not often during a set that you will hear a given tonal combination for longer than a single chorus. It is a fascinating, expertly schooled unit, and I was taken with, among other things, a jaunty work entitled "Science Fiction;" a broadly romantic movie theme, one of Katz's compositions, identified as "Susan;" and a bouncy blues that gave way toward the middle to a lengthy and arresting exhibition of Hamilton's talent on the drums.

For some reason, the people running the show at the Starlight Roof decided to call it "Calypso Carnival," and, in pursuit of this doubtful aesthetic theme, they have set a somewhat confusing course. The new décor (with imitation palm trees rising along the walls and bamboo bird cages hanging from the ceiling, the room now resembles a fantastic aviary) is cheerful and summery enough, I suppose, but the musical performance itself has been adulterated by the calypso influence. As if the excellent jazz singing of Miss Vaughan and of Joe Williams, Basie's vocalist, and the swinging performances by the band weren't sufficient, a calypso group, rather ornately named the Haitian Moon Dancers, takes the floor at intervals. If you overlook these extraneous interludes, though, you can find nothing but enjoyment in the singing of Miss Vaughan, whose voice, with its marvellous ability to produce both mezzo-soprano and lyric-soprano timbres, ranges far up and far down the scale in lovely interpretations of standards; in the adept and lusty work of Mr. Williams, as his baritone flirts with the blues; and in the stimulating band numbers. I guess my trouble when it comes to those moon dancers is that I could listen on and on to Miss Vaughan, and would probably be disgruntled even if the entire New York City Ballet trotted out to interrupt her.

THINKING it over, I realize that I have poked my head into a great many other rooms over the past couple of weeks, and I'd like to mention some of the goings on in them as briefly as possible. For example, a recent visit to the Blue Angel introduced me to an exceptionally talented young comedienne, named Carol Burnett, who was delightful in a tuneful and refreshing introductory song called "I'm Getting the Feel of the Room," and in a number in which she supposedly greeted, by gestures, each and every member of an extremely large family while singing a chorus of "My Romance" on television. On the same bill, you will find Will Holt, a balladeer with a sweeping repertoire that includes a wonderful campaign song about Boston's first subway-fare increase; Chavala, a winsome lady who sings Mexican folk songs and tears her voice to shreds with some Indian growls; and the perennial Spivy, singing racy little songs to her own piano accompaniment. . . . Then, there is the airy Celeste Holm in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre. Being a self-assured actress as well as a passable singer, she manages, with a minimum of props, to act out a small drama in which she pretends she is anxiously awaiting her dinner date (it turns out that she has gone to the wrong hotel) as she sings a number of pleasant songs. . . . The Jonah Jones quartet has settled down at the Embers for a spell. Jones, who is a good journeyman trumpeter, and his colleagues (pianist, bassist, and drummer) stir up a bit of a commotion now and then as they play old songs. . . . The Bon Soir, being a madcap room to begin with, and a fairly intimate one as well, somehow has the unusual ability to make everything that goes on in it seem supercharged with excitement. At least, it did the other night when I was there. Under its spell, I became convinced that the rotund Sylvia Syms, wriggling between two pianos as she sang "Let There Be Love," "I Could Have Danced All Night," "Get Me to the Church On Time," and other bonbons, was a wildly abandoned comedienne, and that Jimmie Komack, telling and singing about boyish aberrations, was the funniest psychiatric patient of the season. I'd hate to be there on a slow night, though. —D. W.

•

FATHER

My father is growing old.
Even in the summer sun,
He warms his trembling hands on
My dwindling flame,
Rubbing them together
Petulantly while
The fire flickers and sinks into
The whitening ash of my name.

My father, I would stir up
My love, if I could,
But I, too, am cold,
And I must turn
To another fire where
My children burn.

—Milton Kaplan

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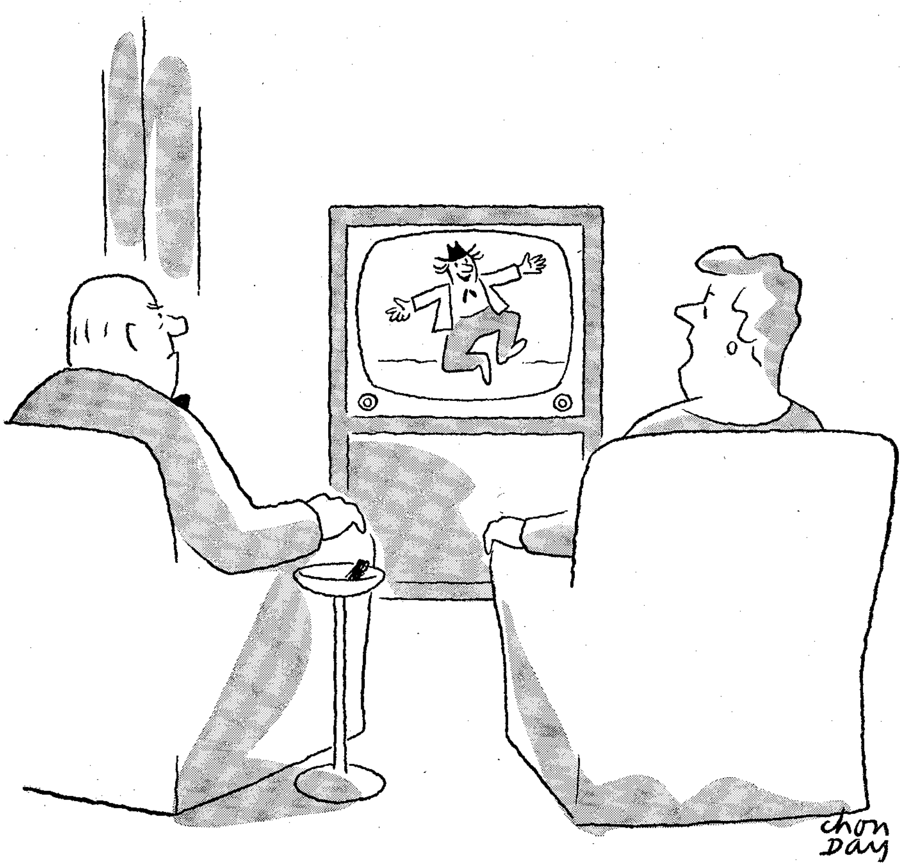
BOOKS

One Creature

MAURICE GOUDEKET discovered Colette through her books when he was fifteen or sixteen years old, and announced to his parents, "I am going to marry that woman. She is the only one who will be able to understand me." He dismisses the incident as simply the incredible pride and fancifulness of adolescence. Nevertheless, he did marry her. "Close to Colette" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) is an account of their life together. It tells how she put salt and garlic on her bread and how she liked her morning coffee, what houses they lived in, who her friends were, what sort of books she read, how they came to America on the maiden voyage of the Normandie, how the Queen of Belgium came to lunch, how Colette tried unsuccessfully to put M. Gide at his ease, how she got Goudeket released from a German concentration camp, how they survived the war, how, bedridden with arthritis, she accommodated herself to immobility and old age. The reader is allowed to see her and know her informally—to know her preferences in music (she did not care for Mozart and called Bach "a sublime sewing machine"), to know her faithful servant, Pauline, to be present at her waking in the morning, to watch her put kohl on her eyelids, to go walking with her in the Forest of Rambouillet. The reader is free to follow her around like a child following its mother, indoors, outdoors, happy, unhappy: with her dog and her cat; with friends, with her daughter, Colette de Jouvenel; now worried about money, now unable to sleep because every sound all night is the Germans coming to take her husband away again; with Cocteau, with Segonzac, with her brother Léo, the little boy in "My Mother's House" who said, "Don't you think it looks sad, a garden without graves?" and who as a grown man was a living ghost; with the Princesse Edmond de Polignac, who was an American, immensely rich, and the patron of all the best musicians of the last fifty years, and who complained to Colette, "My dear, I have no luck. I buy a little hut in the country, tell my architect to add a tiny little wing to it while I am in Venice. I return and what do I find? The Louvre." And, finally, one sees her writing: "The word inspiration seemed to her one of the most suspect in the French language. . . . But when she was writing Colette used sometimes to concentrate so hard that she would gradually get colder and colder. She put rug after rug on her knees and shawl after shawl on her back. When she was finishing a book her application became such that one had the impression she was really giving of her substance, as a bee gives its honey. Capable at such times of working eight or ten hours at a stretch, she used in the end to look like a cocoon."

For a reader who stood day after day looking up at the windows of that row of houses on the north end of the garden of the Palais-Royal, wondering which window was hers, feeling a pull like that of the moon on the ocean, but unable to persuade himself that, unarmed with a letter of introduction and not speaking French, he could or should knock on her door, all this is no small present. Also, "Close to Colette" is well written. The translation seems, like the translations of her novels that have been appearing recently, to have been done in England. It isn't as good as it ought to be, but the book isn't blighted by it.

MAURICE GOUDEKET made Colette's acquaintance in 1925, at the house of friends. He was thirty-five and she was fifty-two. He had not been told she would be there, and when he walked into the room, she was lying flat on her stomach on a sofa and looked like a large cat stretching herself. "Why it was I do not know," he says, "but I observed her without charity. At table I found I was placed on her right. . . . Hardly had she sat down when Colette seized an apple from a basket of fruit placed in front of her and bit hungrily into it. I thought that she was playing the part of herself, and my suspicion increased. But I could not take my eyes off that most individual profile of hers, with the eye set so expressively in the shadow of a lock of ash-blonde hair." He filled her wineglass, and she appeared astonished by this and shot him a look blue as night, ironical, and searching. He was aware of something countrified and healthy emanating from her. But she did not take part in the



"I'd like to see you be funny if you'd had a terrible childhood and all those marriages and psychoanalysis and everything."

conversation. The evening dragged. She did not enjoy herself much. Neither did he. The whole little scene is a lesson to novelists—to English novelists, that is; no French novelist would need it. "What used to disconcert visitors to Colette," he says elsewhere in the book, "was a simplicity which did not seem to them natural, and a naturalness which seemed to them a snare." It took a persistent series of meetings, all accidental, a long, unavoidable automobile trip, an inscribed copy of "La Vagabonde," and an invitation to lunch before he could overcome his suspicion of her. He does not mention, strangely, her suspicion of him. Perhaps in that one look she saw everything there was to see.

As a young man, Goudeket says, he was reserved and cautious with everyone, anxiously concealing his real nature, which was romantic. He was city-bred, and his parents were extravagantly citified. "My father would say to my mother, 'You do not look well today. I bet you've been to the Bois de Boulogne again.' His theory was that trees absorb all the available oxygen from the air, leaving us not enough to keep us alive." Though Maurice Goudeket was a well-to-do businessman until the depression, and later became a journalist, all that he really asked of life was to be near Colette.

They lived together for ten years before they decided, for reasons of domestic convenience, to get married. Wanting not to stir up the press, he asked to be excused from publishing the banns, and the official at the prefecture whom he approached said to him, like a character out of a French movie, "Your desire for discretion is not a sufficient reason. The only motive that you could put forward is the fear of scandal. So just tell me that, since your district has thought you were married for a long time, it would create a scandal if they were to learn, precisely through your marriage, that you were not. Then I can give you the necessary permission." And so, after two marriages that were impermanent and unhappy, Colette was lured into a third that was serene and happy and companionable, and lasted her straight through to the end.

As husband and wife, they continued to practice certain forms of politeness with each other. He did not see her in the morning until her face was made up. Except in moments of the greatest stress, they did not ask, "What are you thinking of?" They did not permit themselves displays of ill temper or try to impose on each other all their own

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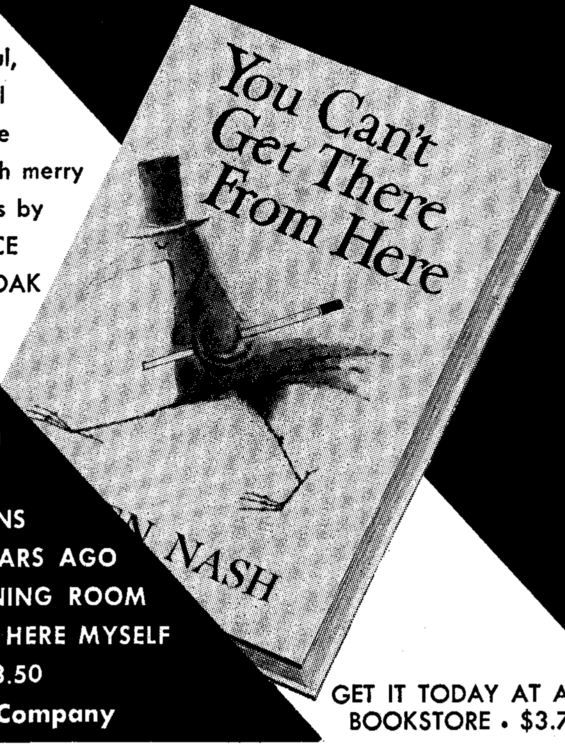
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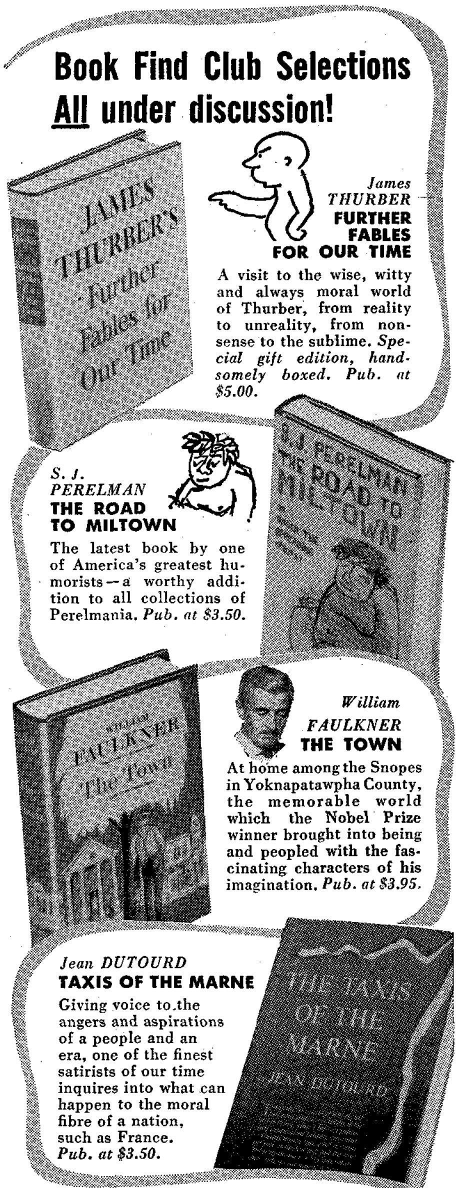
ways of seeing and feeling. Different though they were in temperament and background, it appears that on the most important matters they were in agreement. For example: "We were agreed that suffering is not in itself an honorable state and that there is no need to bear any of it that you can avoid." When they were separated, it sometimes happened that her letters answered questions he had not yet put to her in his. "The fact is," he says, "that she and I lived together in the most natural way. That was what made our happiness."

Though Colette spent most of her life in Paris, she remained a countrywoman. "Her way of making contact with things was through all her senses," Goudeket says. "It was not enough for her to look at them, she had to sniff and taste them. When she went into a garden she did not know, I would say to her, 'I suppose you are going to eat it, as usual.' And it was extraordinary to see her setting to work, full of haste and eagerness, as if there were no more urgent task than getting to know this garden. She separated the sepals of flowers, examined them, smelled them for a long time, crumpled the leaves, chewed them, licked the poisonous berries and the deadly mushrooms, pondering intensely over everything she had smelt and tasted. Insects received almost the same treatment: they were felt and listened to and questioned. She attracted bees and wasps, letting them alight on her hands and scratching their backs. . . . When at last she left the garden, she would pick up her scarf, slippers, stockings, dog, and husband, which she had shed one after the other. With her nose and her forehead covered with yellow pollen, her hair in disorder and full of twigs, a bump here and a scratch there, her face innocent of powder and her neck moist, stumbling along out of breath, she was just like a bacchante after libations."

She did not distinguish, insofar as her feelings were concerned, between plants and animals, any more than she distinguished between animals and people. Once, when she and Goudeket were watching a speeded-up movie short about germination, growth, and flowering, she gripped his arm in her intense excitement and said, "There is only one creature! Do you hear me, Maurice, there is only *one* creature."

When, brought down like any other wild animal ("First one stick, then two, then a wheel chair for out of doors, and finally a wheel chair for moving about



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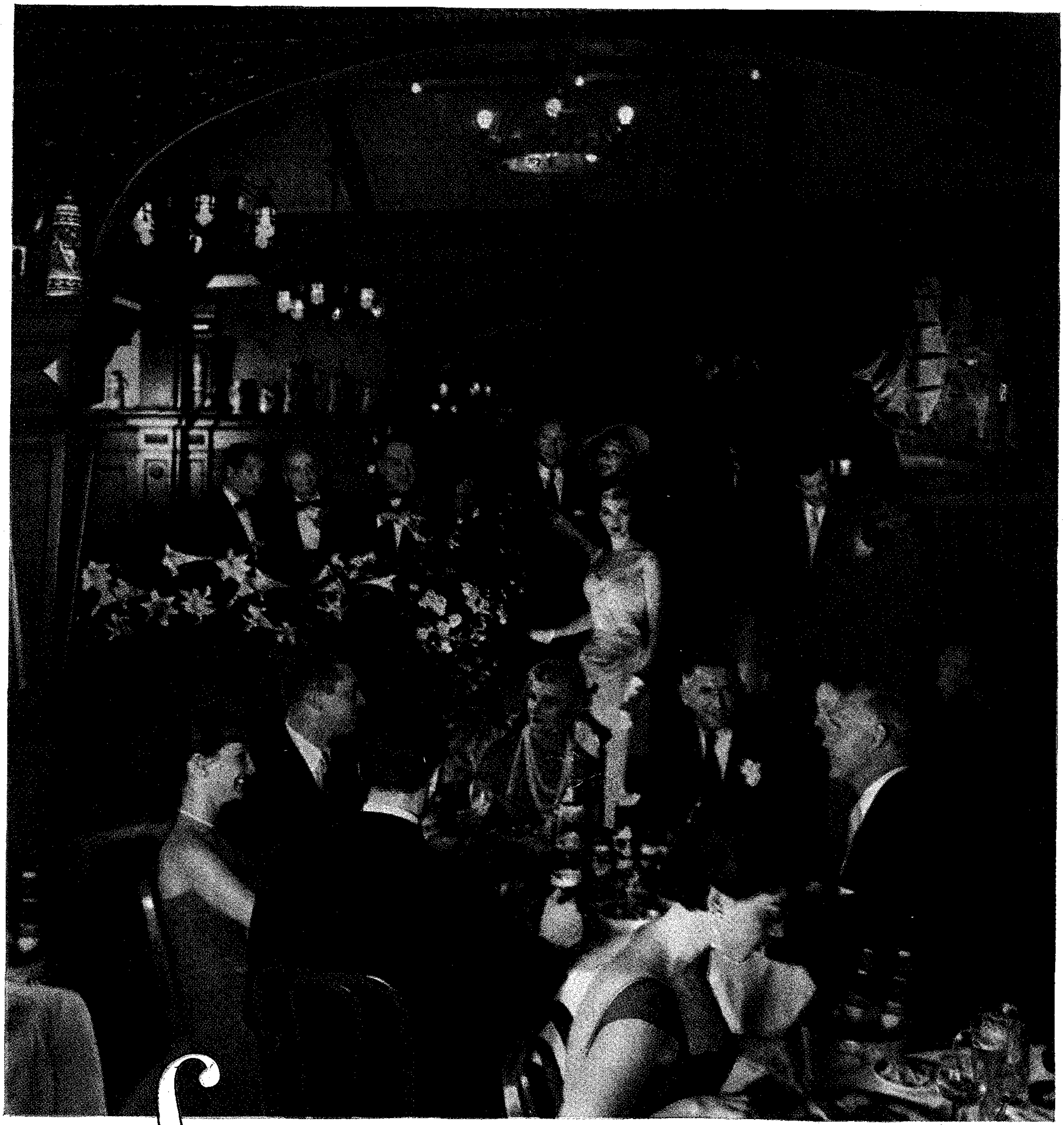

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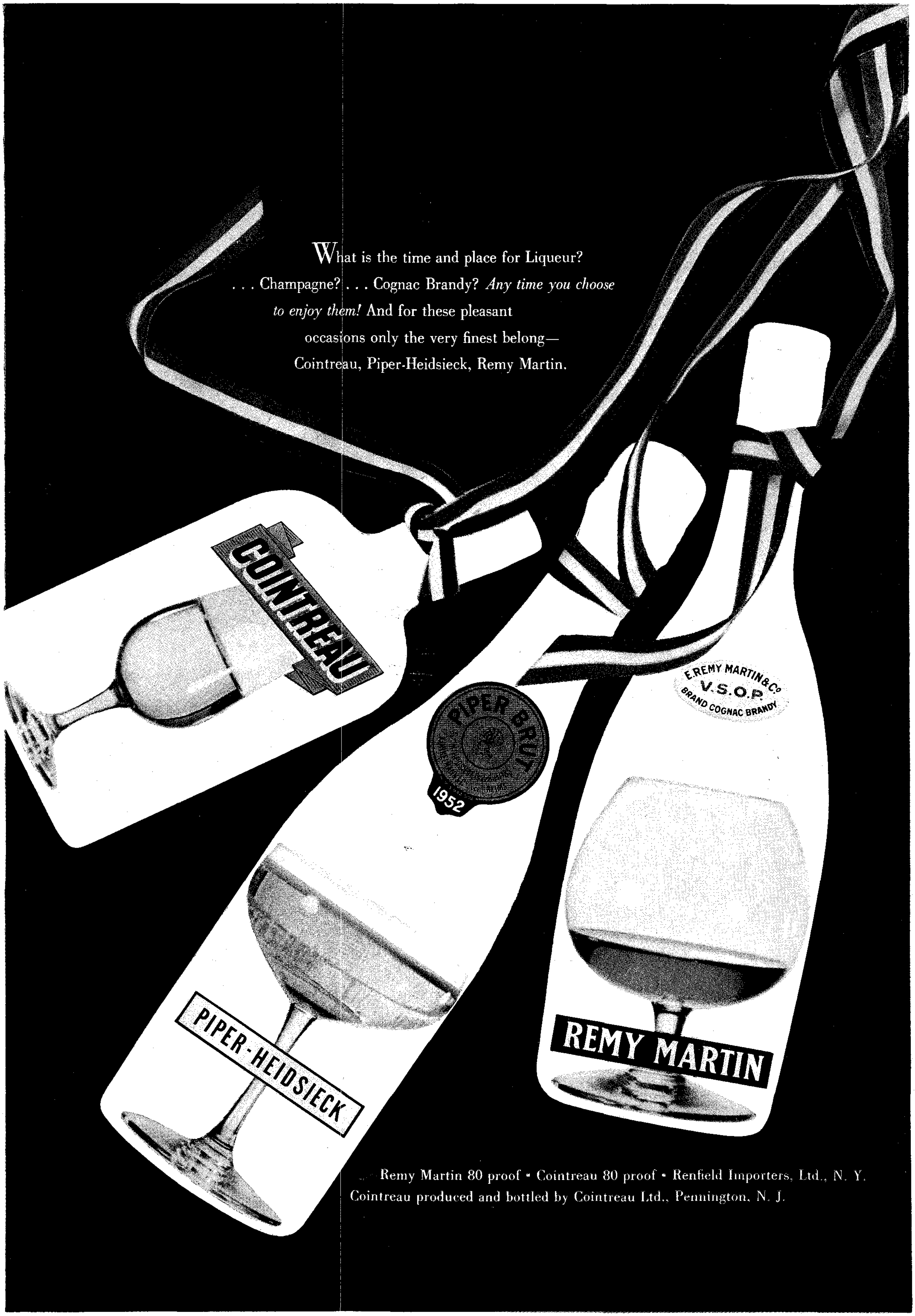
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the house"), she had to renounce her inheritance, she made a kind of substitute world indoors, in a room that was entirely red—walls, ceiling, velvet curtains, armchair, and bedspread—and with her bed pushed against the window, so she could observe what went on in the Palais-Royal garden, and books within reach. Travel books, books on natural history. (She read Proust all the way through about every two years.) Little by little, the bookshelves became masked by boxes of South American butterflies, sea shells, objects of emblematic meaning. Beside the bed, her table, into which had been incorporated a desk with an adjustable rack that straddled the bed. Within reach, a brown morocco-leather box, designed to hold a rare copy of Pascal's "Les Provinciales" but actually containing her lipstick, mirror, etc. All around her, glass paperweights, exotic seeds, photographs, compasses, a handyman's tool kit, her spectacle case, her scissors, the telephone, a miniature of Sido, Colette's mother, which had turned up miraculously in the Flea Market. On the wall just above her head, the barometer. Outside but within view, the thermometer. A wood fire burning. On the mantelpiece, more glass paperweights, Chinese glass balls. Here and there and everywhere, glass walking sticks, trumpets, pipes, necklaces, more butterflies, paintings of fruit and flowers. And during the last summer of her life, as her strength began to leave her, always the magnifying glass—not because her sight was failing but because she wanted to look more closely.

If the secretive person cannot afford to be curious, because to ask questions is to lay oneself open to questioning, the reverse is also true. The really curious person has no secrets; they would interfere with his pursuit of knowledge. More curious than Colette was it probably isn't possible to be. And who she was, what she was, at all times lies open to you like a landscape when you read her. She never describes anything she has not observed. Every important thing about her is there. Nothing is held back from the reader who may be curious about *her*. And yet when all curiosity about Colette has been satisfied, she continues to exert a pull, an attraction. She was a great writer, and that is partly the source of it, but there is something else, which seems to belong in the same category with certain ordinary human desires; for example, the desire to live in the one house that you know your way

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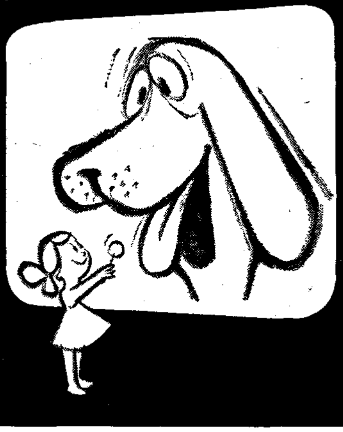

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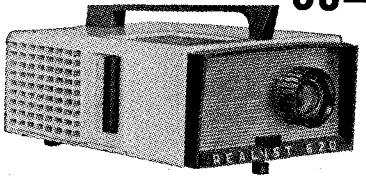

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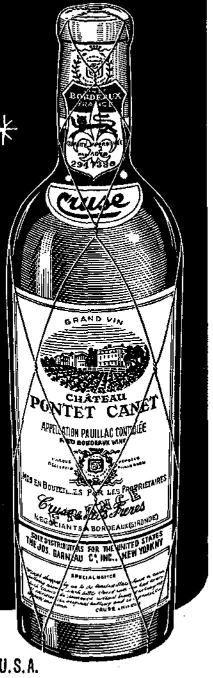

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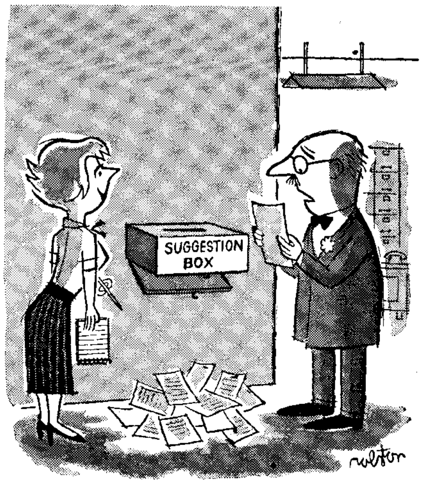
around in in the dark, to be within calling distance of the person from whose identity your identity derives, to be able to raise your eyes and see, every day of your life, not a different place but the same place, the same familiar arrangement of foreground and background, of ground and sky. All these varieties of the desire for nearness to someone or something have this in common—they are proof of the presence of love. That's really all it is, and was, with Colette.

Let us begin with the animals: "When Colette worked in the afternoon, the Cat used to sleep against her side. She would wake from time to time, pull Colette by the sleeve, give her a long look of love and ecstasy, and fall asleep again." Colette never left any animals indifferent, though sometimes they were hostile to her. "What is normally referred to as 'love of animals,' " her husband remarks, "has certainly nothing in common with the veritable connivance that existed between them and Colette. And one might almost say as much for the vegetable world. When she busied herself over flowers it was not, as with the rest of us, merely to keep them beautiful as long as possible. The important thing was to save and sustain life; it was a question of pity and love."

Now for people: A purse-snatcher in Nice, learning from the newspapers that it was her purse he had taken, returned the three thousand francs that were in it, with a note: "I didn't know it was you." Her old friend the Queen of Belgium climbed the steep stairs to Colette's apartment, her arms loaded with flowers, and with honey from her own bees, and would not let Goudeket take them from her, and sat down at the foot of Colette's bed. The natives of the Palais-Royal approached her "with that mixture of respect and niceness ["*gentillesse*" it is in the French text] which is compounded in the heart. They kept away the tactless from her, and those who did not 'belong.' In return, Colette's door was never closed for Mademoiselle Mauduit, who sold lampshades and canvas for tapestries, for Rose Cohen, the little antique dealer, for Madame Groves, the bookseller, for Madame Albert, for the baker's children or those of the concierge next door. When they passed through the garden they waved to her and from her window she replied with ample gestures." One of the prostitutes of the Palais-Royal, who was secretly bringing up a younger brother on the proceeds of her soliciting and who sometimes wrote to Colette, asked for one of her books. "Which



This one's from my wife . . . "Why don't you take me out to dinner?"

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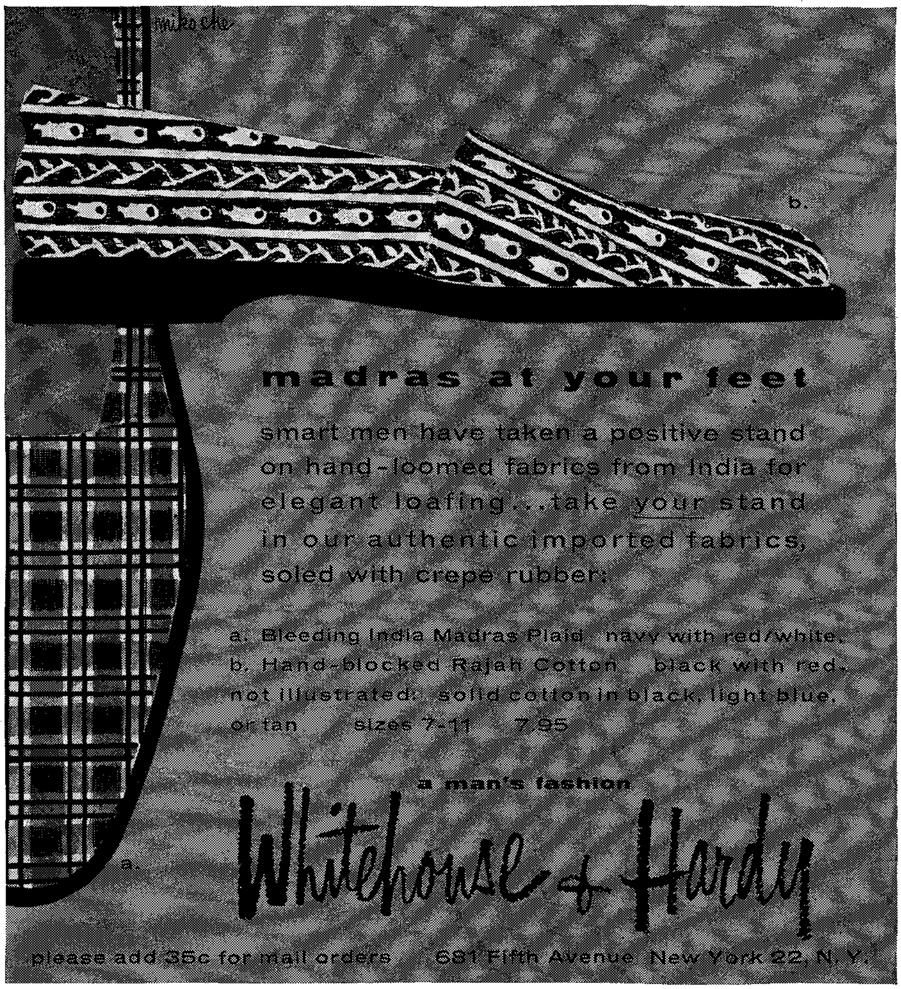
one?" Colette wanted to know. "The saddest," the prostitute said. Because she was no longer able to attend the luncheons of the Académie Goncourt, the members sometimes came in a body to her flat and gathered around her. "Closer, closer," she said. "Sit on my feet."

"From the four corners of the earth," Goudeket says, "they [her readers] sent their messages, too numerous soon for her to answer them all, a fact which distressed her. I can only give a feeble idea of this movement of love which went on growing right up to Colette's death." Celebrity, which is a movement of a different kind, also reached out at her. "One receives it at first without distrust, and when one wants to curb it it is too late. Very soon there was no longer an investigation in which Colette was not invited to take part, no jury on which she was not invited to sit. A hundred projects were submitted to her, her post began to grow out of all measure, strangers, professional or just idle, knocked at her door, the pile of books and photographs to be autographed grew higher." Even so, Goudeket never ventured to praise her without precaution, because it made her ill at ease. "Once I said to her that she was one of the greatest writers of all time. She looked at me out of the corner of a blue and sceptical eye, and said, 'That would be known.' . . . She was set on being just like everybody else. If a stranger or an interviewer tried to entice her onto what they considered heights of thought, she eluded them adroitly." She never refused to inscribe copies of her books, since she could see no way of discriminating, and piles of them were dumped on her. Sometimes, yielding to irritation, she wrote "To Monsieur X, whom I do not know." During her last public appearances, people would pick up dirty scraps of paper from the ground and get her to sign them. They would stop her in the road and bar her passage. Before her state funeral, out-of-doors, in the garden of the Palais-Royal, the people of Paris filed past her coffin, thousands and thousands.

Now for the schoolboy who foretold his destiny. "Oh, how sorry I am for you," she would say, "having a wife so much older than yourself." He had various answers to this, and the final answer is here: "In the room where I am writing, nothing has changed. On the chimney-piece there are the Chinese crystal balls. The armchairs are there, adorned with strips of tapestry which she worked with her own hands. Behind me, above the books and surmounting



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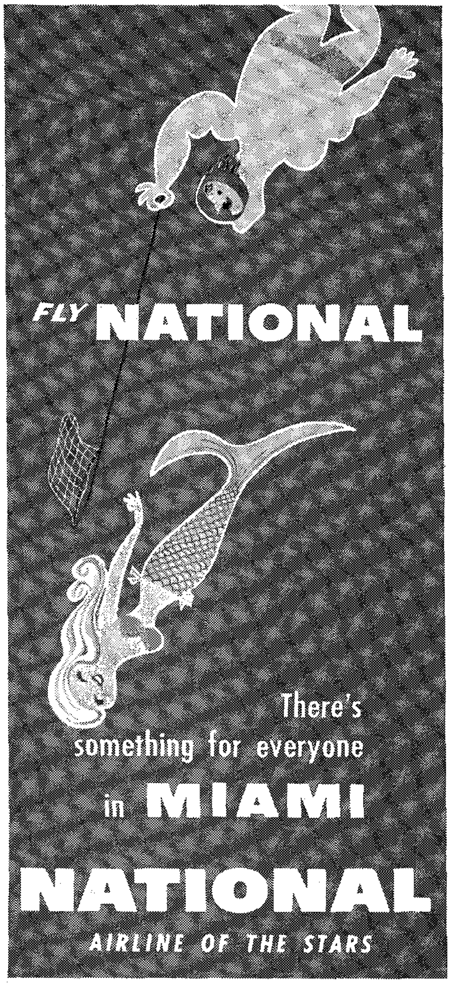

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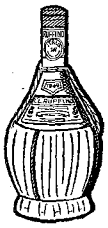

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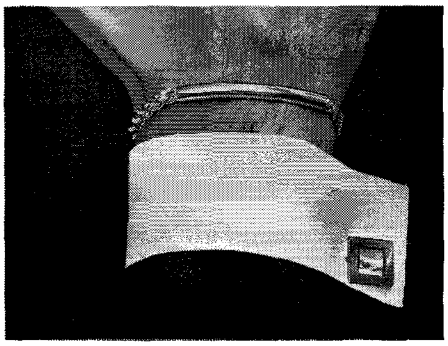

a niche, there is a head in plaster by the sculptor Saint-Marceaux, which followed her in all her removals. . . . Nothing has changed except that I shall never get over the impulse which draws me into the next room."

Well, none of this is really surprising. Love was her subject.

SHE was never at any moment or in any way ill, Goudeket says, speaking of the end of her life. "All that happened was an imperceptible drooping. . . . Little by little she became more silent." He took her for a drive in the car. "She bent forward so as to see better. The few people who were near her then will remember how she held her two hands before her, at shoulder level, palms forward, in a gesture of wonder. But she returned tired out.

"It was toward the end of June that that lowering vitality, that slow withdrawal became marked. I noticed that she no longer touched the newspapers which were brought to her in the morning and hardly opened her letters. . . . She began to sleep a great deal. When she awoke from those deep sleeps, she would first lift to her ear a big repeater-watch, which struck the hours, the quarters, and the minutes in a silvery voice. Then she consulted the weather, the position of the sun. . . . Then came the day when she was too weak to raise herself. It was toward the twentieth of July. Colette de Jouvenel, Pauline, and I started a vigil whose duration we could not guess, although we knew how it must end. . . . I went out one morning to find a book for her and brought her back a beautiful album of colored lithographs representing butterflies, insects, and birds, which enchanted her. She read the descriptions aloud, following them with her finger. One of the butterflies was called *blaps, portent of death.*

"Two days before the end, she emerged from a great weariness into an hour of great lucidity. We looked at the album together. I was sitting on the floor in the space between the bed and the window. It was a hot August day with a veiled sky. The swallows were passing level with the open window, with sharp whirrings. Colette bent toward me and I put my head against her side. She pointed to the boxes of butterflies on their shelf, the book, and the birds in the garden. 'Ah!' she said. So near to death and knowing it, everything appeared to her more beautiful, more astonishing than ever. Her hands fluttered about her like wings. She leaned closer to me. Her arm described a spiral which embraced everything she

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had shown me. 'Look!' she said to me. 'Maurice! Look!'"

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—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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TWELVE GIRLS IN THE GARDEN, by Shane Martin (Morrow). On a sentimental stroll along an old London street, an elderly American archeologist, Professor Challis, stumbles on a highly interesting human situation that involves, among many others, a pretty Greek girl, Polly; a disagreeably enigmatic young American, Brandon Flett; and a handsome, amoral French sculptor, Paul Grasset, whose two hobbies of sex and money seem to have overpowered him, at least temporarily. These three have the keys to a secret, and the Professor is inclined to try to find out what it is—"Professor Challis was always acutely sensitive to the secret allure of strange women and to the sinister possibilities of men. . . ." It is a delightful story, and the scene moves, via the Simplon-Orient Express, from London to Athens.

THE KINGDOM OF THIS WORLD, by Alejo Carpentier, translated from the Spanish by Harriet de Onís (Knopf). An impressionistic picture of the glamour and brutal grandeur that was Haiti in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, enclosed in the life span of a rebellious and splendidly alive Negro, Ti Noël, who lives to be a very old man and dies alone, with his head still full of brilliant and enjoyable visions. Mr. Carpentier's writing has the power and range of a cathedral organ on the eve of the Resurrection.

NIGHTMARE AND DAWN, by Mark Aldanov, translated from the Russian by Joel Carmichael (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This long, cloudy novel revolves around a Russian Intelligence officer, his American counterpart, a celebrated secret agent and hedonist of mysterious nationality, an immensely wealthy Filipino, and a high-class German prostitute, all of whom, through either espionage or boredom or hate, career around sluggishly between Berlin, Paris, Capri, and Venice.

LIFE AT HAPPY KNOLL, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). A cautiously witty investigation of life at the Happy Knoll Country Club, set in the form of a dozen letters writ-

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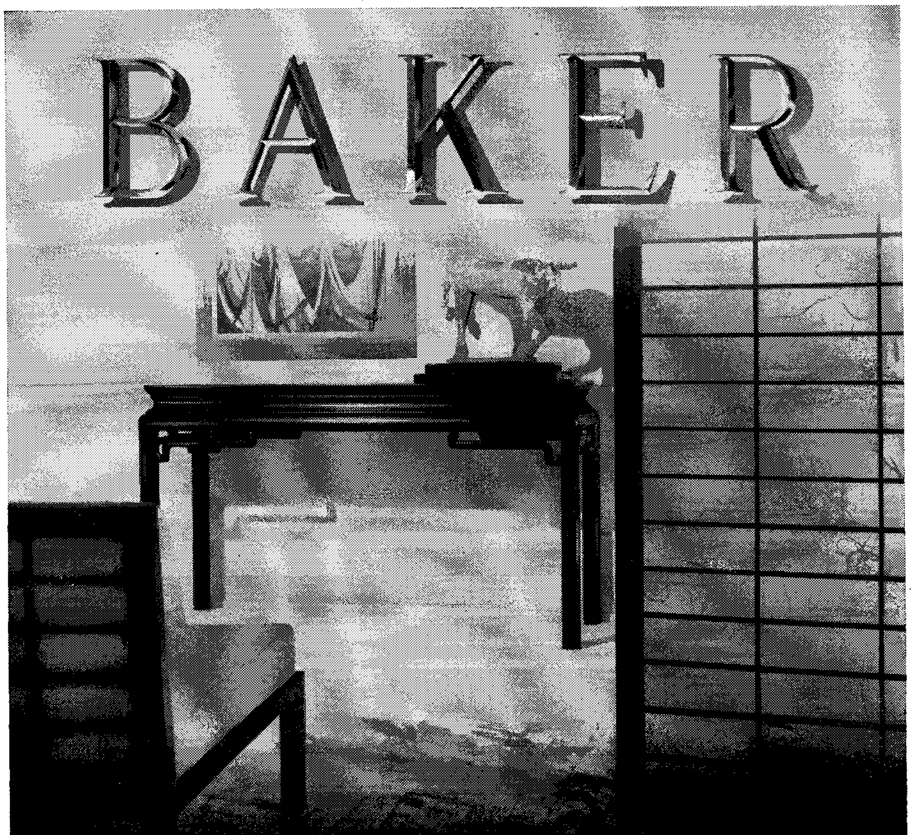

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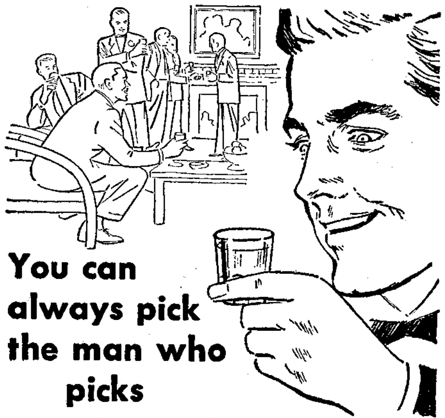

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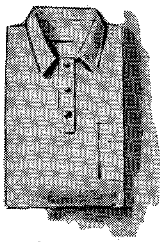

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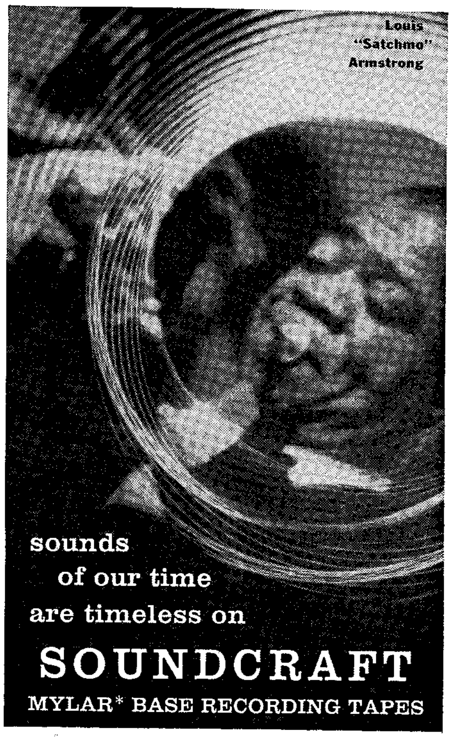
ten, variously, by a member of its board of governors, by its president emeritus, by the wife of a member, and the like, and dealing with such arcane matters as conduct in the men's locker room; the tendency on the part of Old Ned, the barkeep, to mistake quinine water for soda water; caddies; a raucous débutante party; and the salary of the golf pro, Benny Muldoon. Illustrated with drawings by John V. Morris.

GENERAL

THEY FOUGHT FOR THE SKY, by Quentin Reynolds (Harper). A comprehensive popular history of flying in the First World War, based partly on the diaries and letters of many of the famous aces. Mr. Reynolds gives us a detailed picture of the daily life of the 1914-18 pilot, whose combat life expectancy was three weeks, and provides closeups of men like Guynemer, Richthofen, Billy Bishop, Mick Mannock, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Hermann Göring, and of the pitiful little planes they flew—the Sopwith Camels, the Fokkers, the Nieuports, the Spads. The legend of the aerial code duello that developed among the fliers of that war—their chivalrous treatment of the captured foe, the moment of silence they observed in their mess halls when a gallant enemy was killed—is an enduring one, and no doubt largely true. At any rate, Mr. Reynolds, who is nothing if not romantic, in no way dispels it. Lots of contemporary photographs.

I'D DO IT AGAIN, by James Michael Curley (Prentice-Hall). The autobiography of one of the last of the old-time political bosses of the dinosaur breed. The author is now in his eighty-third year and says that he intends to live to be a hundred and twenty-five. (A soothsayer told him he would, so that's settled.) He reviews with relish the march-past of his years as Mayor of Boston (four times), Congressman from Massachusetts (four times), and Governor of the Commonwealth (once), and as alderman, member of the Common Council, state representative, and defender-at-large of the poor and the Irish-Americans. He goes over his old battles, with Franklin D. Roosevelt and just about everyone else, and he comes to his own defense with spirit and no mincing of words. Mr. Curley has been in prison twice, the first time for what he considers a peccadillo (it seems he took a civil-service exam for a deserving type



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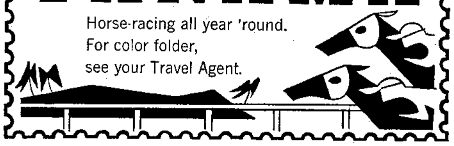

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who wanted to be a mail carrier but was, unfortunately, illiterate), and the second for using the mails to defraud, which he says was strictly a political rap, and a very bum one at that. His book is laced with venom for the Boston Brahmins, whose attitude toward the immigrant sons of the Old Sod was hardly a model of Christian charity ("No Irish Need Apply"), but this is probably just a conditioned reflex, since his battle with them is, for all practical purposes, over; thanks in large part to Curley, who began life as what Henry Adams elegantly called a "mucker"—he shovelled muck for a living—just about the only people the Lowells have left to talk to in political matters are the Cabots. An entertaining book, though not for those who bruise easily, and illustrated with many photographs of the handsomest mayor who has ever graced the rostrum of the Athens of America.

Jesting Apostle: The Private Life of Bernard Shaw, by Stephen Winsten (Dutton). For all its handbill subtitle, this is an astonishingly moribund biography of G.B.S., which by its very nature would have brought forth hoots and pinpricks from its subject. Nonetheless, Mr. Winsten, who was a long-time neighbor of Shaw's at Ayot St. Lawrence and has published five previous books on him, is full of melodramatic enthusiasm ("An anonymous nonentity, twenty years of age, beardless when younger men flaunted magnificent beards, without vocation, without introduction, possessing one suit of clothes, one pair of boots, one hat and his speech all wrong, this poor bewildered emigrant crossed the Irish Channel"), and with the help of sheer admiration, and by quoting Shaw constantly, he manages to make him bounce and glitter fitfully, but he remains as perplexing a figure as ever. Photographs.

Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch, by Henry Miller (New Directions). A potpourri of fragments of life in the California community where Mr. Miller now resides and which he has inexplicably identified with some beautiful oranges in a Bosch painting. While the author still calls himself "a minnesinger of the lumpen proletariat," he has actually become a pillar of the middle class—an established man of letters with a steady income, and a doting father worried about his children's use of bad words. Under these circumstances, so far removed from

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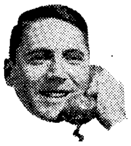

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Remember what J. P. Morgan said when he was asked how the market would behave. "It will fluctuate," he said. Amen.

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the distracting subject matter of his banned books, it is easy to see that he is a notably untalented writer, with a plodding honesty as his only literary virtue, and even when he has a superb story to tell—as he has in the life and death of a French astrologer he brought to Big Sur—it snaps his line and gets away from him. Photographs.

THE TAXIS OF THE MARNE, by Jean Dutourd, translated by Harold King (Simon & Schuster). This savage book, part moving autobiography and part icy polemic, contrasts the French martial spirit of 1914 ("To keep a single square mile of France, as much bravery was deployed as the armies of Napoleon needed to conquer Prussia or Poland") with the moral anemia of 1940 and after ("Prisoners of war [were] regarded officially as heroes, vanquished generals carried in triumph, classes of cadets afflicted with the names of our defeats"). "There is," the author tells us in solemn summation, "an element of baseness in being happy today in France. . . . I believe that French honor has followed General de Gaulle into retirement."

THE FINE ART OF READING, by Lord David Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill). Eleven deceptively casual literary essays. The subjects, which reflect the scope of the author's classic taste, include Conrad, Pater, Jane Austen, John Ford, and Walter De la Mare, and the warmth and easy sensibility with which he illuminates them stand in happy contrast to the chilly laboratory approach of so many contemporary critics.

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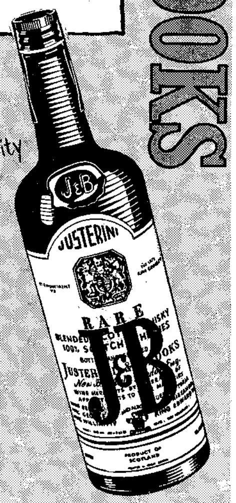

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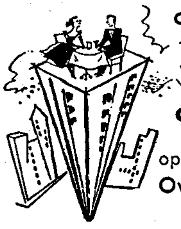

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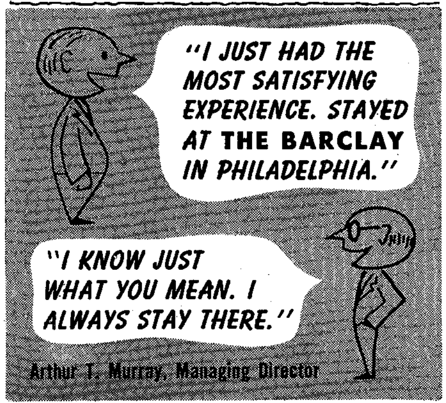
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